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# VIRGINIAN WRITERS OF FUGITIVE VERSE

BY

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TO MY FATHER  
ARMISTEAD CHURCHILL GORDON,  
A VIRGINIAN WRITER OF FUGITIVE VERSE.

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## INTRODUCTION.

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

There has long been floating about in Virginia the tradition of a body of poems covering in time the whole of Virginia's history. Every lover of Virginia knew some of these poems, which had been published—sometimes in periodicals, though some had been published only here and there in local newspapers—but none knew many of them, for they had never been collected. This pious service of collection and preservation has now been performed by Mr. Armistead C. Gordon, Jr., Professor of English at the University of Virginia.

It was, indeed, an audacious undertaking, rendered the more so by the rule which Mr. Gordon prescribed for himself; for he not only laid down, what may appear to others, as to myself, a somewhat unduly exacting rule, to wit: the exclusion from his present list of all poems that have appeared in volume-form where the volumes were written exclusively by the authors; but has followed it rigidly, barely admitting for special reasons only three or four exceptions.

This collection, therefore, is a second winnowing, far more exacting than the first; for the rule not only excludes the great poems—those that have already become a part of the Literature of America, as, for example, the whole body of Poe's verse, the best poems of Philip Pendleton Cooke and John R. Thompson, the poems of Amélie Rives and of R. T. W. Duke, Jr., and the lilting love-songs of the Gordons themselves—but it excludes also substantially the whole body of the work of all of those men

to whom Virginia has hitherto pointed with pride as her Poets. It excludes, in fact, the best that has been done in Virginia: a body of lyric verse which for either quantity or quality has not been excelled, if equalled, by that in any other part of the country except in Massachusetts and there only in the single generation in which the Massachusetts School reached its flood towards the middle of the last century.

Mr. Gordon was eminently the man to take up this work. He comes of a literary family devoted to the history of Virginia. His father, Armistead C. Gordon, Esquire, is the author of a number of Romances and of works relating to the history of Virginia of high merit, and both his father and his uncle were poets and published small volumes of poems, some of which had already found their way into the current exchange of modern verse with or without the names of the author being attached to them.

It would not be fair to judge of this collection of Verse by standards that are applied to collections of great poems; for these poems are mainly those which have never appeared in volume form. It constitutes, however, as a whole, a most respectable volume. Some of them have already lasted beyond the allotted time of the life of most poems; others have throughout the generations established themselves in the minds of the Virginians, such for example, as St. George Tucker's "Resignation" and William E. Cameron's "In the Twilight," and have had sufficient currency in the Old Dominion to show that these are not unmindful of the literary and imaginative gifts of their forebears or contemporaries. Besides those poems more generally known by the Virginians, the Collection contains poems which should be known and which are

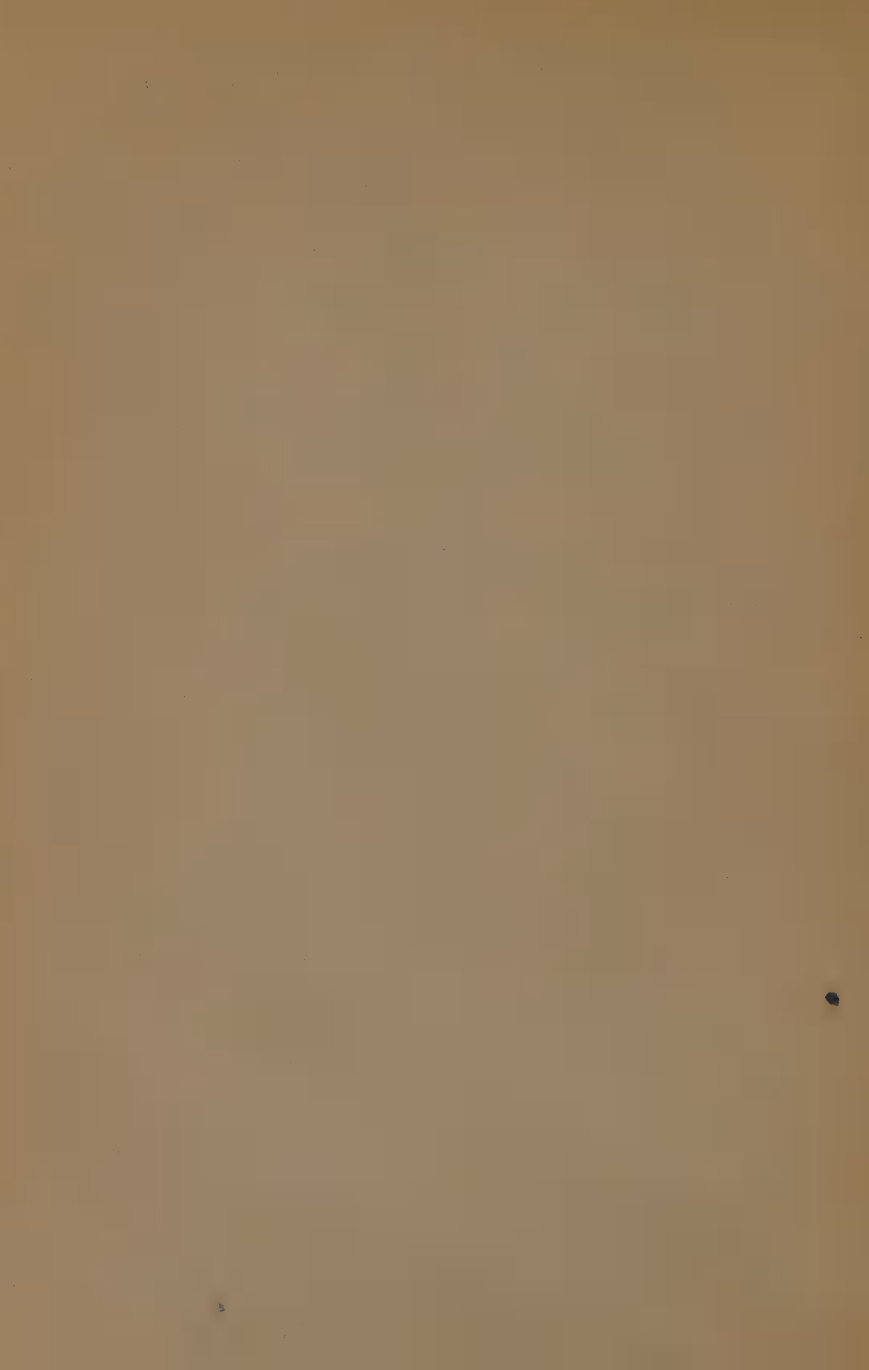
of the highest order of merit. Such a poem is the Elegy on Jennings Wise Garnett, the brilliant young Virginian, who died on the very threshold of manhood. This poem, by Philip Alexander Bruce, typifies all the qualities of lyric fire and melody, classic form and perfect finish that Mr. Gordon notes as the distinguishing mark of the Virginia poets.

Without undertaking then to profess that these poems are in any way equal to those of the Masters of Song, we may confidently assert that this Collection is a great service to Virginia and no little service to Literature throughout the Country. And in making it, Mr. Gordon, without being swept away by his subject, as is shown by his admirably written introductory essay on the poems of Virginia, has shown appreciation and analytic insight no less than scope and power and deserves the thanks of all who are interested in perpetuating the best efforts of our forebears.

March 15, 1922.



VIRGINIAN WRITERS  
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## CHAPTER I.

### ON FUGITIVE VERSE.

What knowledge the reading public at large may have of Southern poetry is doubtless due not so much to the work of any one author, Poe and Lanier excepted, as to the numerous single and fugitive poems which Southern writers have produced. Key's "Star-Spangled Banner," Wilde's "My Life is Like the Summer Rose," O'Hara's "Bivouac of the Dead," St. George Tucker's "Resignation," Randall's "Maryland, My Maryland," Pinkney's "A Health," Ticknor's "Little Giffen of Tennessee," and P. P. Cooke's "Florence Vane" form a galaxy of which any literature might be proud, and which a collection of the great mono-poems of literature could no more dare to omit than it could afford to neglect deLisle's "Marseillaise" or Mrs. Beers's "All Quiet along the Potomac To-night" or Wolfe's "Burial of Sir John Moore at Corunna." The minor poet may voice the ideals of his people just as aptly as the master; without studying the lesser names we would be likely to get a one-sided view of the literary production of any country, and a history of that country's literature must needs be inadequate and incomplete if only the writers of first rank be mentioned.

Some of these single or fugitive poems would grace the production of men whose names are heralded the



world over as immortal singers. In numerous instances, however, even the name of the author has been lost or forgotten, for the body of his work was probably too small to call for much attention and the one poem which might have saved his name from oblivion has eclipsed that name through its own popularity or greatness.

Taken by and large, Southern poetry is distinctly and essentially lyrical. There are no great dramas, no epics, and few narratives among the productions which the Southern versifiers have turned out: their work has been almost entirely short, subjective, imaginative verse, characterized by simplicity and enriched by a mellow Southern coloring, emotional rather than thoughtful or substantial in its appeal. It is marked by a lightness of theme and a gentle, delicate, Cavalier treatment that is indigenous to the South and its literature. In technique and artistry the poetry of the South has not been excelled by that of any other section of the country; not so much in the field of originality—for Southern poetry has always been conventional—but in finish and form there is nothing left to be desired. Along with this formal perfection, the most distinctive element of this poetry is the music that is to be found in it, for one of its pronounced characteristics is the melody and song-quality which constitutes an integral part, and which does not make its appearance elsewhere in American poetry in nearly so marked a degree. Though his predecessors had for some time been unconsciously weaving into their poems the music which he consciously fostered, Sidney Lanier, through precept and practice, was the first man to stress the interrelation of poetry and music; his Southern confrères took up

the principles which he advocated and have maintained them ever since.

A charge that critics who either failed to discriminate or to scruple have sometimes made is that the culture of the South has been overrated, and that it has always been of a secondary or inferior sort. Those who belittle the amount of literary activity in the South evidently overlook the fact that, next to New England (or, more properly speaking, Massachusetts), this section has made the most important contribution to American literature. There are few Western or Middle States poets. Virginia, at the time of her beginnings, caught the spirit of the richest age of English literary production—the Elizabethan; the Virginian people have always been a reading people (even in Colonial days, as a study of the libraries of the larger planters will show), and the educated classes have maintained an intimate knowledge of and an unswerving affection for the masterpieces of English literature. It may be that one reason for the small bulk of Virginian literature is to be found in this very fact: the need for literary expression was filled at second hand by the English writers, and the time that might have been given to composition was occupied with the perusal of their work. As an argument on the side of those who proclaim the literary activity and inclination of her inhabitants, however, we need only point to the very considerable number of writers of both prose and verse whom Virginia has fostered and nourished. Leaving out of account altogether the men and women who have published volumes of verse—and their name is legion—there are still scores and scores of poets whose work remains scattered and uncollected. With

these "Humbler Poets," verse has been a pastime rather than a pursuit, an avocation instead of a vocation, and much of their production has been crowded into what few gaps may have existed in a professional life that was in the main busied and well-filled. In spare moments, and as the occasion moved them, they burst into music from the sheer will to sing; like the old twelfth-century monk they wrote "neither for gold nor for gifts," but with him prayed only that their work might be beautiful. Their creed might well have been that of the painters in Kipling's "L'Envoi:"

"And only the Master shall praise us, and only the  
Master shall blame;  
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall  
work for fame,  
But each for the joy of the working, and each, in  
his separate star,  
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of  
Things as They are!"

The body of Southern poetry is not very great; that of Virginian poetry is proportionately much larger, and for years Southern literature and Virginian literature were conterminous. However, in each of the several distinct stages of Virginian history we may find numerous deterring factors, social political, economic, in operation to lead men away from creative literary work or to cause them to direct their energies toward other fields: as these forces vary rather considerably, they had best be noticed separately under the individual periods in which they occur. Those who wrote poetry did so incidentally, as opportunity offered, hesitating to put their product into print and usually disclaiming any implication or award of poetic talent or ability. This reticence to publish has doubtless been responsible for the loss

of countless pieces that could well have borne the scrutiny of the most hypercritical, for much of this verse has been circulated only locally, although of more than passing merit. The marvel is not that they wrote what they did, but that they did not write more of it; as we read the lives of some of Virginia's most illustrious sons, men gifted with the utmost imaginative and emotional perceptions, we cannot help feeling a keen sense of loss for the poems that might have been written by these men who died "with all their music in them."

No other state has been so rich in material for subject-matter, either of prose or poetry. In peace and in war, there is no phase of American history in which Virginia has not played a leading part or else been ably represented. The uncertainties and adventures of the Colonists furnish a wealth of material for the romancer; the richness of her social atmosphere, with its traditions and customs, supplies ample substance for whosoever may choose to try his hand at a comedy of manners. If the writer seeks warlike themes he may find the prototypes of his characters in Virginia's heroes, whether the scene be laid during the Revolution or the Mexican War or the War between the States. What with her priorities, her unbroken line of distinguished men and women, her record of services rendered, and her unblemished honor, there has never been a dearth of inspiration for the writer who seeks in the pages of *Virginiana* for something to write about—a song to sing or a tale to tell. Poets from other states and sections of the country have succumbed as well to the fascination of the Virginian atmosphere; it would take entirely too much space for an enumeration to be attempted here

of the themes which have been drawn from incidents happening on Virginian soil or of the tributes paid collectively and individually to Virginia's progeny. But the State herself has come in for no little share of this praise, and writers native to other states than the Old Dominion have not refrained from putting into ringing verse the grandeur and majesty of her record nor their recognition of the debt owed her by the nation.

There have been sundry and divers volumes published in recent years which are composed of fugitive poems of varying popularity and fame, but in which the editors have not attempted to restrict their field to very definite geographical or sectional boundaries. That is to say, while this field may have been narrowed down to different sorts of American fugitive verse, such as contemporary magazine verse, college verse, and the like, we have had no collection which takes the literature of a particular section or state and lists from its very beginnings the fugitive verse of that one region. There are interesting possibilities in such a procedure, and doubtless there may be no little historical, as well as literary, value. The history and the literature of a country are inseparably intertwined; from a sympathetic study of the one, conversely we may learn the other. To obtain a practical illustration of the growth of a literature need we go further than to take some region, rich in legend and history and culture, and follow chronologically the development—if there be any—of that specific section along literary lines? If this be the case, a study of the writers of fugitive verse in Virginia will afford plenty of ground for comment and

conclusion, for while Virginia's literary output may not have been much above normal as compared with that of her sister states, neither has it fallen much below. Poe is, of course, the outstanding name in Virginian poetry; the other names run along fairly close to average, but we find occasionally a lyric that is startling in its power or imagery, invariably graceful, so marked by its accuracy and verisimilitude to the moral and physical characteristics of the South as a whole and of Virginia in particular that we pause unconsciously to breathe deep its wholesome, racy atmosphere.

But, it may be objected, a study of the literature of a single state, and especially of one phase of that literature, must at best be provincial. What of it? When we point to Hawthorne as the greatest of our American novelists, do we qualify our praise or stint our admiration because his novels treat life as it was in romantic New England and not necessarily as it was the country over? We are not closely enough unified nationally to have a literature that can cover all of the United States in its scope; there are too many sectional differences and peculiarities and colloquialisms to permit our national traits to be comprehended on a single canvas; racially and topographically we are a very heterogeneous mass, regardless of what the idealists who blate of the 'melting pot' may say to the contrary. The most distinctive and representative American writers are those who have chosen to depict sectional rather than national characteristics in their stories or novels; James Lane Allen's setting of the Kentucky Blue Grass region, Bret Harte's rugged Western scenes, George Washington Cable's sketches of the Louisiana Creole, all are pro-

vincial insofar as they deal with local color and catch the atmosphere and earth and sky by which they are surrounded. The entire trend of American social development has been along the line of specialization; small wonder that the *littérateurs* should have caught the contagion—a measure of preservation, in fact—and perceived the infinitely great possibilities of intensive art and the pitfall of that which is broader but too loosely unified. Even though the literature of Virginia be provincial, its relative importance is raised accordingly, rather than decreased: as in the case of the writers just named, the student may readily perceive that it is in the particular, the limited, the restricted field that we are best, if not solely, able to depict the general. While the fortunes of the South have been by no means altogether favorable to the growth of letters, and the Muses have not been untrammelled in their activities, we may yet see that the representative and outstanding movements in the progress of American literature are typified in the development of literature in Virginia. The struggles of the pioneers, the hardships of the colonists, the development of institutional and constitutional interests, the building of the nation, with its attendant economic and intellectual growth, are all reflected in Virginia's annals along with her own purely local problems. Were we to disregard altogether the human appeal and literary quality in which the work of the Virginian writers is steeped—the value of their literature as literature—we could not disregard the fact that it serves to mirror the influences, the growth, the qualities, that characterize our national literature, and that it reflects the same generalities that may be deduced from an introspective study of the latter.



Used in its general and most widely accepted sense, *fugitive verse* is that which excites only passing notice. The term is applied loosely to any verse written casually or for a temporary purpose, on subjects which are of incidental interest, and whose appeal is most apt to be local and transient. No regard is paid, by such usage, to the manner of publication: the verse may be merely a selection from a volume of the writer's work or it may mark his only appearance in print, either in prose or rhyme. But this usage is inexact and misleading; more strictly, fugitive verse is that which may have been published in magazines or newspapers—or which may even never have been published—but which has not been collected into or included in a volume of verse by the author. Infrequently it appears in the course of a work of prose fiction, used *per se*, and probably written for the occasion. Those verses which are treated by publication in book form, from the nature of the term, lose the meaning connoted by 'fugitive': they are gathered in from their state of unchaperoned vagabondage and safely ensconced between the covers of a volume, along with other productions from the pen of their parent, to remain in permanent shape until the entire edition be lost or destroyed. Not so with verses whose entire existence depends on the preservation of the journal or periodical in which they make their appearance, for the bound volume is apt to prove a far better mausoleum than the chance keeping of magazines or newspapers or of extracts cut from them. As long as no friendly editor or collector reaches out to guide the wanderers to a safe haven, they will remain in a transient, unfixed, and evanishing state, tending constantly to slip altogether from the sight and

memory of man, and always subject to momentary destruction at the hands of capricious fate.

Accordingly, of the poems included in this work, only a few, to the writer's knowledge, have ever been published in a volume of verses composed entirely by the poet in question. Exceptions have been made in two or three instances\*: several poems have been quoted from books now long out of print or else practically inaccessible, but this fact is explicitly stated at the time, and acknowledgment made of the exception. Nor does the fact that a poem has been included in anthologies or other miscellaneous collections of verse inhibit the designation of 'fugitive' being applied to that particular poem. Many of the pieces in this volume are already widely known through their inclusion in such a work, and the authors of other poems are recognized and classified as writers of graceful fugitive verses: notable among these being such poets as St. George Tucker, John Esten Cooke, Gordon McCabe, Mrs. Schermerhorn, Jane Tayloe Lomax Worthington, Amélie Rives, Charles Washington Coleman, R.T.W. Duke, Jr., and others. Lastly a number of the poets who are discussed or whose verses are published in this collection have already published one or more volumes of poetry. In such case, earlier poems that were not included in the published work or verses that have been written since that publication are given. Where a writer has issued a pamphlet of verses, for private and personal distribution, it has been deemed not amiss to hold that

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\* e. g., *Lost and Won*, by Selina Tarpley Williams;  
*Poems on Several Occasions*, by A Gentleman of  
Virginia.

these were not given to the public at large and so may be suitably catalogued as fugitive numbers.

It is not claimed that all of the pieces included in this volume are poetry, or that they are even of a high order of verse. On the whole they represent the production and the development of a single phase of literature in Virginia from the time of the establishment of the 'First Republic' at Jamestown, in 1607, to the present day. Poetry—true poetry—is a scarce enough commodity in any literature, and one would indeed be attempting to extract sunbeams from cucumbers should he claim that all the effusions in rhyme of any constituent part of a country bore the earmarks of poetry of the first rank. But Théophile Gautier, in a masterful appraisal of the poetry of Francois Villon, has stressed the pleasure and interest that is afforded by the study of second-rate poets. There is novelty, originality, and eccentricity to be found in these lesser lights that is foreign to the works of the masters; conventions which the great poet must carefully observe are tossed aside or shattered by the freelance procedure of the minor singer—independent enough to care not whether his work be popular, and sufficiently self-satisfied to exploit those tendencies of which the greater poets have fought shyest. Again, Gautier revels in the absence of "ready-made judgments for every striking passage," and points out the delight that a single fine line may awaken,—all the more charming because the less expected. One may easily become surfeited with great poetry if one reads much: just as live stock occasionally need a coarse fodder as a contrast with grain or other concentrated feed, the poetry lover may take a lesson from the stock-raiser and change his diet infrequently to a

meal of second-rate poets, for the variety and diversion which they offer, if no more. However, it may be seen that there are a number of selections included here that breathe truly the divine fire. Virginia has been noted more for her statesmen, her jurists, her soldiers, than her literary sons; poets have been scarce in the Old Dominion, but it is interesting to conjecture what those men who accomplished great things in other fields might have done had they turned more to literature instead. No small number of the men whose names light up the pages of Virginia's story have at times, either at their leisure or to suit some particular occasion, directed their energies and abilities to the production of verse. The fact that this Virginian fugitive verse may have historical value is enhanced greatly by the number of prominent and distinguished men who have contributed to swell its volume.

For it is on account of their historical worth, as much as for any intrinsic merit of their own, that many of the verses collected in this volume are quoted. Captain John Smith set the ball of poesy in motion; Theodorick Bland and William Byrd of "Westover" and the Tuckers gave it added impetus; numerous anonymous verses offered fresh momentum when its progress seemed about to slacken. Washington, Jefferson, the Munfords, Dolly Madison, the Tylers, William Wirt, all contributed a share to the offerings heaped at the shrine of the lyric muse. In more recent years it seems a harder task to find a Virginian of prominence who has *not* tried his hand at verse than one who has, in a desultory manner at least:—

"Does he paint? he fain would write a poem,  
Does he write? he fain would paint a picture."

Yet these are only a few of the persons who, turn-

ing aside momentarily from the day's work, paused long enough to put into more or less pleasing numbers a vagabond fancy before returning to the more tangible field of politics and government, the field where, in former days, at any rate, both the heart and brain of the Virginians seemed most to lie.\*

A work of such nature as this entails many difficulties in regard to settling problems of authorship, of residence, dates and facts. Many of the writers herein mentioned are too little known even to be named in the encyclopedias of biography or dictionaries of authors. In other instances, the fact that the writer may have written verse is often so overshadowed by virtue of his or her having attained most prominence along other lines that no recognition whatsoever is accorded to the rhymes unless they be of exceptional merit. Many of the writers of Southern fugitive rhymes are better known as writers of prose; in Virginia this holds true as well, but there are numbers of men and women who made no pretense to literary accomplishment yet dabbled successfully in verse which, while small bodily, showed itself to be by no means lacking in metrical quality. It has been found well-nigh impossible to discover whether several of these writers have published their work, or any part of it, in volume form: in this case, the writer either is omitted from the list of fugitive poets or else is given qualified admittance—provided, in the latter event, that what evidence was available indicated more strongly that there had been no book publication, although some uncertainty might still exist. Anonymous poems have been used rather sparingly, although Virginia

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\* "Where the heart lies, let the brain lie also."

*One Word More*, 1.4, Robt. Browning.

literature abounds in them, as the files of the early newspapers and magazines bear ample testimony; the writers chose frequently to hide their identity behind pseudonyms, and while there are numerous examples of verses signed by place or county names, as 'Norfolk,' 'Alexandria,' 'A Gentleman of Hanover,' there are even more which do not give this meagre information but are content to let an initial remain the only clue to authorship: where the verse is partisan in tone the initials in the original publication are left off as well. It would be too great an assumption to consider that even the greater part of all the unsigned verse which made its appearance in the early Virginia papers should be of native origin, merely from the fact of its publication in a state journal; in the absence of copyright, poems were copied widely and without hesitation from paper to paper without recognition being made of the borrowing, with no effort to make known to the reading public the authorship of the piece, or to ascertain that authorship if it be uncertain. Finally, the task of selection is no small one. Several of these Virginians have written fugitive sufficiently numerous to fill a good-sized volume, and in many of these instances the present writer has had the opportunity and privilege, as well as the responsibility, of making a choice from an abundance of material. Not infrequently an author has written a number of fugitives which are equally well-known, and, space being limited, another choice was needed. Furthermore, it is not always the poem of the greatest literary merit which receives the loudest acclaim; where a poet has written a considerable amount of fugitive verse which is more or less familiar to the poetry-reader, the writer has looked further for ex-

amples of his work which may be equally meritorious, or more so, and included specimens of the less-known pieces with the others.

Lest misunderstanding should arise, it will be as well to settle immediately just what is meant by a Virginian poet. The majority of writers referred to as such in this work are men and women who have been born in Virginia and have spent the better part of their lives there. A few—a very few—are Virginians by adoption. During the early Colonial period, necessarily, this was the status of all of Virginia's settlers. Many of the colonists spent only a few years in the new land before returning, for one reason or another, to their homes in England: where these men wrote verses it has been seen fit to classify them among the Virginian poets, provided that their themes were Virginian or that the work was produced during their stay in the Colony. Again, some others were born in Virginia, and grew up and received their education in their native state, but later removed to other sections where they remained. As regards the poets of the region now known as West Virginia, a few are cited who were born prior to the division which occurred in 1861 and who remained loyal in their allegiance to Virginia proper: those whose birth occurs after that date must belong to the literature of West Virginia, and so are not entitled to consideration in these pages. These three general classes of Virginians—the native, the adopted, and the wanderers—from their respective qualifications are adjudged to have fallen sufficiently under the influence of her institutions to be ranked among the literary representatives of the Old Dominion, and to constitute all of the field that it is essential to consider in a study of Virginian writers of fugitive verse.



## CHAPTER II.

### EARLY COLONIAL PERIOD.

The little writing done in America during the seventeenth century is of interest now mainly because we may trace in it between the lines the untold history of the pioneers, and learn to appreciate from it the obstacles and difficulties confronting them. The early Colonial period did not produce many writers either in the North or in the South: the work of these few dealt for the most part with discoveries, and sought to impart information through the media of letters, reports, and journals. In Virginia at that time prose fiction was a thing unthought of, there were no attempts at regular drama, and the tone of the meagre amount of poetry produced is very close to that of the prose. But just as American history has its foundations in the settlement at Jamestown, so have American letters; a round dozen years before the "Mayflower" set sail for Plymouth, Captain John Smith's pen had made the first contribution to what was to develop into a new literature, and he was followed by a number of other writers almost equally important. It is true that these writers—and those for fifty years to come—were "transplanted Englishmen," born and raised in Britain, and loyal to their mother land, but they had wandered from their native hearths and, coming to Virginia, found in her a foster-mother whose name

they chose to take and whose fortunes they made their own.

In Virginia there was an even greater multiplicity of conditions tending to discourage the production of literature and the nurture of a conscious literary spirit than in New England. The settlers in the Southern colony, instead of developing towns and cities, ultimately succeeded in reproducing the country life of old England. Land was plentiful, the English manor-house was represented by the plantation, and the consequence was that numerous, scattered, large landed estates sprang into existence. This feature of the Southern social system was at the same time a cause and a result of the trend of the region towards agriculture rather than to manufacture and commerce. One outgrowth of the plantation system was the diminution of social contact, for as the owners grew in affluence each country-place became a little society in itself, in some instances being almost altogether self-sufficient and independent of the rest of the community—clothing and supplies of every sort being derived directly from its own resources. Accordingly, there was slight outside mental stimulus afforded the plantation-dwellers; they were seldom thrown into contact with minds that might join issues with their own, and they were thus deprived of a very necessary mental exercise which would have been furnished daily had they lived in a city of any size. The lack of good roads and the faulty means of communication aided further in checking any impulse toward breaking down the social segregation to which the planters had subjected themselves.

Again, as the plantation system expanded and spread, the growth of schools was correspondingly

hindered. The hardship exerted by their lack was most felt by the poorer classes, who were the division of Colonial society that had the greatest need of them, for the wealthier classes provided tutors for their children or saw to it that they had the advantages of foreign education. There being no pronounced middle class in Virginia, as there was in England, the poorer class was deprived of the opportunity for self-advancement, and it was well on in the eighteenth century before the Virginian school system showed any appreciable progress. Nor were there any printing presses or newspapers in the colony; the Virginians had no peculiar political doctrines to disseminate, and as their religion was—from the Colony's charter—that of the Church of England it was accepted without question, with no need for the zealous but dogmatical enthusiasm of the Plymouth Puritans whose temper gave rise to a voluminous amount of writings on religious and controversial subjects, and thus greatly increased the aggregate of their literature. Since there was not the same call for an agency to proclaim their beliefs as there was in New England, its absence did not make itself so strongly felt, and the establishment of a common organ for public utterance was deferred indefinitely.

The primary reason for the lack of literary productivity in Virginia during this period, however, is to be found in the nature of the settlers themselves. Many of them were gentlemen adventurers, unused to labor, but hoping to recoup their failing fortunes by a few years at best of hardship and toil, and probably not intending to become permanent residents of the New World: quite a number of these caught the spell which Virginia shed, and were so taken with their

new mode of life that the idea of a return to the more staid and peaceable existence which they had formerly led was quite distasteful to them, and they became fixtures in the Colony. Remaining, it became the major part of their work to make history rather than to record it, and in so doing to live Romance instead of creating a fictional literature. Others were transients who preferred to return to their native land rather than undergo the privations which life in the colony entailed, or who were disappointed in their expectations of finding at Jamestown a ready-made treasure trove for their own especial aggrandizement: this floating population was not the one to do literary work or to take interest in it, for there was nothing in their attitude or inclinations conducive to the creation of literature. Then in the absence of a distinct middle class it was to the men who were best educated and best fitted for literary work that the business of government fell, according them little leisure or opportunity for writing even had they been so inclined, and the most logical and fertile source of ability was directed into more essential and practical channels.

Lastly, there were forests to be cut and fields to be tilled; houses and fortifications must be erected, local government established and consummated, while a bond of coordination was maintained with the mother-country—which last did not vex the Massachusetts colony,—and new settlements were to be made and their growth fostered. The relations of the colonists and the Indians were uncertain, and exacted unceasing vigilance and preparedness. Not until colonization became more of an actuality and less of an experiment could the inhabitants allow themselves to turn to more peaceful pursuits, and give thought to

intellectual and cultural advancement for its own sake: when that time did arrive new conditions had arisen as well to hamper the progress of any avowed literary spirit.

Under such circumstances, it is not surprising that there should prevail so little interest in writing or that the volume of early Colonial literature should be so limited. For the same reasons, it is quite obvious that the quantity of verse produced should be almost negligible, and that there should have come down to posterity the poetical attempts of only about a half dozen writers in Virginia between the settling of Jamestown and the outbreak of Bacon's Rebellion approximately three-quarters of a century afterwards. But while the writers were professedly pioneers of colonization and not of literature, and while their work is openly imitative of the English poets, their verse at this early day shows the germ that was later to develop into a clear cut differentiation between the literature of the North and of the South insofar as it may be contrasted with contemporary New England verse. In the following period it may be more readily perceived that love of country and local pride has made further progress in the South than in the North, for as Dr. Carl Holliday points out in his *History of Southern Literature*, speaking of the literature of the South as a whole, "in its predominance of the material and nature-loving over the religious and aesthetic, it at once asserts one of the main differences between the literatures of the two sections." Like the prose of the time, the verse of Colonial Virginia is to the utmost degree virile, and shows bigness, vigor, force, and freedom delineated in every passage,—the bold spirit of the Elizabethans

caught and reflected, though less brightly, from the settlement along the James. The writers were men of action, romantic by nature, and unschooled in the arts of classical expression; it was inconceivable that they should devote their talents to fashioning airy, fantastic conceits or light and pretty speeches in rhyme. In fact, little regard was paid to the manner of expression, even though the writers seemed actuated by the intent to make their bluff messages as plain and apparent and direct as could possibly be desired.

While the verse of Colonial Virginia was rugged and lacked originality, and while there was a very small quantity written, what there is of it compares not unfavorably with the poetry of New England at that time. The religious fervor of the Puritans seems to have blinded them to the sense of form in verse, for in their unswerving adherence to the theological tone they lost sight of the primal requisites of poetry and succeeded in turning out what amounts to little more than a sort of ecclesiastical doggerel, as the *Bay Psalm Book* or Wigglesworth's *Day of Doom* bear adequate witness. There was more verse written in New England than in the Southern colony, or at any rate more of it has been preserved, but it cannot be argued that American poetry is greatly enriched intrinsically by such preservation, if we possibly except some of the effusions of Anne Bradstreet, "the tenth Muse"; and it would seem that the New England poets of the nineteenth century must have labored under something of a handicap with this as their literary heritage. Broad humanity and genial humor crop out of the work of the Virginian writers in a manner usually foreign to the Northern; their meas-

ures are more regular; their product is more natural and less forced than that of the first of the New England songsters. But the actual verses must speak for themselves more eloquently and more accurately than any interpretation written three centuries after them, so here we may well turn to the individual writers and examples of their achievement.

One of the most picturesque characters of the Colony days is Captain John Smith, father of American history, "the first definite figure" in American literature, and patron saint of the Jamestown settlement. Smith was at once versatile and energetic; soldier, pioneer, administrator, and incidentally an historian of no little ability, being the first writer to send back to England an account of conditions in Virginia. The history of the Colony is recorded by Smith in a series of four works, the *True Relation* in 1608 being the first, while in *The General History of Virginia, New England, and the Summer Isles* the account is carried through the year 1624. These two were the only books that Smith wrote while actually on Virginian soil: he has several other works of similar nature to his credit, but except for a few scattered lines in his Virginian histories wrote very little verse. The following lines are typical of Smith's practice of varying his narrative's monotony by snatches of rhyme; speaking of himself during his captivity by the Indians, he continues:

"They say he bore a pleasant shew,  
But sure his heart was sad.  
For who can pleasant be, and rest,  
That lives in fear and dread:  
And having life suspected, doth  
It still suspected lead."



The only complete poem attributed to Smith that has been preserved is "The Sea Mark." It consists of three eight-line iambic stanzas which really possess considerable poetic merit, for their rude but pleasing melody and their rather ingenious rhyme scheme suffice to indicate that the writer had a sense for both form and fitness. These lines were doubtless written in England for they appeared in his *Advertisements for the Unexperienced Planters of New England*, in 1631, the year before his death, but should properly be included in any catalogue of early Colonial poetry.

The honor of writing the first poem on an American theme belongs to one Richard Rich. This poem, "Newes from Virginia. The Lost Flocke Triumphant," is the sole known product from his pen; it consists of twenty-two four-line stanzas of fourteen syllables in each line, the matter of the poem being concerned with the experiences of Sir Thomas Gates and his company on their way to Virginia, their shipwreck, their stay at Bermuda, and the subsequent arrival at Jamestown, the last affording him occasion to launch forth into a glowing description of the resources and opportunities which the new country had to offer. His pictures are graphic, the narrative is good, and the total effect is pleasing, for the verse runs fairly smoothly and without too conscious an art: the structure, accordingly, does not appear mechanical, and its rude, simple character is just what we should expect and hope to find in such a writing. The poem was printed in London in 1610, Rich evidently being there at the time, as his prefatory address "To the Reader" indicates from his declaration that he intends to return to Virginia. Beside the fact that he is supposed to have been the illegitimate son of Robert

Rich, second baron of that name, this preface furnishes such scant biographical data as is known of the man, and gives as well some insight into his motives and purposes. In part, it follows:

“Reader: Thou dost peradventure imagine that I am mercenarie in this busines, and write for money (as your moderne Poets use) hyred by some of those ever to be admired adventurers to flatter the World. No; I disclaim it. I have knowne the voyage, past the danger, seene that honorable work of Virginia, and I thanke God, am arrived here to tell thee what I have seene, don, and past. If thou wilt believe me, so; if not, so too; for I cannot force thee but to thy owne liking. I am a soldier, blunt and plaine, and so is the phrase of my newes; and I protest it is true. If you aske why I put it in verse, I prethee knowe it was onely to feede mine owne humour. I must confesse, that, had I not debarde myselfe of that large scope which to the writing of prose is allowed, I should have much eas’d myselfe, and given thee better content. But I intreat thee to take this as it is, and before many daies expire, I will promise thee the same worke more at large.

“I did feare prevention by some of your writers, if they should have gotten but some part of the newes by the taylor, and therefore, though it be rude, let it passe with thy liking, and in so doing I shall like well of thee; but, however, I have not long to stay. If thou wilt be unnaturall to thy countryman, thou maist,—I must not loose my patrymonie. I am for Virginia againe, and so I will bid thee hartily farewell with an honest Verse:

“As I came hether to see my native land,

To wafte me backe, lend me thy gentle hand—

“Thy loving country-man.

“R. R.”

John Davis, author of the historical novel, *The First Settlers of Virginia*, and of the memoir, *Travels of Four Years and a Half in the United States of America during 1798, 1799, 1800, 1801, and 1802*, unearths in the latter work three poems which

he claims to have been written by John Rolfe. All three are addressed to Pocahontas, but where Davis laid hand on them he does not disclose: there is no record which speaks of Rolfe's attempting to indite amorous ditties to his Indian bride, and it is highly probable that Davis, who was somewhat given to versifying, wrote them himself, and following the lead that Chatterton and Macpherson had set some forty years previously, ascribed them to Rolfe. As a matter of fact, Davis again uses the "Sonnet to Pocahontas" in the course of *The First Settlers of Virginia*, and does not attribute the lines directly to Rolfe in this second instance,—a contributory fact to the hypothesis that Davis was probably their author.

In passing, mention at least should be made of George Sandys, who, while he can by no stretch of fancy be termed a writer of fugitive verse—his translation of Ovid going through eight editions before the end of the century, and his other work being now long since collected and published—was the first man in America to devote himself seriously to poetry. Moses Coit Tyler speaks of Sandys' translation as "the first utterance of the conscious literary spirit articulated in America;"\* his example should have exerted considerable influence over his fellow-colonists, for with his Ovid he succeeded, under every variety of hardship, in turning out a piece of work of real magnitude, and one which was recognized by his contemporaries as being something worth while. Sandys came to Virginia as treasurer of the colony in 1621, and discharged the obligations of that office during his three

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\* Moses Coit Tyler, *History of American Literature*, I, 54.

years stay: he was a man of great practicality and industry, and it is said that he was mainly responsible for the introduction of the first water-mill in America, the establishment of iron works, and the beginning of ship building. But these were not the only outlets for his energy; he could wield the sword as trenchantly as the pen, and one stanza of a ballad written in Virginia at that time pays this tribute to his qualities as a warrior:

“Stout Master George Sandys upon a night did  
bravely venture forth  
And mong’st the Savage murtherers did forme a  
deed of worth  
For finding many by a fire to death their lives  
did pay  
Set fire of a towne of theirs and bravely came  
away.”

Sandys returned to England in 1624, there to pass his remaining years, but he never lost sight or touch of the Colony, and to his death continued a devoted lover and defender of Virginia.

The stanza above quoted about Sandys is from a rather lengthy anonymous ballad called “Good Newes from Virginia” which bears only the following indication of its authorship: ‘Sent from James his Towne this present Moneth of March, 1623, by a Gentleman in that Country.’ Its arrival in England seems to have stirred up a hornets’ nest, for the court party, in enmity to the Earl of Southampton and Sir Edwin Sandys (the representatives in England of the London Company of Virginia) seized upon this, with other correspondences, to charge in a paper called *The Unmasking of Virginia* “the spreading of false rumors and publication of letters, books and ballads describing the happy state of the Plantation, which

was most unreasonably put in practice this last Lent, when the Colony was in most extreme misery." This, with several other complaints from the same source against the Company, was indignantly repudiated by the latter, and the discussion waxed hot and heavy: a packed commission was sent to Virginia to investigate conditions, and on the strength of their biased report in 1624 the charter of the London Company was annulled, and Virginia passed into the hands of the king. The ballad in question consisted of two parts, 'To the tune of All those that be good fellowes,' the first part dealing with Sir George Yeardley's warfare against the savages in reprisal for the Massacre of 1622. This is followed by a "Second Part of Newes from Virginia," to the same tune, and in the same vein through the first several stanzas: after discussing the battles with the Indians, and the successes of the Colonists, the author proceeds to paint a very cheerful picture of the state of affairs in Virginia—to the later discomfort and dissolution of the Company, for the account was evidently too rosy, and was without doubt the part of the ballad that gave most offense and lay most open to attack.

Within the first fifteen years of her colonization, poetry had made a promising and auspicious beginning in Virginia, and one which augured well for her literary future. But this happy commencement was destined to bear little fruit, for we can find no further evidence of its production until 1662, when John Grave, a Quaker living in Virginia, wrote a twelve page poem in heroic couplets which had to do with the persecutions and indignities heaped on the Quakers in the New World. Almost nothing is known of Grave's life or works; the poem, which is little

more than a religious tract, was printed in England, and the only copy that is now known to be extant is in the Harris Collection of American Poetry at Brown University. The concluding lines of "A Song of Sion," as it was called, will suffice to illustrate its tone and metrical crudity:

"Glory to God, whose goodness doth increase,  
Praise him ever, who gives to us his peace.  
Not else I feel, that now to say I have,  
But that I am, your fellow-friend, John Grave."

### CHAPTER III.

#### LATER COLONIAL PERIOD.

In October, 1676, suddenly and unexpectedly died Nathaniel Bacon, 'the Rebel', while the flame of self-assertion and of popular rights that had been kindled in the uprising which bears his name was still burning brightly. His tragically brilliant, though brief, career occasioned the making of many friends and enemies; and the *Burwell Papers*, discovered some time after the Revolutionary War, throw sidelights on both viewpoints. Of the papers relating to the Rebellion, none has more literary interest or value than the elegiac verses, "Bacon's Epitaph," prefaced by the remark that after Bacon "was dead, he was bemoaned in the following lines, drawn by the man that waited upon his person as it was said, and who attended his corpse to their burial place." Since the translations which Sandys had made there had been no poetry in America that can be considered worthy of comparison with this: it is easily the most distinctive American poem before Philip Freneau, almost a hundred years later. The authorship of the elegy has never been discovered; Moses Coit Tyler, in his *History of American Literature*,\* advances the opinion that it was written by one Cotton, of Acquia Creek, Virginia,

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\* Volume I, pp. 79-80, note.

but offers no reason for his belief. Cotton was a devoted admirer of Bacon, a man of no little classical education, and capable of strong personal feeling, as we may judge from a letter written June 9, 1676, to his wife, Ann Cotton. For obvious reasons, whoever he was, the author could not disclose his identity at the time, for Berkeley's vengeance on Bacon's followers was sudden and swift—so much so that it is said that Charles the Second was moved to comment on his Governor's conduct with the sneering exclamation: "The old fool! In that naked country he has executed more people than I have in all England for the murder of my father." The statement that the elegy was written by Bacon's 'man' was, of course, intended to mislead the curious and to detract attention from the real author; Tyler comments that "certainly no menial of Bacon's . . . . . could have written this noble dirge, which has a stateliness, a compressed energy, and a mournful eloquence, reminding one of the commemorative verse of Ben Jonson," and closes by asking "Who was there in Virginia two hundred years ago with the genius and the literary practice to write these masterly verses?"\*

Along with "Bacon's Epitaph" has been preserved a companion piece, "Upon the Death of G. B.," which is a reply to the former, and which is likewise anonymous. The poetry of the reply is not equal in quality to that of the eulogy; they are written in the same form, the latter production taking the former as its model, but it goes on through twenty-four rhyming couplets to denounce General Bacon in no uncertain tones. Historically it is notable, as is the "Epitaph,"

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\* Ibid, pp. 78 and 80.



for it is the counterpart to the earlier work, and indicates that while the greater number of the Virginians may actually have been in league or in sympathy with Bacon, there were still some to champion Berkeley's cause by writing as well as by force of arms—although not so ably in either case.

The 'parlous times' that followed Bacon's Rebellion were not such as would naturally conduce to the growth of literature in Virginia, and practically no writing was done until after the century-mark had been turned; English politics were unsettled as well, and it is not surprising that the colony's unrest and upheaval should reflect the turbulent conditions prevailing in the mother country. With the new century, however, came a new era, one that is often spoken of as Virginia's Golden Age, accompanied by the founding of many of those institutions that were destined to bear the fruit of a manhood whose ability and accomplishment remain to this day a thing to stimulate wonder and admiration.

Governor Berkeley had replied to an inquiry from the English commissioners concerning Virginia, "I thank God there are no free schools nor printing, and I hope we shall not have these hundred years, for learning has brought disobedience and heresy and sects into the world, and printing has divulged them and libels against the best government." In 1681, just four years after Berkeley's death, the first printing press in Virginia was established; it lived only two years, however—for the proprietor had not taken the pains to secure Lord Culpeper's sanction—and was not revived until 1729, even then remaining subject to royal censorship and answerable to the representatives of the Crown until the War of the Re-

volution. As for free schools, certainly Virginia, despite Berkeley's statement, could have been no worse off than the New England colonies: for all of Massachusetts' claim of having established free schools in 1646, they were not *free* as we now understand the term, and of the Massachusetts school system as late as 1699 we find this record: "Every scoller that comes to wright or syfer or to lern lattin shall pay 3 pence per weeke, if to Read Only then to pay 3 half-pence per weeke." If the plantation system interfered with education in Virginia it was offset by the poverty of the New England soil, for the farmers in the latter region found life no bed of roses but had to struggle unceasingly to make their land yield crops enough to enable them to live; and the negro slaves were probably no more illiterate than the fisher folk who constituted so large a part of the Massachusetts population. While there were few schools of any sort in either region, the majority of the people of Virginia—though poorly educated according to modern standards—were on the whole considerably better off than the New Englanders; registers, letters, journals, and accounts of travellers all indicate the existence of a broader culture and a more widespread learning in Virginia than in any of the other colonies.

In 1693 the College of William and Mary was established at Williamsburg, the second established college in the country,\* and thenceforward the young Virginians were enabled to complete their education, academic or professional, without having to go abroad to do so. The training offered was mainly classical

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\* In its antecedents William and Mary College preceded Harvard by fourteen years, having been originally projected in 1622.

and historical, a system that tended to direct its scholars toward the fields of religion, philosophy, and jurisprudence, and one which did not consciously make for the production of belles-lettres. Here, further, should be noticed the social and political factors of Virginia life, which, while producing little actual education of their own in the field of letters, yet helped to complement the intellectual training given at William and Mary College, and to build up the political sense while neglecting the literary.

In the South there was not the demarcation of caste that existed in New England,—a system that regulated clothing, customs, morals, and religion, and made itself felt in every walk of life; the sole distinction in Virginia was a distinction of color, for all white men were considered equal; the wealthy landowner acknowledged the social claims of his poorer brother, always addressed him as 'Mister', and was not above inviting him to sit at his table. Hand in hand with this equality went an all-inclusive political enfranchisement which extended the ballot to practically every free white within the bounds of the colony,—a system the more remarkable in that, for years, the freeholders (as they were called) were *required* to vote: not so in Massachusetts, for there the aristocratic and oligarchic method of local government was in great measure dependent for its existence on the restriction of the voting population, and even then men's political policies were dictated to them from the pulpit. This early and general mixing in political affairs, while it sharpened the wits of the Virginians and paved the way for the achievements of statesmanship that were to follow, was not in the least conducive to literature; men came into contact with

government, had a share in it, became interested, and finally directed their energies and ambitions toward political preferment, rather than to literary reputation, which a few of the politicians and statesmen nevertheless achieved.

By the eighteenth century the Virginian planters were in better circumstances to begin the establishment of those institutions which were to lay the foundations for future greatness, though naturally barren of immediate results. In 1716 the first American theatre at Williamsburg proved very popular, and afforded the planters the opportunity of a pleasurable and cultural amusement which had hitherto been denied them. Within the next fifty years there were other marked indications of betterment; the *Virginia Gazette*, established in 1736, was the first Virginia newspaper and for long time the sole one: there had been a printing press at Williamsburg for seven years prior to this date, but its existence was more or less uncertain, and it was only with the regular appearance of the *Gazette* that the colonists could depend on a local press where books and pamphlets might be struck off without the necessity of sending the manuscript to some neighboring colony or back to England for publication.

While there was little poetry written in Virginia during this period, the prose writers were not idle. Among the best work is that done by the historians, Robert Beverley, Hugh Jones and William Stith—the second of whom, after the fashion of Captain John Smith, intersperses his narrative with bits of verse,—but Sir John Randolph and William Byrd have left us delightful pen-pictures of themselves and their contemporaries, as well as of events, in their note-

books. Francis Makemie and James Blair were the most prominent of the theologians; John Banister, John Clayton, and John Mitchell were the early Virginian scientists.\* Most of the literary work was along political, historical, or controversial lines, but the *Virginia Gazette* did poetry a good turn by conducting a department called "The Poet's Corner," and in republishing verses from the English and colonial exchanges. In most instances these verses are left unsigned; there is no way to determine their authorship at this day, and only a few of the more interesting pieces—or those which are acknowledged—may be safely included in the records of Virginia's poetry, lest they prove of other than local authorship.

When Nicholson was appointed lieutenant-governor of Virginia, in 1689, James Blair was appointed commissary, the highest ecclesiastical office in the province. Blair was a man of far more than ordinary powers, and, being impressed with the "low state of both learning and religion," was mainly instrumental in founding William and Mary College to alleviate these conditions; a royal charter was granted, and in 1693 the college was founded, with Blair as its president. But Blair was not content to rest on these laurels, and, disapproving of Nicholson's conduct, entered into a long drawn-out warfare with the Governor, the latter being backed by a number of the clergy of the colony. In an affidavit dated May 1st, 1704, Blair made a report concerning what he termed "Governor Nicholson's mal-Administration, with relation to the Clergy, the College, & Himself." Those members of the clergy who had allied themselves early

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\* C. M. Newman's *Virginia Literature*, p. 17.

with Governor Nicholson, set in to make things hot for the Commissary; they called a secret meeting of their number and in a scurrilous and abusive manner attacked Blair for the circumstances under which he had left England—of which they were really ignorant. Blair demanded that these accusations be retracted, met them as best he might, and satisfied some of the assembly; the others, led by Whately and Portlock, remained obdurate and stuck to their original charges. Blair was evidently in the right, for the following year Nicholson was recalled to England, his second term of office having proved less successful than his first. He had irritated the colonists by attempting to remove the seat of the colonial government from Jamestown to Middle Plantation, by trying to make them contribute toward a fort on the north-west border of New York, and finally by his plan of putting all the colonies under a military viceroy who should maintain order with an army supported by the colonies themselves—a measure which was out of accord with Queen Anne's policies, and was especially instrumental in causing his removal. Feeling ran high among the colonists at the attack on Blair, and as a consequence there was written "A Ballad Addressed to the Revd Members of the Convocation Held at Man's Ordinary, at Williamsburg & Virginia To Defend Govr Nicholson & Form an Accusation Against Commissary Blair," which was published anonymously in London, and circulated in the colony. The author does not hesitate to roast the conspiring clergymen on a gridiron of biting satire, holding up their morals and their deportment to scorn, while denouncing roundly the motive that prompted their attack.

The only token of fealty exacted of the College of

William and Mary by the Crown, as recompense for the royal charter granted the college, was that each year on the fifth of November the authorities at Williamsburg should present two copies of Latin verses to the governor, as quit-rent for land. In November, 1716, after the return of Spotswood and his Golden Horseshoe Knights from their memorable journey across the Blue Ridge Mountains in the western part of the province, President Blair gave out as the subject for these verses, "The Suppression of the Late Rebellion." Arthur Blackamore, who had succeeded Munro Ingles as Humanity Professor and Head of the Grammar School, disliking this theme, wrote instead on Spotswood's tramontane expedition. Blackamore's verses, "Expeditio Ultramontana," occupied themselves mainly with singing the praises of King George and of Governor Spotswood; they were translated by Reverend Mr. George Seagood and published some years later in the *Maryland Gazette* of 1729. The poem is too long to quote entire, but the first paragraph of Seagood's version will sufficiently indicate its tenor:

Let other Pens th' ungrateful News declare,  
The dire Effects of Northern Civil War;  
How furious Men, by fatal Madness led,  
Pulled down devoted Vengeance on their Head;  
Whilst we thy Care, O *Spotswood*, sing, thy Toil,  
Which bore thee far into a foreign Soil;  
Urge thee to quit soft Ease and grateful Home,  
O'er Mountains high and rapid Streams to roam;  
And thro' thick Woods, impervious to the Sun,  
To poisonous Snakes and Monsters only known.

In an article in the William and Mary College Quarterly,\* Dr. Lyon G. Tyler, after citing the oc-

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\* Volume VII, No. 1, p. 32.



casion leading to the production of this poem and quoting the translation, adds that the Latin verses of the day were probably superior to the English renditions—even though in this instance the latter had met with the approbation of “several good judges,” as the contributor who forwarded them to the *Gazette* had commented.

These, however, were not the only lines that Spotswood’s achievements inspired. Among others were those penned by William Byrd of “Westover,” the ‘perfect flower of his time,’ and one of the most accomplished and capable men in the early history of Virginia. Byrd wrote several prose pieces, known as the *Westover Manuscripts*, that are at once vivacious, witty, and full of literary merit: “The History of the Dividing Line,” “A Progress to the Mines,” and “A Journey to the Land of Eden” are the names of three of his works which are now classics of the Colonial Period in American literature. Spotswood’s efforts to convert the Indians to Christianity having come to Byrd’s attention, the latter turned to verse to express his endorsement of the move which the Lieutenant-Governor had made. A cruel and bloody war was in progress between the Indians and the settlers of North Carolina, so Governor Spotswood, to avert any such contingency arising in his province, demanded that the chiefs of the Indians tributary to Virginia should send a number of their young men to the College of William and Mary, where they might receive an English education while serving as a guarantee of good behavior on the part of the tribes from which they came. Incidentally, the young Indians were to be instructed in the principles of the Christian religion, but Byrd’s comment shows that the mission



bore no lasting consequences, for the only effect that education had on the pagans was "to make them cleaner than other Indians are," both in the case of those who attended the College and of those of the Saponi tribe who had had a master sent among them. Byrd discusses the problem of converting the Indians at length, ending with the conclusion that its only solution is to intermarry with them and so bring about a gradual wholesale saving of barbaric souls—a suggestion which fell on barren ground, for there was an evident dearth of such missionaries in the colony! Byrd adds that the epigram which he wrote was not published during Spotswood's administration, "for fear it might then have looked like flattery;" it consists of only eleven lines, and may well be inserted here:

Long has the furious priest assay'd in vain  
With sword and fagot infidels to gain;  
But now the milder soldier wisely tries,  
By gentler methods, to unveil their eyes.  
Wonders apart, he knew 'twere vain t'engage  
The fixed perversions of misguided age:  
With fairer hopes, he forms the Indian youth  
To early manners, probity, and truth.  
The lion's whelp, thus, on the Libyan shore,  
Is tamed and gentled by the artful Moor,  
Not the grim sire inured to blood before.

A practice that was followed in the columns of the *Gazette* as late as the outbreak of the Revolution was that of publishing matrimonial verses, epigrams, acrostics, elegiac verse, and the like. These were usually written by some close friend or admirer of the subject who inspired them, and were very seldom signed. They are all quaint, some are witty, and a few are quite ingenious. An example of the latter is

the "Acrostick upon Miss Evelyn Byrd, lately deceased," which appeared in the *Virginia Gazette* a few weeks after her death. Evelyn Byrd, the daughter of William Byrd of "Westover," bore the reputation of being one of the most beautiful women in the world; she died in 1737, when only twenty-eight years old, and is buried at the old Westover Church. The acrostic, the initial letter of each line serving to spell out her name, follows:

E ver constant to her Friend,  
V igilant in Truth's Defence;  
E ntertaining to her End,  
L ife! brimful of Eloquence.  
Y outh in Person; Age in Sense  
N ature gave her Store immense.

B ut she's fled and is no more,  
Y onder soars in Fields of Light!  
R obbed of all our little Store,  
D eath! Oh Death! we're ruined quite.

Other acrostics are now equally well-known or as typical as this one. Even the young George Washington tried his hand at love ditties, and began an acrostic to one of his early Dulcineas—for he appears, if we may judge from his letters, to have been in his salad days a sentimental and fickle youth; there was a prominent family of Alexanders living near Mount Vernon at the time, of which the heroine who inspired the following uncompleted acrostic was doubtless a member:

F rom your bright sparkling Eyes I was undone;  
R ays, you have; more transperent than the Sun,  
A midst its glory in the rising Day  
N one can you equal in your bright array;  
C onstant in your calm and unspotted Mind;  
E qual to all, but will to none Prove kind,  
S o knowing, seldom one so Young, you'l Find.

A h! woe's me, that I should Love and conceal  
L ong have I wish'd, but never dare reveal,  
E ven though severely Loves Pains I feel;  
X erxes that great, was't free from Cupid's Dart,  
A nd all the greatest Heroes, felt the smart.

This, however, is not the only example handed down to us of his poetical wild oats; he also wrote another love poem, about the same time, which might be coupled with the above and commented upon as the most execrable stuff ever written by a really great man. Washington either naturally outgrew verse-writing or else learned more about his own poetic limitations, for after he reached maturity he made no more such lapses. Still, the fault had been committed, and if he had not become "Father of his Country" by way of atonement the critic could not easily allow him to be forgiven!

When still a young boy, George Washington followed the then current custom of writing out in long-hand copies of noteworthy poems or prose passages—a practice that permitted the pupil to improve mind and penmanship simultaneously. Among other specimens, his early copy-books contain a poem called "True Happiness,"—obviously a free translation of Martial's lines. In the now comparatively rare volume, *Barons of the Potomack and the Rappahannock*, Moncure D. Conway ventures the opinion that the verses were written by Augustine Washington, the father of the first president: no other writer has been identified as their author, and Conway is more than probably correct in his surmise that they were from the pen of the elder Washington, though in translation only.

Charles Campbell, in his *History of Virginia* (1859), states that the "earliest surviving evidence

of printing done in Virginia is the edition of *The Revised Laws* published in 1733." Mr. Earl G. Swem, present librarian of the College of William and Mary and a close student of Virginiana, differs with Campbell, however, and cites as the first Virginia imprint *Typographia, An Ode on Printing*, by John Markland, which was inscribed to Governor Gooch, and was printed at Williamsburg by William Parks in 1730. Mr. Swem's reference to Markland (whose identity, he adds, remains undiscovered, there being no traces of any family of Marklands at that time living in Virginia) occurs in the preface to the volume, *Poems on Several Occasions, by a Gentleman of Virginia*, published in 1736, and reprinted in a limited edition under Mr. Swem's supervision in 1920 for the Heartman Historical Series. The volume is worth noting carefully, for it "bears the distinction of being the first collection of poems printed in Virginia," and the copy in the Boston Athenaeum is the only one of the original edition whose location is now known. The authorship of the book is a riddle whose key has been lost, though there is report of another copy having been recently in circulation which bore a name on its title page in such manner as to indicate that this name was the author's. Unfortunately this second copy disappeared, and save for the impression that the name written was that of a professor at William and Mary College, and for the internal evidence that the author was educated at Oxford University, there are no clues of any value.

Either the collection proved popular and some other writer adopted the same pen-name or else the author's efforts did not cease with its publication, for just two months after the book was off the press there ap-

peared more verse in the *Gazette*, dated at Williamsburg, and preceded by the caption: "The following lines were wrote by a Gentleman of Virginia." The lines, "To a Lady. On a Screen of Her Working," are inferior to those in *Poems on Several Occasions* in theme and technique, for while the latter are mediocre at best, the former is no more than an exhaustive catalogue in rhyme of all the flowers known to man which, if we are to accept the poet's description of it, blossom on the screen in question, with utter disregard for nature's own arrangement, in a color festival run riot.

William Parks, the first publisher of the *Virginia Gazette*, moved from Annapolis to Williamsburg in 1729, and set up as a printer. Fifteen years later, Parks, finding difficulty and inconvenience in having to import the paper needed for his publishing ventures, started a mill near Williamsburg for manufacturing paper out of old clothes and rags. A poetical wag, signing himself J. Dumbleton, in July of 1744 contributed a poem to the *Gazette* in honor of the enterprise, in which he summarizes with hearty—though at times Gargantuan—humor the benefits accruing from the home manufacture of paper, and points out with all-seeing eye the sources of supply on which the mill may draw. For a concrete illustration of the differences in taste and tone even then existing between the literatures of the North and the South, we need go no further than to compare Dumbleton's "Paper Mill" with the work of his New England contemporaries; the carefree, light, witty chaff of the Virginian is as far removed from the ponderous New England theology and sombreness as one pole from another, and as we come down in the history of Amer-

ican literature we may see that it takes a long time for this chasm to become at all lessened.

A few years later there is in the *Gazette* a letter dated Williamsburg, April 5, 1751, addressed to the editor, in which the writer, "N. S.", speaks of there having been a Lodge of Masons organized in that city some years previously; the organization had lapsed into non-existence, but "N. S.", wishing to revive the interest formerly felt in the order, appealed to the Brothers still in Williamsburg not to "obliterate from their Minds the practice of Associating in the most ancient confraternity in the World;" the better to bring this condition to pass, the writer closes with a four stanza poem and the hope that "the following Ode will not be disagreeable to your Readers."

Among the Colonial patriots none was more zealous in his efforts to promote the welfare of the Colonies and uphold their liberties than Richard Bland, 'the Virginia Antiquary.' Bland had bitterly opposed Governor Dinwiddie's attempt to tax land grants without the consent of the people; he was the father of the Two Penny Act which further "claimed for the Virginians the right of controlling their own taxation;" as a member of the House of Burgesses he fought the Stamp Act; was successively a member of the Committee of Safety, the Committee of Correspondence, and of the first Congress—holding public office continuously through the entire pre-Revolutionary period until his death in 1776. Bland was best known in literary circles as a pamphleteer, but there is at least one record of his having essayed verse, for in the Havemeyer Manuscripts there is a poetic epistle addressed by him, in 1758, to Landon Carter of Sabine Hall. The full title of the work is,

"An Epistle to Landon Carter, Esq., upon hearing that he does not intend to stand a Candidate at the next Election of Burgesses;" it has little poetic flavor, and is too long to reproduce, but is of historical interest in that it reflects the spirit of the times and shows us Bland in a new light.

The last Virginian verse-writer whom we shall mention before the storm and stress of the Revolutionary period, starting with the passage of the Stamp Act in 1765, turned men's thoughts to liberty and began the task of welding the colonies into a confederation, is Robert Bolling, Junior, of Chellowe. Bolling published a genealogical work, *The Bolling Memoir*; he also left two volumes in manuscript of prose and poetry combined, which may have been written out in duplicate but which were not printed. One of these manuscript volumes bears the title, *A Collection of diverting Anecdotes, Bons-Mots, and other Trifling Pieces*, with the date 1764. He seems to have contributed to the periodicals as well; although he died in 1775, *The American Museum*, of Philadelphia, in 1790 prints posthumously a selection with the quaint inscription: "Time's address to the ladies. In imitation of Tasso: most humbly inscribed to Miss E. Randolph, of James River, in Virginia, By her, &c. Rob. Bolling, jun.", but *The Museum* has nothing to say of the youthful poet's life or of the remainder of his work.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD.

During the period of the American Revolution, Virginia showed a profusion of orators, pamphleteers, letter-writers, and statesmen, but only a few who accomplished anything worth while in the realm of poetry. This condition was countrywide; the twenty-five years which may be set apart as the Revolutionary era saw a considerable amount of verse and song written, but most of it was anonymous, and little of it possessed poetic merit. North and South the poetry of the period was further removed from sectionalism than it had previously been or than it was destined to become later: the cause for this lay mainly in the fact that all sections might now have common themes, and irrespective of their colony, poets wrote on tea and tyranny, on liberty, taxation, or the successes of the Continental armies. This does not mean that verses of solely local interest ceased altogether; there was not so much demand or occasion for them, and for the time being they were simply crowded into second place, though it must be said that the verse occasioned directly by the Revolution was in quality much inferior to that written during the period on other than patriotic themes. The Revolutionary poetry, in Virginia as elsewhere, represented determination, intense feeling, and the spirit of unity which the cause de-



manded, and in so doing accomplished all that was necessary for its immediate purposes; however, it did not always adhere to the stricter canons of poetry, frequently disregarded meter and rhythm, and in its zeal for patriotic flavor often lost sight altogether of the literary side.

Most of the verse of the period falls into one of the four following classes: patriotic songs or ballads; political satires; nature lyrics, of which there were a few scattered examples; and *vers de societe*, a small amount, of a local nature. A glimpse at a few of the titles of verses appearing in the *Gazette* of 1767 will furnish an idea of the varied themes selected by those whose tastes ran to rhyme: for example, 'Virginiensis' writes "An Ode upon Christmas," 'Curtius' prefers "A Satire on the Times," and other specimens are "A Poem upon Heads," "On a Silent Courtship," and "On the Question, What is Love." Most of these are little better than essays in verse, not often more than one or two paragraphs long, dealing with the spirit of the times, manners, bits of humor, and the like. Little of it is now considered of account: there was, naturally, a large amount which is no more than doggerel; more which is of interest only because of the historical associations that it connotes, losing something of its savor after the heat of conflict has died away; and only an infinitesimal portion which deserves to live purely as literature. Still, the struggle called forth more widespread effort toward literary accomplishment than any similar period of time had done previously, and some such upheaval was essential to furnish the impetus required for the beginnings of a creative literature which should be at the same time national.

A striking fact of the journalism of the time in Virginia, and one that, not being widely known, is conducive to confusion, is that during the first few years of the Revolution there were three separate papers published at Williamsburg under the name of *The Virginia Gazette*. The original *Gazette* had been conducted by William Parks from its foundation to his death in 1750; Parks was followed by William Hunter, who served as editor until his death in 1761, when he was succeeded by Joseph Royle. Royle died in 1766; the paper was managed from that date by Alexander Purdie and John Dixon until December, 1774, when the partnership was dissolved, and Purdie was left as sole editor. But this journal, since it was begun, had been answerable to the governor for its politics and opinions; after the first surge of the spirit of revolt had swept the colony, at the instigation of Thomas Jefferson and a number of other distinguished citizens, William Rind came to Williamsburg from Maryland, and set up an opposition paper which was nominally independent, bearing the motto "Open to all parties, but influenced by none," but which was actually the mouthpiece of the Virginian patriots. The first issue appeared in May, 1766, and it continued with Rind as its editor until 1773; at his death his widow, Clementina Rind, took it over, and managed it for two years. From 1775 to 1777 this organ was edited by John Pinckney; it changed ownership again the following year, and in April of 1778 we find the names of John Clarkson and Augustine Davis appearing in the editorial rôle. The third *Gazette* made its début on January 7, 1775, shortly after John Dixon had dissolved his partnership with Purdie: Dixon took as his new partner

William Hunter (the son of Parks' successor), and they continued in Williamsburg through the year 1777. In 1779, Hunter gave place to Thomas Nicholson, who remained in Williamsburg with Dixon for a little over a year, at the end of which time the firm of Dixon and Nicholson removed to Richmond and published their paper there where competition was not so keen.

While the Virginian poetry of this period is not marked by any distinctly Southern characteristics, we may yet see foreshadowed in it the incipency of political and literary nationalism; in Virginia there was less of Toryism than in any of her sister colonies, and so more of unity, and no one of them advocated more whole-heartedly the cause of liberty. As these colonies were later to turn to Virginia time and again as the political leader, it is not surprising to find that in at least one instance the others looked to Virginia for guidance in the matter of verse. "Hearts of Oak," taking Garrick's well-known song as a model for verse and refrain, was published in the initial issue of Rind's *Gazette*, and was the first of a series of patriotic songs copying tune, tone, and meter after it; it was widely parodied, and in its different versions its popularity lasted for a dozen or more years. The following typical stanzas are indicative of the whole:

On our brow while we laurel-crown'd liberty wear,  
What Englishmen ought, we Americans dare;  
Though tempests and terrors around us we see,  
Bribes nor fears can prevail o'er the hearts that are free.

To King George, as true subjects, we loyal bow down,  
But hope we may call Magna Charta our own:  
Let the rest of the world slavish worship decree,  
Great Britain has ordered her sons to be *Free!*

With Loyalty, Liberty let us entwine,  
Our blood shall for both flow as free as our wine;  
Let us set an example what all men shall be,  
And a toast give the world—Here's to those who'd be *Free!*

CHORUS:

Hearts of Oak are we still, for we're sons of those men  
Who always are ready—steady, boys, steady,  
To fight for their freedom again and again!

“Hearts of Oak” made its appearance shortly after the repeal of the Stamp Act; its sentiment of blustering daring is found quite often in the productions written after hostilities had actually commenced, but in the next Virginian song we find rather a different spirit. In the autumn of 1768, Norborne Berkeley, Baron de Botetourt, arrived in Virginia to take up the reins of governorship which death had snatched from the hands of Fauquier. His fame had preceded him; Botetourt was already known for his gentleness, his piety, and his culture, as well as for a keen appreciation of right and justice; he was to become the most popular of all of Virginia's royal governors, and his arrival at the present moment was a very happy circumstance. A hearty welcome was accorded him, his entry at Williamsburg was little short of triumphal, and all vied with one another in expressing pleasure at having such a distinguished and capable nobleman at the head of the colony. The week following his arrival, the *Virginia Gazette* printed an ode, unsigned, which heralds his welcome and sings his praises, with nothing but good will for King and Governor and a seeming desire for the continuance of amicable relations with Great Britain.

Botetourt lived only two years after assuming the governorship; he was succeeded by William Nelson,

President of the Council, and in 1772 Nelson was supplanted by Lord Dunmore. The forward march of events was thenceforth extremely rapid. The people were growing restless under the yoke of a foreign administration, and committees, conventions, congresses, indicated the approach of the inevitable explosion, now needing merely a spark to make the growing accumulation of patriotic tinder flare up to the overthrow of British domination in America. In 1774, on Virginia's western border occurred the episode which has been spoken of as "the first blood shed in the Revolution." Trouble with the Indian tribes of Ohio had arisen, and Dunmore organized two divisions of military to attack and crush them, assuming command of one force himself, and placing General Andrew Lewis at the head of the second. The two divisions were to meet at the mouth of the Kanawha River, near Point Pleasant, but when Lewis's troops reached the rendezvous they found that Dunmore was nowhere in evidence; almost immediately they were attacked, but in a very bloody struggle which lasted all the day the Indians were defeated and routed, nevermore to make concerted assault against the Virginian towns or settlements. Dunmore's behavior during the campaign has never been explained; circumstances pointed to his having first incited the Indians to rise, and then sent the Virginia troops into a trap—to serve the double purpose of diverting attention from politics while crushing the military power of the colony in case Britain should have need of force in America. These suspicions were entertained by the members of the expedition, but they have never been proved, although

it is positively known that during the following year Dunmore plotted to bring about another Indian uprising. In his *Historical Collections of Virginia*, Henry Howe cites two anonymous songs, obtained from a mountain cabin in Tazewell County, Virginia, which have to do with these Indian wars. The first of the verses is a ballad on "The Battle of Point Pleasant;" the second is called "Moore's Lamentation," and in Howe's words this "tragical song, commemorative of the death and captivity of the Moore family, was written many years since [Howe was writing in 1846], and is still much sung among the mountaineers of this region." Both are included here for their historical significance, as are the majority of the other poems in this period; for artistically they are crude, the rhymes are impossible, the meter jerks or lags, though their simple, natural feeling goes far to counterbalance their lack of metrical skill.

After this time, the verse of the period began to assume a more martial and bellicose vein. In 1773 the East India Company, in financial difficulties, had obtained royal permission to ship its tea to America without paying duty in England. The tax of three pence a pound imposed by the act of 1767 was not removed, for Lord North wished to chasten the colonies, and intended to make the collection of this tax a test case which should prove the extent of British authority. In this he made an egregious blunder; the colonists, aware of his purpose, determined to resist, and the consequence was a series of demonstrations of varying force or violence in the different colonies—in Boston the famous 'Tea Party' occurred, in Charleston the company's agents resigned and the duties were left unpaid, at Philadelphia and in other

cities throughout the colonies there were indignation meetings which denounced the tea tax vociferously and freely. *The Virginia Gazette* of January, 1774, contains a blank verse selection of thirteen lines which depicts in mock-heroic manner "A Lady's Adieu to her Tea Table;" and the *Pennsylvania Journal*, in September of the same year, published a short poem on "Virginia Banishing Tea," signed 'by a young woman of Virginia.'

After the battle of Lexington, Theodorick Bland wrote a poem, of which some sixteen stanzas have been preserved, to commemorate the event. This effusion is "rather distinguished for its patriotic than its poetical merit," says Campbell, in his edition of *The Bland Papers*, and proves his point by quoting the verses. The first stanza or two amply bear out Campbell's criticism:

When Britain once with glory fired  
The foes of freedom did assail,  
Her godlike sons to acts aspired,  
To which old Greece and Rome would vail.

The tyrant-fiend beneath her power  
His (prostrate) crest submissive bowed—  
Hung round with trophies freedom's tower,  
In Britain's happy island stood.

Bland's manuscripts were partly destroyed, and in the version which Campbell gives words are deleted and entire lines are missing, but it is evident that Virginian poetry suffered no irreparable loss by the accident. Bland was a physician by profession, educated in England and Scotland, and at the outbreak of the Revolution was practicing in Williamsburg. While still a school-boy he made a translation of Vir-

gil's first Eclogue which is not lacking in promise or in accomplishment. Shortly after Dunmore's flight from the capitol, Bland, with a number of other gentlemen, removed a quantity of arms and ammunition from the governor's palace there to a magazine of which Bland was put in charge. He later saw active service with the colonial cavalry, rising to the rank of colonel. In 1779, while quartered at Charlottesville, Virginia, Bland wrote some more verses which are shorter and more epigrammatic but very little clearer than the first: they were directed at Thomas Jefferson, and Bland seems to be preaching a sermon on what he considers that gentleman's vanity, as well as reproving any who let ambition blindly guide their footsteps. Bland was elected to the Continental Congress the same year, serving until 1783, and died in New York in 1790, having gone there to attend the opening session of the new Congress to which he had also been elected.

Probably the best known—though not the best—of the songs to the tune of "Hearts of Oak" is the version by J. W. Hewlings, of Nansemond. It was published in Dixon and Hunter's *Gazette* during July of 1775, as a "new song on the present critical times." It is amusing to note that a subsequent issue of the paper contains a letter to the editor inclosing more verses, their author showing himself to be considerably piqued at the fact that Hewlings's song should have been considered worthy of print, and he contributes his own work on the assumption that the "Poet's Corner" must be in dire straits to have published verse of such calibre as Hewlings's!

Frederick the Great said that Washington's successes at Trenton and Princeton, from December 25,



1776, through the first few days of the new year, were among "the most brilliant" in military history. These successes were in part due to the bravery and leadership of General George Weedon, of Fredericksburg, who led one of the wings of Washington's army across the ice-filled Delaware and on to victory at the Battle of Trenton. After the Revolution, when he had returned to his Virginia home, Weedon annually gave a great party to celebrate jointly, as he told each guest on arrival, the Christmas season and the victory at Trenton. A feature of the entertainment which soon grew into a very essential part of its program was that when the guests—frequently fifty or more—had drawn up to table, Weedon himself would lead the company in a song which he had written in honor of the success of the American troops. The song, variously called "Christmas Day in '76" and "The Battle of Trenton," consisted of six or seven stanzas; after these had been sung through, the dinner was served, and the guests would then dance, drink, and make merry until the break of day.

But there were other verses written during this period on themes quite removed from warfare and strife. Of these, many were published anonymously in the different *Virginia Gazettes*: some of them are personal, some are political; others are didactic or moral (as, for example, "A Lesson," published in *The Gazette*, January 1, 1767); still others throw side-lights on the customs then prevailing in the Old Dominion, as in the case of the marriage notices which were usually accompanied by a few lines of poetry. From the *Virginia Gazette* of 1776 we glean the following specimens:

Edmund Randolph, Esq., Attorney-General of Virginia, to Miss Betsey Nicholas, a young lady whose amiable sweetness of disposition, joined with the finest intellectual accomplishments, cannot fail of rendering the worthy man of her choice completely happy.

Fain would the aspiring muse attempt to sing  
The virtues of this amiable pair;  
But how shall I attune the trembling string,  
Or sound a note which can such worth declare?  
Exalted theme! too high for common lays!  
Could my weak verse with beauty be inspired,  
In numbers smooth I'd chant my Betsey's praise,  
And tell how much her Randolph is admired.  
To light the hymeneal torch since they've resolved,  
Kind Heaven I trust will make them truly blest;  
And when the *Gordian knot* shall be dissolved,  
Translate them to eternal peace and rest.

and

On Sunday last, Mr. Beverley Dixon to Miss Polly Saunders, a very agreeable young lady.

Hymen, thy brightest torch prepare,  
Gild with light the nuptial bower,  
With garlands crown this lovely pair,  
On them thy choicest blessings shower.  
Cupids lightly sport and play,  
Hymen crowns the happy day;  
Sprightly graces too descend,  
And the beauteous bride attend.  
Here no sordid interest binds,  
But purest innocence and love  
Combined unite their spotless minds,  
And seal their vows above.

Among these unsigned verses there is one poem of more than passing merit, showing in its rugged though rhythmical lines a power that causes it to stand out above the average of its less noteworthy contemporaries; this is the "Soliloquy of King Richard II, during his captivity," which appeared in Dixon and

Hunter's *Virginia Gazette* on February 10, 1776. But lessér themes than kings or marriages were inspiration enough to cause the Colonial swains to jangle at their muse; witness this stanza from some "Lines on Hearing a Young Lady Play on the Harpsichord:"

When Sukey to her harpsichord repairs  
And, smiling, bids me give attentive ears,  
With bliss supreme the lovely maid I view.  
But with reluctance forced to bid adieu,  
Her charms, I find, are on my heart impress'd,  
Nor time nor absence can regain my rest.

The author, either from modesty or from caution, warns the reader that the verses are by one who "never attempted before anything in the poetical way," and is content to let them rest with only this claim to authorship. Still, this was doubtless all the information that Sukey needed, and who knows but that they may have proved persuasive enough to cajole that personage into furnishing music for the author for the rest of his days!

Prominent among the lighter society verses of the time are two productions in which James McClurg and St. George Tucker, both of Williamsburg and graduates of the college, joined forces. "The Belles of Williamsburg" was published in 1777, and proved so popular that a "Sequel to the Belles of Williamsburg" followed almost immediately. The verses must have ingratiated the young men deeply with the fairer sex of the Capitol, for, in 16 and 12 stanzas respectively, the authors run the gamut of desirable qualities possessed by the charmers of the town and distribute lavishly their sugared praises. In the novel, *The Virginia Comedians*, John Esten Cooke effectively introduces several stanzas of

"The Belles of Williamsburg" in the course of his narrative, and since its initial appearance the poem has been republished several times in various historical magazines or works. McClurg was a physician of distinction; he had studied medicine in Edinburgh and Paris, and early brought fame to himself with an "Essay on the Human Bile" which was widely translated and circulated about the continent. He is said to have composed several Revolutionary songs and some graceful lyrics, but these have been lost sight of, and he is chiefly remembered for having written the major part of the above-mentioned verses.

Of St. George Tucker, much more might be said. His poem, "Resignation" (sometimes misnamed "Days of My Youth," from its first line), is far and away the best lyric produced in the South during the Revolutionary period. Tucker possessed marked poetic talent, although it must be said that he never took his verse-writing very seriously; by profession a lawyer, his greatest work was done in that field, and he became known as 'the American Blackstone' on account of his legal writings. His was a well-filled life; the volume of his published work is by no means insignificant; he achieved broad distinction as a jurist, taught law at William and Mary College for a number of years, and served faithfully and well on the bench of both State and Federal courts. Besides his collaboration with McClurg in writing "The Belles of Williamsburg" and the "Sequel," Tucker turned out a considerable quantity of fugitive pieces, left several unpublished dramas, and wrote a lengthy satirical poem called "The Probationary Odes of Jonathan Pindar, Esq.," the object of which was "to assail John Adams and other leading Federalists for their sup-

posed monarchical predilections." His attack on Adams was apparently received without malice, however, for it is told that in his old age Adams was so deeply impressed by "Resignation" that he declared he "would rather have written it than any lyric of Milton or Shakespeare." Tucker was born in Bermuda in 1752, and emigrated to Virginia when he was a youth of twenty: he lived to be seventy-six years old, so, as he wrote for years after the Federal Constitution had been adopted—which marks the close of the Revolutionary period—his work cannot be restricted altogether to this necessarily arbitrary time division. In Kennedy's *Life of Wirt* there is record of Wirt requesting Judge Tucker to write a poem for a Fourth of July celebration in the year 1807: as he already had on hand some verses suitable for the occasion Tucker sent them, instead of using the theme suggested by Wirt—"a song on the day, embracing the late *gallant exploit* of the Leopard!" Tucker's contribution may well be cited along with the poems belonging directly to the Revolutionary War, for it breathes the same atmosphere and the same determination to maintain personal liberty at all costs: the encounter between the Chesapeake and the Leopard off Norfolk had raised the public mind to a very high pitch, culminating five years later in the War of 1812, and Tucker's "Fourth of July Verses, 1807" show something of the fiery indignation which the Americans could feel when they suspected their newly born freedom of being jeopardized.

Although none of his verses are now available, Samuel Henley, while teaching at the College of William and Mary prior to the outbreak of the Revolution, is said to have written a number of short poems

for distribution among his friends. Henley seems to have been a man of parts: a biographical sketch of him in the *William and Mary College Quarterly* sums him up as "commentator, poet, clergyman and schoolmaster." He published *Sermons, Observations of Virgil*, translated Tibullus, and edited *Vathek*—a more literal evidence of the versatility of the man. When the break came with Great Britain, Henley left the colonies to return to his native England, and there lived to a ripe old age, teaching school at Harrow and at Haileybury and serving the Church in various capacities until his death in 1815.

Not the least interesting or far-reaching of the different phases of liberty germinating from the American Revolution was the movement in Virginia toward religious freedom and the abolition of the established church. More than any other sect, the Baptists busied themselves with bringing about this end; their war-record had been altogether to their credit, and no doubt aided materially in causing the General Assembly to give full heed of consideration to the arguments and petitions which they presented. The struggle to bring about the separation of Church and State was begun in 1776, but it was not settled finally until the passage of the Act for Religious Freedom nine years later. While the Assembly was in session, before this act had been passed, petitions of many sorts and forms were tendered by the sects dissenting from the established church. Accompanying the appeal made by the Baptists was an effusion now known as the "Baptist Petition in Verse," addressed 'To the Honorable General Assembly' as "The Humble Petition of a Country Poet." The surviving records of the Assembly fail to indicate the degree of influence

which the novel entreaty exerted over the convention, but that was doubtless a minor consideration to the author, whose desire for toleration apparently outstripped his poetic ambitions, inasmuch as he did not choose to reveal his identity or lay claim to the distinction of authorship.

In January, 1788, six months before the ninth state had accepted the proposed constitution whose adoption was necessary to bind them into a confederated nation, there was published in *The American Museum*, of Philadelphia, a poem with which we may well close this period of Virginian fugitive verse. The title was "A Poem, addressed to the People of Virginia, on New-Year's day, 1788," and although it bears no signature, it was dated at Alexandria. It consists of about 140 lines; in the earlier part of the poem the author counsels the citizens of Virginia not to lose heart, that they have suffered and accomplished too much for them now to think of wavering or turning back. A number of lines are dedicated to the pleasing task of singing the praises of many of the prominent Virginians—Madison, the Pages, Blair, Innis, Pendleton, the Lees, Griffin, McClurg, Jones, Jefferson, and Washington—and then the poet points to the better day that is coming (which was indicative of Virginian literature as well), in the concluding stanza:

Bards! your wreaths immortal twine:  
Brighter days begin to shine.  
Come ye freemen! patriots come!  
Read with me Columbia's doom—  
Lo! involv'd in yonder skies,  
Fair the year of glory lies.  
Ravish'd far, in vision'd trance,  
I behold, with mystic glance,  
Towns extend on many a bank,  
Late with darkling thickets dank,

And the gilded spires arise,  
Grateful to propitious skies—  
Arts, refinement, morals blest,  
Claim perfection in the West—  
Peace, with commerce in her train,  
Brings a golden age again—  
While our woven wings unfurl'd  
Sail triumphant round the world.



## CHAPTER V.

### THE PERIOD OF CONFEDERATION.

In his able volume, *A Short History of American Literature*, Professor Walter C. Bronson, after designating the literature from 1789 to 1815 as belonging to "the time of national beginnings," sums up the period from 1815 to 1870 as "the Golden Age of American Literature." This classification is perfectly logical as regards American literature as a whole, and New England literature more particularly; the major work of Bryant, Poe, Longfellow, Whittier, and Emerson, constituting the backbone of American poetry, was done within this span of years, as was that of numerous other less gifted singers. But if we turn to a chronological consideration of Southern poetry, we will observe that there has been an infinitely wider interest taken in it since 1860 than there was during the "Golden Age" of which Bronson speaks. In Virginia during this period, excepting Poe, there are few writers who turned to verse whose production is still esteemed or even remembered: William Munford, Richard Dabney, St. Leger Landon Carter, John Collins McCabe, and Philip Pendleton Cooke are undoubtedly the best known today, although Dr. F. V. N. Painter states, in his *Poets of Virginia*, that there were "nearly fifty volumes of poetry" published by Virginians from 1815 to 1861—which is probably an underestimate. Still, on the other hand,

much of the best poetry written in Virginia during this so-called early National Era was circulated only in fugitive form, and is now known to the student of Virginiana alone.

Since 1860, while there have been no poets of primary rank or outstanding importance in Virginia, there have been nearly a score whose work compares more than favorably with that of their predecessors. The literature of the War between the States is enriched by the songs of John R. Thompson, Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, Father Ryan, and W. Gordon McCabe; the verses of D. B. Lucas, James Barron Hope, Father Tabb, James Lindsay Gordon, Charles W. Coleman, and Danske Dandridge round out the century; R. T. W. Duke, Jr., Amélie Rives, Ellen Glasgow, and Nancy Byrd Turner are still producing poetry that is in no whit inferior to that of writers in other sections of the country at the present day. The foundations of these poets' work was laid during the time when American literature was at its zenith, but their product shows development and growth and adds to the belief that the South may be the part of the United States which now holds the greatest literary promise. There is an increasing interest in letters in the South that augurs well for the future of American literature; an interest that manifests itself in the building of public libraries, the development of periodicals, a more thorough education, so that, coupled with an abundance of native ability—largely unaffected by the stream of immigration that has flooded the North—the region seems to be on the threshold of a day more radiant than it has yet looked upon, as far as has to do with the perpetuation of its ideals and its beliefs through creative literary work.

There were many causes leading toward literary affluence after the close of the Revolutionary period. The half-century immediately preceding the War between the States saw more literature produced in America than had been brought forth in the two preceding centuries combined. It was an era of growth, of territorial expansion, of rapidly increasing population; the War of 1812 and the Mexican War were not consequential enough to check the rising tide of prosperity, and the tone of the age was peaceful, with little strife more serious than that of local or partisan politics. In Virginia, however, could be felt especially keenly the political unrest of the South. The problem of slavery was all absorbing, and its solution taxed the most capable intellects within the bounds of the Old Dominion. None realized better than the planter how far the disadvantages of slavery outweighed its benefits, but, as one writer has deftly put it, the planter found himself in the delicate position of the man who holds a wolf by the ears—he could neither let go nor hold on. Sentiment differed widely as to the solution of the problem: how untenable is the position of those prejudiced writers who allege that the South took up arms to maintain the institution of slavery may be seen in the records of the Virginia Legislature of 1832, which, meeting to debate the abolition of slavery in the state, decided negatively by only a single vote!

But peace in itself was not the only blessing which the new era brought. Public improvements made good headway, towns multiplied, roads, harbors, and transportation were bettered as the need for betterment made itself felt. Though the public schools were far from being in a desirably perfect condition, they were

much more organized than previously, and there were, in addition, a number of good private schools and academies. Higher education flourished: William and Mary still held a position of prominence; Jefferson's University of Virginia was founded in 1819; the colleges—Washington (now Washington and Lee University), Hampden-Sidney, Emory and Henry, Randolph-Macon, Richmond, the Protestant Episcopal Theological Seminary, and the Virginia Military Institute—offered a varied and thorough training to Virginia's young manhood. The law remained the favored profession, for the larger field of politics, with its visible attainments, proved more attractive to the young Southerner than the field of letters, and law was the natural stepping-stone to political advancement. Every town of importance was represented by its newspaper. There were at least five periodicals published in Virginia during the period, of which the *Southern Literary Messenger* was by long odds the best-edited and the most far-reaching in influence. A few printing presses were in operation, but most of the publishing was still done in the North: Richmond was beginning to assume the position of a literary center, but her progress was labored and the path was beset with obstacles, the most serious of which was the disrepute in which professional men of letters were held. Montrose J. Moses, in *The Literature of the South*, voices this attitude of the public, which is exaggerated a trifle perhaps, in this sentence: "It was a grace for any member of a well-founded family to do a sentiment to a rare turn; but to cultivate the talent seriously was a disgrace." A glance at the prefaces to one or two of the Virginian collections of verse early in the century gives a first hand idea of

the reception accorded poetry in this country a hundred years ago, and indicates clearly just why its production was at low ebb. From *The Land of Powhatan*, published anonymously in 1821 "By a Virginian," we have this excerpt: "Such is the contempt attached to the very name of Poet among us, that the bare mention of an American work in verse, excites a smile of derision; and that man must be allowed to possess a more than common courage, who dares to encounter the scoffs, that certainly await the publication of his productions;" while the tone is no less certain in the preface to John Collins McCabe's *Scraps*, published fourteen years later, in which the author speaks of his being aware "of the prejudice against native productions, particularly Poetical Compositions," and further comments on the critical spirit of the day and "the efforts made by certain would-be literary critics to decry every thing that does not bear the impress of a *foreign hand*." For that matter, the entire country could boast of few men who supported themselves by their writing: Irving was the first in point of time; Cooper followed; Longfellow was the best paid; Hawthorne's existence was a precarious one until after the publication of *The Scarlet Letter*. In the South the instance is more pronounced: there were few literary 'circles', there was no market for poetry—as is evidenced by Poe's having to go North to sell his literary wares, even then to get no more than starvation prices for them—and Simms was the only man of letters who was able to make a livelihood with his pen.

The difficulties of obtaining an audience which McCabe and the author of *The Land of Powhatan* mention, seemed to find an embodiment in the person

of John R. Thompson, *littérateur*, poet, lecturer, and for twelve years editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, if we are to consider typical his attitude toward Virginian literature as expressed in an address delivered at Washington College, Lexington, in June of 1850. Thompson tersely summarizes the writing done by Virginians, on subjects other than those of political or theological controversy, in a single sentence:

Some historical researches there are — a few essays of Ogilvie and Wirt — the *Iliad*, translated by William Munford — some amaranthine verse and affluent prose of the variously gifted and unfortunate Poe — a few, alas! how few, poems of the affections and home sketches of Cooke, the lamented and early lost — the sweet effusions occasionally sent forth by Jane Tayloe Lomax, another child of song, the story of whose days has been shut up in an untimely grave — these, together with the contributions to our periodical literature of some whose efforts have deserved the laurel to which they never aspired — constitute the whole stock of letters that we may boast.

But this is far too severe a criticism, and one that is by no means exhaustive in its sweeping generality. Then, as since Thompson's time, it may be pointed out that Southern—and Virginian—literature has attracted but little attention because of its sporadic nature. In verse alone, to say nothing of the numerous volumes published since the close of the Revolution, there had been at the time when Thompson made the above statement over two score Virginians who had written single or occasional fugitive pieces of varying merit, many of whose productions must needs have met with his approbation had they been brought to his attention or his memory.

There is no very distinct difference between the

poetry of the Revolutionary period and that of the period of Confederation which immediately followed. Accordingly, the poetry of the first few years of the new period contains several names which are more often associated with the literature of the Revolution; other writers passed their youth during the time of the struggle for civil liberty, and were subject to its influences. However, the verse writers who are here classified as belonging to the age following the adoption of the Federal Constitution are not assigned arbitrarily to this period, and have not been so catalogued unless there appeared to the writer sufficient reason for departing from the chronological order which is in the main followed elsewhere in this work.

One of the first names to be noticed in the new era is that of General Lewis Littlepage. He was born in Hanover County in 1762, and received his collegiate training at William and Mary. His was a strikingly romantic life: a man of remarkable genius and originality, he inclined toward a military career, went to Europe, and soon made a considerable name as a soldier. He was known at practically every court on the continent, and counted among his personal friends many of the great military men of Europe; was best known at the court of St. Petersburg; and after amassing a fair fortune with his sword, in 1802 he returned to his native state, where he bought a home near Fredericksburg and died the same year. There are few records that bear on his boyhood: to quote Hayden's *Virginia Genealogies*, "Very little is known of the early youth of this brilliant man beyond the fact that he displayed an unusual degree of poetic talent for one of his years." A notable example of

this poetic turn is seen in his translation of the twenty-second Ode, Book First, of Horace,—which he is reputed to have made when only fourteen years old, although it is more likely that he was fifteen at the time.

John Lowe, a native of Scotland, is remembered for a single poem, "Mary's Dream," which betrays in its haunting pathos a familiarity with the fine old Scottish ballads—in themselves as profitable a training-school for the poet as may be desired. Lowe was born in 1748, a son of the gardener at Kenmure, in Galloway; he studied for the ministry; served a time as tutor in the family of a Mr. McGhie; and emigrated for America, where he died in poverty and misery—having married unhappily—near Fredericksburg, Virginia, in 1798. The poem, "Mary's Dream," was occasioned by the loss at sea of Sandy Miller, a young surgeon who was betrothed to one of the Misses McGhie, Lowe himself being engaged to her sister, although he married in America. So far as is known, this is his only poem that has been preserved, but its simple, easy naturalness of expression makes the reader wonder if he must not have produced other verses equally meritorious.

Like Lowe, William Wirt, Attorney General of the United States, orator and man of letters, was a Virginian by adoption. Wirt was born in Maryland in 1772, but moved to Virginia when twenty-one years old, and remained in residence the rest of his life until his official duties carried him to Washington. His most noted literary work is his *Letters of a British Spy*, though he added to this fame by his biography of Patrick Henry and by his oratorical ability which served him in good stead in his legal work. During



his life of sixty-two years Wirt remained a devoted lover of books and letters; in his old age he is said often to have exclaimed: "All, all is vanity and vexation of spirit, except religion, friendship, and literature!" In John P. Kennedy's *Life of Wirt* there are several specimens of his 'verse-making' cited: one is the poetical epitaph on his wife's tombstone, another is the poetical epistle to his friend Jonathan Meredith, but the most widely known is the epigram in verse on Wickham and Hay. Kennedy gives an interesting account of the circumstances leading to Wirt's "Impromptu"; Hay and Wickham were opposed in a case in the Richmond Court, and Wickham, the subtler and more ingenious of the two lawyers, having succeeded in trapping Hay in a dilemma of which either alternative would prove fatal, exclaimed: "The gentleman may take which ever horn he pleases." Hay's testy temper—well known to the members of the bar—made him a rather dangerous customer when crossed, so when Jock Warden, a witty old Scot who was one of the most learned and popular lawyers in the city, saw Hay's eyes begin to gleam he remarked quietly, "Take care of him, he has hay upon his horn!" Wirt was sitting near by; he appreciated Warden's classical witticism, and at once dashed off the following epigram, harking back to the original Latin of Horace's Satire to mellow the flavor of the fun:

Wickham was tossing Hay in Court  
On a dilemma's horns for sport;  
Jock, rich in wit and Latin too,  
Cried, "Habet foenum in cornu!"

The first volume of the *Virginia Historical Register* prints a version of the lines which is slightly

different from this one, and the second volume corrects them, but the above (Kennedy's version) seems to be the most nearly correct of the three variations.

In October, 1785, died Samuel Hardy, member of Congress from Virginia, and one of the most promising figures in American politics at the time of his death. Some forty-four years later, during the Virginia Convention of 1829, James Monroe pronounced Mr. Hardy the most brilliant man of his age that he had ever known: the estimate of his contemporaries must serve in large as a guide to his ability, for the "sole known product of his pen" is his "Elegy on the Death of Michael Young"—itself a proof that Hardy possessed poetic powers in no little degree. There is also a poetical "Tribute to the Memory of Samuel Hardy, Esq.," written October 17th, 1785, by Judge John Tyler, which strikes a more personal note, and elaborates Monroe's praise; it is short enough to quote entire, and also shows something of Tyler's own ability at versifying:

Ah! why, my soul, indulge this pensive mood?  
Hardy is dead: the brave, the just, the good.  
Careless of censure, on his youthful bier  
The muse shall drop a tributary tear.  
His patriot bosom glowed with warmth divine,  
And oh, humanity! his heart was thine.  
No party interest led his heart astray;  
He chose a nobler, though less beaten way;  
Nor shall his virtues, then, remain unsung—  
Pride of the Senate, and their guide his tongue.  
That tongue no more can make e'en truth to please—  
Polite with art, and elegant with ease—  
Fain would the muse augment the plaintive strain;  
Tho' the most flattering panegyric 's vain,  
When the brief sentence, 'youthful Hardy 's dead,'  
Speaks more than poet ever thought or said.

Judge John Tyler, the father of John Tyler, tenth President, was later elected Governor of Virginia, serving two consecutive terms, and dying in office during a third. He kept a book of his manuscript poems, some of them written while he was actually on the bench, which show quite a range of theme and subject-matter; among others, Dr. Lyon G. Tyler, in the *Letters and Times of the Tylers*, mentions the following: "On the Death of Mary Tyler. Elegy, April, 1797" (his wife), "On My Birthday, 28th Feb., 1789," "On the Death of Anne Contesse Semple" (his eldest daughter), "The Knight Errant" (on a duel which failed to materialize), and numerous verses in praise of various young ladies.

Among the elegiac verses of this period may be noticed a number of tributes to the memory of Richard Meade, father of Bishop Meade, a soldier of distinction and a man of wide popularity. Meade had been one of the twenty-four patriots, including Bland, Monroe, George Wythe, and Benjamin Harrison, who had seized the munitions in Dunmore's palace at Williamsburg at the outbreak of the Revolution; he served throughout the war as Washington's aide-de-camp, participating in all of Washington's battles; and, after peace was declared, returned to his agricultural pursuits, dying in 1805. Among these verses to his memory are those by Mrs. Mary Page, of Pagebrook, Frederick County, and some others, less amateurish, by the Reverend Mr. Wiley, both of which are cited in Meade's *Old Churches, Ministers and Families of Virginia*.

During the first ten years of the eighteenth century, Petersburg was the center of some little poetical activity. John Daly Burk, John McCreery, and

John Davis were among the more capable members of a small literary group located there, all three of whom, at odd times, devoted their ability toward the production of verses. Of the three, probably Burk acquired the most reputation, largely on account of the *History of Virginia* which he was writing at the time of his death, but he also wrote several dramas, and Charles Campbell's *Memoir of John Daly Burk* speaks of his song lyrics—substantiated by Davis's elegiac verses about Burk. Beside the plays, *Bethlem Gabor*, *The Battle of Bunker Hill*, and *Female Patriotism; or, the Death of Joan d'Arc*, Burk wrote a number of essays, one of which, "An Historical Essay on the Character and Antiquity of Irish Songs," shows that he was possessed of a sound critical judgment and sense of values. Burk was a native of Ireland; while still a student he participated in a riot at Dublin and had to flee the country, coming to America where he took up newspaper work and any other sort of hack writing that would enable him to make a living. From Boston he moved to Petersburg, and was living in the latter city in 1809 when an unfortunate affair with a young Frenchman named Coquebert terminated in a duel, and Burk was slain. His poems are not available now, although some of his songs—especially one called "Anna"—seem to have been quite popular during his lifetime.

John McCreery is spoken of by Allibone as "A Virginia poet who died in Richmond in 1825." He was living in Petersburg during Burk's residence there, and was a close friend to the historian. McCreery was also an Irishman; with Skelton Jones he published a work on *The Ancient and Modern Music of Ireland*: the preface to this book was written by Dr. Thomas

Robinson, of Petersburg, and a memoir of the latter gives out as an opinion that McCreery's work suggested to Thomas Moore the idea of the *Irish Melodies*—Moore and McCreery had been friends and fellow students at Trinity College, Dublin, years before. McCreery wrote a poem called "The American Star," which was in early days the rival of "The Star-Spangled Banner." In one of the two scrap-books which Thomas Jefferson filled with verses clipped from newspapers and periodicals during his presidential administration there are a number of poems from the Petersburg papers\*: there is also a copy of an "American Star," written in competition for the fifty-dollar prize medal offered by the Philadelphia Military Association, about 1808 or 1809, for the best national song, which is undoubtedly the poem that was submitted by McCreery, and which subsequently proved so popular.

John Davis has already been mentioned as the author of *The First Settlers of Virginia* (p. 26) and as something of a rhymester. His volume, *Travels of Four Years and a Half in the United States of America*, contains quite a number of verses from his pen, some of which are of more than common merit: they are artless, well-expressed, and all in all are as pleasing as the author's sprightly prose—truly, no mean standard. Among these verses are numerous 'Odes,'—"To a Cricket," "To William de Bow, M. D.," "Evening at Occoquan," "Morning at Occoquan,"—an excellent translation from Horace, "To Pyrrha;" sonnets "To Charlotte Smith" and "To the Whip-poor-Will;" and several elegies. Davis was

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\* For example, see page 195.

an Englishman who made his living in this country by teaching school, and by sundry literary ventures; while teaching at Petersburg, Davis formed a fast friendship with Burk, whom he admired heartily, and after the death of the latter wrote some verses called "Burk's Garden Grave," closely imitative of Scott's "Helvellyn," which were published in the Philadelphia *Port Folio* in 1809. The poem was afterwards republished in the *Port Folio* with a third stanza added, and with several minor alterations in the original version, but as these do not materially improve the poem it is here given as first published.

In the *Port Folio* for this year, 1809, there is an effusion in verse called "To Eliza," which is signed 'Oscar', Norfolk, Virginia. 'Oscar' contributed several other pieces to the magazine, but none of them are particularly meritorious or interesting, and there is nothing about them to disclose the identity of the poetaster who chose to hide behind this pseudonym.

One of the most delightful figures of this period of Virginia history is the jovial Mason Locke Weems, an Episcopal minister, familiarly known as 'Parson' Weems, who nevertheless found time to dash off several biographies and a forty-page metrical venture called *Hymen's Recruiting Sergeant*,—the latter being in reality little more than a semi-humorous sermon advocating the necessity, benefits, and pleasures of matrimony. It seems that there were some eleven attendant responsibilities accruing from the Parson's own marriage, however, and he soon had to give up the ministry and seek a more remunerative occupation in order to support them: he became a book-agent, and travelled through Virginia and other Southern states peddling his own works along with

those of other writers. He wrote biographies of Washington, Franklin, William Penn, and General Marion; they met with considerable popular demand (especially the *Life of Washington*) though Weems did not scruple to insert imaginary anecdotes or hearsay facts at will, to better his sales, the consequence being that they cannot be depended upon as authentic: many of the stories about Washington's childhood, for example, which have since proved to be sheer fiction may be traced directly to Weems' biography of him. One of his practices was to preface these volumes with a stanza or so of verse, apropos of the subject; here is an example from the first edition of his life of Washington, published in 1800, which shows that Weems never forgot that he was a preacher, whether he was writing prose or verse:

A life, how glorious, to his country led!  
Belov'd while living, as rever'd now dead.  
May his example, virtuous deeds inspire!  
Let future ages read it, and admire!

Among the many women distinguished in the social life of this country perhaps none takes precedence of Dolly Madison, née Dorothea Payne. When James Madison met her she was the widow of a gentleman named Todd; he was soon taken by her charm and beauty, and after a fairly brief courtship they were married. Numberless records tell of her intellectual powers and fascination; she is spoken of as "the most popular person in the United States" during the eight years of Madison's administration; it is said that Madison would not have been elected to a second term had it not been for Dolly's popularity; and, again, she was signally honored above all other members of her

sex in being, voted a seat in Congress. Along with her interest in public affairs and her social duties as 'first lady of the land', she was very fond of literature, and some of her attempts at poetry bear the stamp of a not inferior talent for it; her sonnet, "Lafayette," is typical, and shows that she was possessed of at least a spark of poetic fire.

George Tucker (1775-1861), like his kinsman St. George, was born in Bermuda. He distinguished himself as a lawyer at the Lynchburg Bar, and was sent to Congress; later he became a professor at the University of Virginia, and for twenty years taught moral philosophy and political science there. Tucker was a prolific writer, but produced little fiction, most of his writing being along technical or legal lines. His only recorded lapses into verse are a Latin ode that he wrote when only eleven years old, and when about thirty he composed some satirical verses on the prevalence of cardplaying in Richmond: during the winter of 1805-06 so many members of Richmond society—especially the ladies—indulged in the expensive pastime of playing 'loo', that Tucker, under the pseudonym of 'Hickory Cornhill', wrote the lines that acted as a sort of metrical Don Quixote, for the practice was soon afterwards abandoned.

Like Washington, Thomas Jefferson occasionally tried his hand at verse, but, it should be added, with better success. Washington's effusions in rhyme were of an amorous type; Jefferson goes to the other extreme, and his verses are generally funereal or concerned with a future life. Jefferson apparently had better taste in poetry than Washington; he was fairly familiar with the poets of classical antiquity; and in his scrap-books, above mentioned, while many of the



verses are purely political or are inserted because of their allusion to the collector, he includes a scattering of poems by the leading English writers of the day, and he seems to have an especial fondness for Tom Moore, Wordsworth, and Campbell. Just before his death he gave the following poem, entitled "A Death Bed Advice from T. J. to M. R.," to his daughter, Mrs. Randolph, which is quite characteristic of his poetical style:

Life's visions are vanished, its dreams are no more,  
Dear friends of my bosom, why bathed in tears,  
I go to my fathers, I welcome the shore,  
Which crowns all my hopes or which buries my cares.

Then farewell, my dear, my loved daughter adieu,  
The last pang of life is in parting from you.  
Two seraphs await me long shrouded in death,  
I will bear them your love on my last parting breath.

One of the most striking lyrics in all Virginian poetry, and one which caused a considerable amount of speculation before the question of authorship was finally settled, is the poem now known as "Lines Written on the Walls of Old Blandford Church, Petersburg, Virginia." The poem was thought for a while to have been written by Tyrone Power, the Irish comedian, and Philip Slaughter, in his *History of Bristol Parish*, confesses his inability to attribute its authorship correctly; it is now definitely accepted that the author was Miss Eliza Lewis Hening, daughter of the jurist, William Waller Hening, whose claim to its authorship has been established beyond shadow of a doubt. In Goode's *Virginia Cousins*, the author says that Bishop Meade's private copy of *Old Churches and Families of Virginia* contains a marginal note in the Bishop's own handwriting stating that "these lines

were written by a sister of Rev. Edward Hening, missionary to Africa." It is said that she wrote the lines while still a girl in her 'teens; they were written in pencil on the inner walls of the church and were signed 'Stranger'—Miss Hening being one of a party of visitors to Petersburg, about the year 1820, who had gone to pay their respects to the historic edifice. Miss Hening was twice married; first to a Mr. Spotswood, of Virginia, and afterwards to Rev. J. F. Schermerhorn, of New York. She did not stop writing poetry with this one achievement, however, but wrote several other lyrics of a more personal nature, all of which bear traces of poetic talent: representative examples are her lines on the death of her uncle, William Bruce Banks, and the "Lines Addressed to the Rev. E. W. Hening on his Return from Africa, by his Sister, E. L. S.," the latter poem being quoted in the *Virginia Gazette* of 1854 on account of the high order of its feeling and expression.

Bishop Meade gives a graphic account, in his *Old Churches, Ministers and Families of Virginia*, of the circumstances leading to the rebuilding of Old Walker's Church, in Albemarle County, in the year 1827. The church was a frame structure, it had been built eighty years previously, and was greatly in need of repairs; but as Meade says, "the vestry not being able, as of old, to order a levy of tobacco for building and repairing churches, it was not so easy to accomplish the work." Still, one of the ladies of the parish came to the rescue with her pen; Mrs. William Cabell Rives, wife of Senator Rives, and grandmother of Amélie Rives (Princess Troubetzkoy), wrote a very appropriate appeal in verse called "The Church's Petition," which helped to accomplish the end desired;

interest was stimulated, and a sufficient sum was realized to pay for the needed repairs.

There are several names about this time of writers who composed fugitive verses, but their work is not available, and, with perhaps the exception of Tucker, is not important. H. A. Garland, the biographer of Jefferson and of John Randolph, wrote a few occasional poems, one of which he delivered at Hampden-Sidney College about 1830. John Marshall had apparently more desire than ability to write poetry, judging from his own account; for, after the death of his wife, Marshall, seeking solace in poetry, could do no better than adapt General Burgoyne's lines written under the same affliction to his own case, substituting the name 'Mary' for the 'Anna' in the original composition. Judge N. Beverley Tucker, author of the novels *George Balcombe* and *The Partisan Leader*, is said to have written poetry "with singular vigor;" he left an unpublished drama called *Viola* — a blank verse production; and translated Goethe's *Iphigenia* for the *Southern Literary Messenger*. Harvey Mitchell, an artist, and his brother Stephen, author of a drama, *The Maid of Missolonghi*, both wrote verses: they attempted to publish a periodical in their native town of Lynchburg, but it did not succeed, and evidently the brothers' poetical attempts perished with it. Mrs. Margaret Cabell Bell, also of Lynchburg, wrote for the *Southern Literary Messenger*, and attracted some little notice by her "Lines on Seeing a Sprig of Laurel from My Birth-place." Samuel Mordecai, author of *Richmond in By-Gone Days*, confesses to having written in his youth some lines to a lady of Richmond, and cites them in that work.

In one of the early University of Virginia period-

icals, *The Literary Museum*, there are published posthumously a number of sonnets and other lyrics by Dabney Carr Terrell. Terrell was a man of brilliance and promise; he was well educated, receiving his training at the University of Geneva; and the numerous poems which he left in manuscript indicate an unusual amount of poetic talent. The brief sketch of his life given in *The Museum* throws some light on the rather morbid and melancholy tone of his verse: it tells, in part, that "an unfortunate and fatal duel with a fellow student, at the age of seventeen, threw over his existence a gloom which is perceptible in all his compositions, and thus exerted a baneful influence on his subsequent success in life." He fell a victim to the yellow fever while visiting New Orleans in 1827, and died at the age of twenty-nine years.

When General Jackson was waging his 'Bank War', during his second term as President, John Tyler, himself later President of the United States, had for some years been Senator from Virginia. Tyler had given his support to Clay's resolutions, passed by the Senate, censuring General Jackson for removing the public deposits from the Bank of the United States: when Thomas H. Benton introduced a motion to 'expunge' from the Senate journal these resolutions, the Virginia Legislature (by a strict party vote) passed a bill approving of the expunging resolution and instructed the Virginia Senators to take such stand,—it being then the custom for state legislatures to dictate policies to the state's representatives in the United States Senate. Tyler resigned. Dr. Lyon Tyler writes, in *Letters and Times of the Tylers*, that Senator Tyler was "especially committed on the doctrine of instructions, and the Democrats who control-

led the Legislature (of Virginia) greatly rejoiced in the prospect of instructing him out of his seat," for he "had moved the censure on Messrs. Giles and Brent, in 1812, for disobeying the Legislature on the subject of the re-charter of the Bank." He had now no other honorable course to follow, even though it had been threatened that "a resignation of his seat would be followed by a repeal of the resolutions of Maryland nominating him for the vice-presidency," and he had already spurned the offer of a judgeship if he would resign from the Senate. His resignation went into effect and he returned to his home, but the removal of the cares of office evidently lifted a great weight from his shoulders, for in a short lyric, called "Speed on, My Vessel," which he wrote at the time, there is nothing but relief at the prospect of spending his remaining years in peace; he later moved to Williamsburg, where for some time he practiced law and paid scant attention to politics.

One of the most charming Virginian lyrics written during this entire period is by Bransford Vawter, son of a Lynchburg tailor, and a man of distinct poetic promise. He died at a very early age; only a few of his poems have been preserved, but his "Lines in a Young Lady's Album," published in the first issue of the *Southern Literary Messenger* (without his signature), indicate a higher degree of accomplishment than mere promise. Vawter was born about 1815 or 1816; the poem was published in 1834, and so he could not have been more than nineteen years old when he wrote it. It was set to music and sung throughout the United States, as Mrs. Julia M. Cabell tells us in *Sketches and Recollections of Lynchburg*, but few people knew the name of the author or the hope-

lessness of the feelings that prompted the poem. The lines are of the same general class as Cooke's "Flurence Vane," Wilde's "My Life is Like the Summer Rose," and Pinkney's "A Health," and immediately the reader so associates them: though perhaps of not quite so lofty an order of poetry, Vawter's poem does not suffer much by such a comparison, and is worth noting in more than a casual way.

Samuel M. Janney, sometimes termed 'the Quaker poet' of Virginia, wrote and published a few poems after the publication of *The Last of the Lenape*, in 1839, but most of his verse is included in this volume. A contemporary of his was William Alexander Carruthers, best known as the author of the two historical novels, *The Knights of the Horseshoe* and *Cavaliers of Virginia*; but Carruthers also indulged in verse occasionally, and in the first of the above novels he has a "Negro Song." Then, Muscoe R. H. Garnett, lawyer, statesman, and orator, of Essex County, wrote a considerable amount of verse while in college, but there are no evidences of his having written any after maturity.

Mention has been made of Mrs. Schermerhorn's "Lines on Old Blandford Church," but her poem is only a single contribution of the many which have been inspired by the historic old structure. Reverend Philip Slaughter, in his *History of Bristol Parish*, gives an account of the literature of old Blandford, introducing his sketch with the statement that, "Besides the many 'who have paid their silent homage at this shrine,' there are some who have recorded their impressions in prose, in poetry, and in pictures." Slaughter quotes a number of these tributes in verse in full: among them being Mrs. Schermerhorn's poem; two

sonnets by William Skinner Simpson; a long poem in six-line stanzas called "Blandford," which is by William Murray Robinson, of Petersburg, and is an elegy occasioned by the ruin into which the old church had fallen; "Blandford Church," in sixty-eight lines of blank verse, by Colonel F. H. Archer; some lines by Reverend John Collins McCabe; and finally some other "Lines" by Slaughter himself. Slaughter's "Lines on the Old Blandford Church" were published in the *Southern Literary Messenger*, after having been approved by William Murray Robinson, and were complimented by the editor, John R. Thompson; they are the only verses that Slaughter ever published, and he adds that, on grounds of delicacy, he would not have included his own verses in his book had it not been for the favorable opinions of Robinson and Thompson.

Of this group, John Collins McCabe is easily the most accomplished poet. Born at Richmond, in 1810, he entered the Episcopal ministry, but he had a decided literary bent, and in 1835 published a little volume called *Scraps*, composed of verses and of tales very much in the manner of Washington Irving. Much of this work shows immaturity, but his later poems, never collected into volume form, are more finished, more lofty, and mark him as a figure of importance in the Virginian poetry of this period. Poems typical of his later work are the lines about old St. Paul's Church in Norfolk, "Lines Suggested by a Visit to the Ruins of Old Blandford Church," and especially "The Leal Land," written at Smithfield, Isle of Wight County, in 1849.

Although Slaughter speaks of the commendation which his poem had elicited from John R. Thompson, the latter's praise was generally rather sparing. A

notable exception, however, is found in his criticism of the verse of Jane Tayloe Lomax (later Mrs. F. A. Worthington), of whom Thompson speaks in the same breath with Poe and Philip Pendleton Cooke, and to whom he refers as a "child of song" who occasionally sent forth "sweet effusions". Jane Tayloe Lomax was a native of Virginia: few facts of her life are now known, except that she was the daughter of Colonel Lomax, an officer in the United States Army, and that she married a Dr. Worthington, of Ohio, in 1843, dying four years later. She wrote essays and poems for the *Southern Literary Messenger*, but much of her poetry was never published at all; three of her pieces, which may or may not have been published in periodicals, which have been handed down in manuscript form to which the writer has had access, are "Moonlight on the Grave," "To the Peaks of Otter," and "The Youthful Dead." Besides these and the poems contributed to the *Messenger*, there are several other extant specimens of her poetic powers; "The Poor" is one of her better known pieces, the *Virginia Gazette* of November 10, 1854, contains her poem, "Withered Leaves," while one of the most tender of all her lyrics is the hitherto unpublished poem called "Lines—to one who will understand them."

Among the great mono-poems of American literature, the "Florence Vane" of Philip Pendleton Cooke takes certain place, and has been translated into many foreign languages as well. Cooke was born at Martinsburg in 1816; he graduated at Princeton, and studied law with his father, but, although he had a recognized talent for it, preferred to while away his time at hunting or writing poetry and did not take his profession very seriously. Had he lived longer,



it is possible that Cooke would have attained high rank among America's poets; as it was, he did a considerable amount of writing during his brief life of thirty-three years, sending verses to the *Knickerbocker Magazine* while still in college, and later becoming a regular contributor to the *Southern Literary Messenger*, to which he sent poems, tales, and reviews: it is also highly probable that he contributed infrequently to the *Clarke Courier*, a journal published at Berryville, in Clarke County. Cooke published a single volume, *Froissart Ballads and Other Poems*; it by no means contains all of his poems, however, and it is likely that a number of his earlier pieces are still unknown. In his youth Cooke used to write under pen names occasionally, and contributed some verses to the *Messenger* which he signed "Larry Lyle": the editor's misreading of Cooke's 'L' caused him to print the verses as being written by "Zarry Zyle",—an error that brought down a storm of abuse on the head of the editor, and soon caused the youthful poet to abandon the use of pseudonyms. Next to "Florence Vane" in popularity during Cooke's lifetime were "Rosalie Lee" and his lines "To My Daughter Lily;" more recently, however, some of his nature lyrics and hunting poems have been accorded precedence over these last, and are frequently included in the anthologies.

During the decade preceding the outbreak of the War between the States, while there were several volumes of verse published by Virginians, there is little that will bear close critical inspection. Still, there were a few writers of fugitive pieces who should be mentioned, if no more. The Reverend Scervant Jones is the author of a rather well-known epitaph (on his wife's tomb) and of several epigrams in verse.

Elizabeth J. Galt, of Williamsburg, although for twenty years an invalid, contributed regularly verses of a mediocre sort to the columns of the *Gazette*. Mary Frances Tyler Tucker wrote verses grave and gay for the *Gazette* at this period; and 'Winifred', of Avondale, Hanover County, bursts into print in several of the publications of the time, most of her verse being of a light or humorous character. Robert A. Lively and Edward Henley Lively occasionally wrote verses which were published anonymously in the *Weekly Gazette and Eastern Virginia Advertiser*, of Williamsburg, of which the latter was editor and proprietor. Earlier in this period Reverend Conrad Speece, of Augusta County, wrote several prose works and a few fugitive poems, some of his verses appearing in the volumes with his prose, although it is probable that he did not publish any book composed entirely and solely of his poetry. Elizabeth Carter McFarland, niece of St. Leger Landon Carter (himself a poet of some importance), wrote a number of fugitives, the best known of which is "Ad Clamavi Portiam."

The yellow fever epidemic which swept Norfolk and Portsmouth in 1855 found a chronicler in William S. Forrest, who published a volume on *The Great Pestilence in Virginia*. He includes in this work two of his own metrical compositions occasioned by the ravages of the disease or the terrible state of affairs then existing in that section of the Old Dominion: the names of his verses are "Death and the Church Bell" and "The Scourge and Its Victims." Forrest also includes some lines which appeared anonymously in the *Alexandria Gazette*, called "The Death of a True Hero," inspired by the death of

Hunter Woodis, Mayor of Norfolk, who was stricken at the post of duty. In Burton's *History of Norfolk, Virginia*, there are some more verses by Forrest called "The Merrimac and the Blockaders," dealing with the naval actions in Hampton Roads during 1862.

Reverend James A. Waddell in his youth addressed some verses to Bessy Bell, the mountain overlooking the town of Staunton, in which he plays upon words and the topography of the immediately surrounding country to gain a humorous effect. Henry Bedinger practiced law at Shepherdstown, where he had been born in 1810, and at Charles Town; he was elected to Congress, appointed charge d'affaires to Denmark, and was later made United States minister to that country. Bedinger was noted while in Congress for his eloquence in debate; the year of his death, while still in Copenhagen, he tried his hand at writing verses—though with rather less of that eloquence—and wrote a tribute "To the Potomac River (For the Spirit of Jefferson)" which he signs 'By the Exile—Not of Erin—Hy. Bedinger.' John Archer Clarke (1832-1862), lawyer and poet of Charles City County, Virginia, wrote a large amount of poetry, but published very little of it: his lines "To Mary" (afterwards his wife), for example, were printed for the first time in the valuable and interesting collection, *Songs of the South*, edited by his daughter, Miss Jennie Thornley Clarke. With him we close the Period of Confederation; the verse written within the next ten or fifteen years is characterized by a sentiment far removed from the 'piping time of peace' that had prevailed since the close of the Revolutionary Period, and so calls for a distinct and individual treatment.

## CHAPTER VI.

### WAR AND RECONSTRUCTION PERIOD.

We may find no more fitting preface to a discussion of the verse occasioned by the War between the States than the first stanza from one of the most powerful of those lyrics—itsself by an unidentified author:

By the sword of St. Michael,  
The old dragon through!  
By David his sling,  
And the giant he slew!  
Let us write us a rhyme,  
As a record to tell,  
How the South on a time  
Stormed the ramparts of Hell,  
With her *barefooted* boys!

But the Southern writers did not rest content with merely "a rhyme" to tell the exploits of their heroes; they produced a startling quantity of verse, some of it poetry of the highest order, and in general merit it is every bit as creditable as that written in the North for similar purposes. Neither in quantity nor in quality is there a wide disparity between the war poetry of the two sections; to be sure, the greater poets of the day were the members of the New England group, but the field of martial poetry is a confining one, and the metrical training of these recognized Northern master-poets was in itself not sufficient to counter-balance the ardent devotion of the Southern singers

to their cause. As regards formal expression, the war poetry of North and of South is about on a par; there is nothing especially distinctive or original in the technique of the product, accepted measures were the ones generally chosen, and the chief difference lay in the viewpoint, personal or political, of the subject at hand. The themes were, naturally, very much the same: North and South the poets immediately made capital of every striking or dramatic incident of heroism and leadership, or of any other topic of sectional appeal that could be depended upon to stimulate, to incite, to inspirit the people to whom their messages were addressed. Again, war poetry normally reflects the most intense feeling. In both sections feeling ran high; the bitterness, the animosity, and the local prejudices of either region were consequently embodied in the songs and poems that found their way into print, and have so come down as an aspect of history that the student who wishes an insight into the mass sentiment of the time cannot afford to neglect—for the poets served as mouthpieces of popular opinion as well as did statesmen or soldiers, and their songs and published verses must have played a well-nigh incomprehensible part in arousing and maintaining patriotic ardor.

For there is history as well as poesy in this verse, and with reason this phase is depicted more plainly in the Southern war poetry than in that of the North. Much of what the Southern people had to undergo appears beneath the surface of the lines: especially toward the close of the struggle may we read in the poetry of the Confederacy the heartbreaking, long-suffering endurance of a people battling against overwhelming forces in a conflict whose outcome, stave it

off or defer it as they might, was finally inevitable. After the first bright months of successes that fostered the belief that the Confederate States would be able to go their way and remain without the Union, there gradually crept into the South's poetry an undercurrent of tragedy, marked at first merely by the stubborn determination to meet the sternest contingencies, but growing more and more pronounced as the contest became correspondingly unequal. The confident assurance of the early days of the war was replaced by what, consciously or not, at length amounted to a literature of mourning; elegiac verses, personal or sectional memorial tributes, appeared with increasing frequency; there was no need for a literature of appeal, for the South was by now sufficiently unified to make haranguing superfluous,—the individual state-tributes that were written earlier had been done away with, and the bond of common interests and preservation had cemented the component parts into an inseparable unit. But the flower of the South's manhood was being despoiled of its petals, and there were few towns or hamlets or cross-roads that had not had war's blight brought to their thresholds. Small wonder, then, that the South's poetry during the period of war forms a species of tragic monodrama, displaying consecutively hope, triumph, resolution, grief, and despair, just as the pulse of the Confederacy was quickened or retarded; out of the gloom of the last act, however, the curtain rises on a new play, with new themes, new lines, and actors who may profit by the experience of their predecessors, and again the stage is set for a spectacle that is to heap honor and credit on actor and audience alike.

In range, quite naturally, Southern war-poetry was

restrained and limited, but the versifiers nevertheless managed to work in some fair amount of variety and their work shifts from battle-hymns to love-poems, from the most stirring warlike lyrics to solemn and funereal mortuary verse, with a scant sprinkling of lighter verse depicting the humor that can infrequently creep into even the stark tragedy of war. The huge quantitative production of verse during this period found place for its appearance in the numerous journals and periodicals which were dedicated to the South's cause, most of which were created to fill an immediate need, and which survived for only two or three years, or at best until the close of the War. Prior to 1850 there had been few collections of poems published in the South; after 1865 there was a sporadic interest taken in gathering the war poetry of the Confederacy into anthologies, the motives underlying these sectional verse-monuments being for purposes of charity which the sale of the volumes might aid, from devotion to anything connected with the Confederate States, or from the far-seeing desire to preserve to posterity the historical aspect which contemporary verse might embody. The most complete of these martial anthologies are *The Southern Amaranth*, edited by Miss Sallie A. Brock, *Southern Poems of the War*, edited by Miss Emily V. Mason, and William Gilmore Simms's *The War Poetry of the South*. Without these, much of even the best Southern war poetry would have perished, although there have been lesser or subsequent collections—such as Hubner's, Fagan's, DeLeon's, Moore's, and the New Orleans *Bohemian*,—which have exhumed other fugitives or have re-arranged or reclassified the poetry of the War.

Outside of Virginia, the most influential and most

capable lyrists were Randall, Pike, Ticknor, Timrod, and Flash. Within the state, however, was quite a galaxy of singers, whose work was evenly meritorious, and to whom it is difficult to give precedence in the matter of accomplishment. Father Ryan, Mrs. Margaret Junkin Preston, James Barron Hope, Mrs. Cornelia J. M. Jordan, Mrs. Fannie Hope Marr, and Mrs. Mary McFarlane—their work for the most part published in volume form—were among the more prolific poetry-writers of the Old Dominion; William Gordon McCabe wrote several exquisite poems which are now fairly well-known; and John Reuben Thompson's poetry has been collected into a volume only within the last few years\*, although many of the best Southern war poems were from his pen. But there was other good verse as well, some of it by writers who made a single contribution that has stood the test of time, some by writers who published more frequently but did not produce enough to warrant getting out a volume. One striking fact about these lesser names is the increasing number of women who turned to poetry during the period of war—the able-bodied men were all at the front—who, with the fall of the Confederacy, did not withdraw from the field of letters, but handed down to the women of the next generation their newly acquired propensity as a legacy of delight and of value.

In the second edition of her *Southern Poems of the War*, Miss Mason appends a note to "The Southern Cross," by St. George Tucker, which states that this "was properly the very first 'poem of the war',

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\* *Poems of John R. Thompson*, by John S. Patton, New York, 1920.



having appeared in the winter of 1860-61, a few months before the death of the lamented author." "Sainty" Tucker, as he was called, inherited a taste for letters, and achieved prominence with his prose romance, *Hansford: A Tale of Bacon's Rebellion*. Tucker enlisted in the Confederate army and served valiantly until retired on account of sickness contracted in the service; he died at Charlottesville, Virginia, in 1863, when thirty-five years old, even at that age being accredited "one of the wittiest and most gifted men of Virginia." He wrote a considerable number of fugitive verses, among them being a poem recited before the literary societies of Washington College in 1857, and two years later he delivered one of his productions at the one hundred and sixty-seventh anniversary of the founding of William and Mary College.

Before the Virginia Convention, on April 17, 1861, had voted that the State cast her lot with her sister States who had already withdrawn from the Union, there were many protests from the more pronounced secessionists against what was considered Virginia's tardiness of action. But the Old Dominion was too level-headed to rush precipitately into the first course of action that offered, and while there was yet even a slight possibility of settling the burning questions of the day without force of arms, Virginia was loth to take a step that would further the probabilities of conflict: commissioners were appointed from Virginia to mediate between the United States Government and the seceding States, but their efforts failed to bring about the desired results. When every other course seemed closed the Convention voted on secession, but the love for the Union was too strong, and

the motion to secede was rejected by a two to one vote. Within a fortnight, however, came Lincoln's proclamation calling for volunteers to carry out his program of subjugating the South by force; the issue was at last definitely joined; there was no alternative left to Virginia, and the Convention—whose action later was ratified by popular vote—declared for secession and the newly-formed Southern Confederacy, rather than see the political truths for which the State stood ground under the mailed heel of coercion. Meanwhile various pens had bewailed Virginia's apparent hesitation: the *Richmond Examiner* printed some anonymous verses, "To the Tories of Virginia," denouncing such as cowards and traitors, and appealing to Virginia's true manhood to meet the emergency; and Mrs. Rebecca Tabb, of Gloucester, voiced her indignation freely in a passionate metrical appeal, "Written before the Secession of Virginia," exhorting the men not to forget the freedom for which their fathers fought but to strike at once for their honor and that of their State.

The decision to join the Confederacy was at once heralded by other poets. Dr. William H. Holcombe, a native of Lynchburg, but afterwards a resident of New Orleans, responded to the occasion with a short lyric of triumph, "Virginia—Late but Sure." Holcombe wrote other war poems, as well, one of the most popular being the short blank verse selection, "Jackson, the Alexandria Martyr;" he had published a three hundred and sixty page edition of his poems in 1860, and contemplated republishing the work after the War, including his war lyrics, but the writer has not been able to detect the existence of the revised edition, and judges that it never made its appearance.

The opening of hostilities and the actual shock of combat furnished inspiration for many poetic outbursts. "Virginia's War Call," a rather forceful anonymous poem, appeared in the *Southern Literary Messenger*. The battle of Manassas was sung time and again, Miss Rebecca Powell, in "Virginia's Jewels," paying a tribute to the Confederate dead who had fallen in that encounter; a little later she wrote "Fast-Day, November, 1861," at the same time a hymn and a prayer for the Confederacy. Miss Susan Archer Talley (later Mrs. Weiss), of Richmond, had in 1859 published a volume, *Poems*, containing several of the pieces by which she is now better known; she at once turned to martial poetry, however, and wrote a number of lyrics during the earlier days of the War. Her most widely republished verses are the "Rallying Song of the Virginians," "The Autumn Rain" (which is hardly war poetry), "The Trooper to his Steed," and "The Battle Eve,"—taking no account of other selections too numerous to mention. 'A Rebel', of Hanover County, wrote "Manassas," just a few days after that battle, and another unknown poet of the same county was the author of "The Sentinel"—a poem that may have lent some suggestion to the author of "All Quiet along the Potomac To-night," for the theme is quite similar except that the point of view in "The Sentinel" is that of the watcher by the fireside whose thoughts turn to the faithful sentry on his lone post miles away.

W. L. Fagan cites five songs by Virginians in his volume, *Southern War Songs*, that are seldom found elsewhere: a "Patriotic Song," by Dr. John W. Paine, of Lexington, to the air of "The Gathering of the Clans;" some lines called "The Song of the Soldier,"

by 'P. E. C.', published in the *Richmond Examiner*—which were written in January, 1861, "for a friend, who expected to sing them in the theatre, but thought at the time to be too much in the secession spirit;" "The Song of the Exile," signed Martinsburg, Virginia; "Over the River," by 'Virginia Norfolk', on the death of Stonewall Jackson; and "God Will Defend the Right," of which the words and music were written by 'A Lady of Richmond'. Of these, the first named is the best, and is fairly representative of their type. "The Cavalier's Glee," by Captain Charles M. Blackford, of General Stuart's staff, was more popular, and appears in most of the collections of Southern war-lyrics; while Major-General John Bankhead Magruder's love-song, "Imogen," also met with a cordial reception.

A good example of the elegiac verse of the early years of the War is found in "The Burial of Captain O. Jennings Wise," by 'Accomac', after Wise was killed in action at Roanoke Island, February 8, 1862. Among other lyrics of minor importance following this are the verses by Harry C. Treakle, of Norfolk, who wrote "The Printers of Virginia to 'Old Abe';" this is in rather humorous vein, playing on the words peculiar to the technique of printing, and making fun of 'Old Abe', while telling him what he has in store. Edward C. Bruce, of Winchester, wrote "The Sea Kings of the South," in which he pays tribute to the exploits and achievements of the Confederate States Navy; the two concluding stanzas give an idea of the style of verse, with the irregular use of internal rhymes, as well as the theme of the poem:

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\* This may have been Miss Mary J. S. Upshur: see p. 107.

The "Stars and Bars" of our sturdy tars as gallantly  
shall wave  
As long shall live in the storied page, or the spirit-  
stirring stave,  
As hath the red cross of St. George, or the raven-flag  
of Thor,  
Or flag of the sea, whate'er it be, that ever unfurled  
to war.

Then flout full high to their parent sky those circled  
stars of ours,  
Where'er the dark-hulled foeman floats, where'er his  
emblem towers!  
Speak for the right, for the truth and light, from the  
gun's unmuzzled mouth,  
And the fame of the Dane revive again, ye Vikings of  
the South!

Professor J. H. Hewitt was the author of "Lines  
Written during These Gloomy Times—To Him who  
Despairs," spoken at the Richmond 'Varieties' during  
May of 1862; a single one of the seven stanzas suffices  
to indicate the tenor of the verse:

Tho' our roofs be on fire, tho' our rivers run blood,  
Tho' their flags on the hill, on the plain, on the flood,  
Tho' their bayonets bristle and shouts rend the air,  
Faint heart, do not utter the cry of despair!

Matilda Edwards, of Virginia, wrote "The Dying  
Soldier," in memory of a Colonel Christie, of North  
Carolina, who was mortally wounded at Gettysburg;  
while 'Arteesee', of Lynchburg, and Nannie Gray  
commemorate General Jackson in "Stonewall Jack-  
son's Grave" and "Sons of Freedom" respectively.

The next writer to whom we turn is of far more im-  
portance. John Esten Cooke, brother of Philip Pend-  
leton Cooke, was one of the first Virginians to adopt  
literature as a profession, although like Philip he had  
studied law and had begun the practice of it. John

Esten Cooke essayed four branches of literature, biography, history, fiction, and poetry: in the department of fiction he was signally successful, and was long the most distinguished and most popular novelist of the South, not even excepting Simms. While a youth, Cooke dabbled in verse, but merely as a pastime, and he showed no marked propensity for it; the accord which greeted his first attempts at novel-writing, *Leather Stocking and Silk* and *The Virginia Comedians*—the latter being probably his greatest work,—determined his choice of career, and he embarked on the sea of letters. Of his poetry written before the War, perhaps "Honoraria Vane" is the best; "My Powhatan Pipe," published in the *Southern Literary Messenger*, is another favorite, while "Stanzas," a threnody, and "Memories" have elements of power. He served throughout the War, rising from the ranks to the grade of Inspector General of field artillery in Lee's Army of Northern Virginia: his military experience served to furnish him with a mass of material for his later writing, and during this period he wrote several of his best poems. "The Band in the Pines," a memorial to Major John Pelham\*, killed at Kelly's Ford, Va., March 17, 1863, is widely known, and indicates the compression and vigorous suggestion which Cooke could sometimes use; "The Song of the Rebel," written in December, 1862, is good, but lacks the forcefulness of the above piece; while "The Broken Mug," with its mingling of whim-

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\* Compare Randall's poem, "John Pelham," commencing:  
"Just as the spring came laughing through the strife  
    With all its gorgeous cheer,  
In the bright April of historic life,  
    Fell the great cannoneer."

sical humor and pathos, is beloved of all Virginians of the old school. Mention should be made, before leaving Cooke, of "A Sigh for England," a short lyric of sixteen lines in which he breathes forth the devoted admiration which he bears the mother-country:

Only to tread where Shakespeare trod,  
Only to see the daisies grow,  
Only to hear in English trees  
The wind's talk, soft and low.

In Volume VI of the *Virginia Historical Collections* there is an account of a volume, edited by J. A. Houston, called *The Sunny Land, or Prison Prose and Poetry*, published at Baltimore in 1868. In Houston's collection there are two poems, an "Acrostic" and "The Loved and Lost," by Colonel Buehring H. Jones, of Kanawha County (now West Virginia), and one, "The Southern Cross," by Major-General Isaac R. Trimble, a native of Virginia who had moved to Baltimore. These three pieces were written while Jones and Trimble were prisoners of war at Johnson's Island Prison, Lake Erie, Ohio, during 1864: Trimble, however, wrote at least one other war lyric that has been preserved, in his elegiac lines "On the Death of Brigadier-General Charles H. Winder, of Maryland." Among other verses written towards the close of the War are Mrs. Juliette T. Burton's "Cedarville," published in the *Metropolitan Record*;" "Our Flag," by 'Mr. K.', of Hampshire County, Virginia; "Nil Desperandum—to the Southern Soldier," by 'Ikey Ingle', of Richmond; and especially several lyrics of a higher order by Colonel Robert McEl-downey, later an active and distinguished member of the West Virginia Bar until his death at the beginning of the present century. In a sketch delivered by

Mr. Frank Wells Clark, before the sixteenth Annual Meeting of the West Virginia Bar Association, there are cited two of Colonel McEldowney's poems which the writer stated had never before been published: "Lines," a love lyric, written in 1860, and "The Soldier's Rest," written in 1864, both of which will readily bear critical scrutiny.

Probably no Virginian writer of war verses whose work remains in fugitive state turned out so evenly meritorious a group of martial lyrics as did William Gordon McCabe. Although the amount of his production is relatively slight, it is altogether poetry of high calibre, and specimens of his poems are to be found in practically all of the recognized anthologies of American poetry. McCabe was the son of John Collins McCabe, the minister, antiquarian, and poet; he was a gallant soldier, enlisting as a private in 1861, before graduation from the University of Virginia, and being promoted to Captain and Adjutant of Artillery before the close of the War. Most of Gordon McCabe's literary reputation was won after the War between the States ended: he opened a private academy at Petersburg, Virginia, and conducted it successfully there for thirty years; removed to Richmond, and, after six more years of teaching, retired to devote the remainder of his life to the pursuit of letters. His Latin text-books were widely recognized as standard works; he edited *Ballads of Battle and Bravery*; and wrote numerous articles on scholastic and historical subjects, acquiring fame as a pamphleteer, a historian, a speaker, and a writer for the leading American and English periodicals. For many years, until his death in 1920, he served as President of the Virginia Historical Society, contri-



buting frequently to its publications, as well as to those of the Southern Historical Society of whose Executive Committee he was in recent years a member. His poetry singularly illustrates the hypothesis that verse is the province peculiar to the fire of youth, for it was nearly all written during the four years of war, from his twenty-first through his twenty-fifth year—one of the very few poems that he wrote on other than martial themes being the “Nil Nisi Bonum,” inscribed to the memory of Thackeray. “Christmas Night of ‘62” and “Dreaming in the Trenches” have been the most popular of his poems; “John Pegram,” a memorial to his division commander, was written two days after Pegram fell—the best of his poems, in many respects, and his own favorite of them; “My Order,” “Only ■ Memory,” and “An Unknown Hero” have all met with pronounced favor, and appear in most of the collections of Southern war poetry.

James D. McCabe, Jr., a cousin of Captain W. Gordon McCabe, was professionally a literary man, dealing mostly in fiction and biography, but writing a number of poems as well. He served in editorial capacities infrequently; wrote lives of Jackson, Lee, and Albert Sidney Johnston; and his most considerable work was his “Centennial History of the United States.” In all probability his most popular poem was “The Sword of Harry Lee,” but it is rather long, and his style may be as well portrayed in “The Maryland Line”—the occasion of the latter being explained in McCabe’s preface thereto: “The Maryland regiments in the Confederate Army have adopted the title of ‘The Maryland Line’, which was so heroically sustained by their patriot sires of the first Revolution,

and which the deeds of the Marylanders at Manassas show that the patriot Marylanders of this second Revolution are worthy to bear."

Lee's surrender at Appomattox on the ninth of April, 1865, did not bring about a cessation of poetical activity. Many verses were written in memory of the heroic Confederate dead, some by authors whose time had been too well occupied previously to allow them to woo the muse, while the living statesmen and officers of the Southern cause were not without their share of poetic tributes. William Munford, of Montgomery County, and James L. Bowen—who had written some verses on "General Albert Sidney Johnston"—both wrote poems in honor of Jefferson Davis, as did Mrs. Fanny M. Downing, the latter being the author of at least four tributes to the President of the Confederate States—"To Him," "Our President," "Jefferson Davis," and "Prometheus Vincit."\* Miss Mary Sheffey ('Eleanor Fairman'), of Southwestern Virginia, wrote an elegy, "The Confederate Dead," which contains some rather happy lines and epithets, but lacks totality of merit. Her example was followed by John O. Crown, a native of Maryland, who came to Berryville, Virginia, after fighting throughout the War, and edited *The Clarke Courier* there; he wrote many verses which he published unsigned in his newspaper, one of the better pieces being his lines to the Confederate Soldiers. W. Winston Fontaine wrote several memorial verses, "Stuart," and "The Unforgotten," in addition to an earlier effusion called "On the Banks of the Shenandoah;" while Henry Throop Stanton, author of *The Moneyless*

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\* See page 108 for further mention of Mrs. Downing.

*Man*, and of other poems, wrote "Heroic Sleep"—not included in any of his books, but published in a little volume called *Poems of the Confederacy*.

Before turning to the last few names of the War period, there are several miscellaneous verses that should be mentioned. Samuel Davies, a young lawyer of Petersburg, writes, in "An Evening Visit to the Lines around Petersburg, September, 1865," of the memories and reflections conjured up on contemplating the fortifications erected there a year and a half previously for the defense of the city. Davies wrote numerous articles and occasional verses for the *Southern Literary Messenger*, but this poem is the best of his metrical ventures, and possesses no little merit. Miss Mary J. S. Upshur, of Norfolk, a voluminous contributor to the periodicals of the day, wrote sketches, novels, tales, and poems; she used pseudonyms lavishly, among others signing herself 'Fanny Fielding,' 'Virginia Norfolk', 'Bathurst Stith', and 'Byrd English'. James W. Davidson, in *Living Writers of the South*, gives "Margaret" the first position among her poems, while several of the Confederate anthologies include "Little Footsteps," although it is in no sense war poetry. Asa Rogers Watson, born in Loudoun County, Virginia, moved to Georgia when twenty-five years old and became well-known there as a newspaper editor. He wrote a considerable amount of verse, "The Minstrel of Elsinore" being his longest production; while other examples are "Kin," "Murder Out," and "The Front," only the last of these being a war poem, and which, while lacking depth, gives a good idea of the spirit of the South at the time it was written. Then Mrs. Bettie C. Locke writes from the Shenandoah Valley "To the Ladies of Baltimore," in

verse more marked by gratitude than by poetic fervor, to express the appreciation felt toward the subjects of her lines for their aid in time of want and desolation.

Mention has been made of the debt owed Miss Sallie A. Brock (Mrs. Richard Putnam) by the South for her compilation of Confederate war-poetry into the volume, *The Southern Amaranth*. Miss Brock was born at Madison Court House, Virginia, and from her birth place derived the *nomme de plume* of 'Virginia Madison' under which much of her work was printed. She early manifested an interest in literature, her first volume being *Richmond During the War; Four Years of Personal Observation*; this was followed by the *Amaranth*, in 1869, after which she turned to novel-writing, *Myra, or the Foreshadowings* and *Philip, My King* being representative works. During the War, while still a girl, Miss Brock wrote a quantity of verse, including "The Fall of Richmond," "The Story of the Powhatan," "Cutting Off the Buttons," and "Stonewall Jackson's Pall;" other pieces are "In Memory of Smith Calvert," "In Memory of Henry Timrod," "Love Beyond Time," and "What is Life?" Space precludes citation of more than one of these poems, for they are for the most part rather long: "Stonewall Jackson's Pall" is a fairly typical example, the theme of the poem being drawn from the fact that the first use found for the new flag\* of the Confederacy was to drape the coffin of the great general.

One of the most prolific verse-writers in the South during the War and following it was Mrs. Fanny Murdaugh Downing, born in Portsmouth, in 1835, but

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\* The 'Cross of St. Andrew', instead of the 'Stars and Bars'.

who spent most of her life, after her early marriage, in Florida and North Carolina. Davidson, writing in 1869, speaks of "the dozen scores of poems" produced since her first venture into rhyme in the autumn of 1862; and the various collections abound in specimens of her patriotic measures. Her work was far too voluminous to attempt here a catalogue of even the more representative poems; she published several prose works, including *Nameless*, a novel, and two lengthy metrical ventures—*Pluto: the Origin of Mint Julep*, a humorous fantasy, and *The Legend of Catawba*; her uncollected lyrics would fill quite a large volume. "Desolate," "Dixie," "Confederate Gray," "By the Camp Fire," "Holly and Cypress," "The Land We Love," "Sic Semper Tyrannis," many tributes to the Southern leaders, a number of elegiac verses and of love poems—these may serve as an indication of her range of theme; her talent was readily apparent, though her work shows frequently the result of too rapid composition, due to her facility of rhyming and evident disregard of careful revision.

There are other names of verse-writers who round out this period—Miss Louise Ellenjay, John E. Hatcher, John W. Overall, and Roger Grahame, to mention a few of them—but their work is neither important nor representative, and we can afford to pass it by without further comment. More interesting is the character and work of George William Bagby, a native of Lynchburg, who after fitting himself for the practice of medicine devoted his life to letters. Doctor Bagby's first literary work was as editor of the *Lynchburg Daily Express*; later he succeeded Thompson as editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, holding this office during the first few years of the

War; he contributed to various magazines, served as correspondent for several of the leading journals of the South, and for eight years was the State Librarian of Virginia. Most of Bagby's literary reputation rests on the two volumes of his writings collected and published after his death by Mrs. Bagby; they contain a number of his humorous and witty lectures and a few of his more serious articles—the most popular sketches being "Jud Brownin's Account of Rubinstein's Playing," "Meekins's Twinses," "Bacon and Greens," "My Wife and My Theory about Wives." He was also the author of a few poems of merit: "The Empty Sleeve," a war lyric; "The Old Virginia Gentleman" (built around the life and character of Edmund Ruffin, who when 67 years old joined the Palmetto Guards, fired the first shot at Fort Sumter, fought as a soldier at Manassas, and when the Confederacy fell wrapped himself in its banner and blew out his brains, refusing to live on under any other government); and, finally, "Fill Joanses: A Moneful Ditte," which is a masterpiece of gastronomic humor.

So much for the writers of war-poetry in Virginia. Other verses might have been mentioned, especially in the matter of anonymous poems, but the writer has deemed it expedient to use these when there existed apparently only a minimum possibility of error—taking warning from the rather careless and slipshod manner in which anonymous poems have been cited in previous works on Southern poetry. What is probably the most flagrant error of this sort, and one for which there is very little justification, is to be found in connection with the poem, "The Soldier Boy," the first stanza of which is:

I give my soldier boy a blade,  
In fair Damascus fashioned well;  
Who first the glittering falchion swayed,  
Who first beneath its fury fell,  
I know not: but I hope to know  
That for no mean or hireling trade,  
To guard no feeling, base or low,  
I give my soldier boy a blade.

This was printed in a Lynchburg paper, May 1861, under the initials 'H. M. L., of Lynchburg'. Simms, Frank Moore, and Miss Mason all include it in their collections; Dr. C. Alphonso Smith, in Volume XIV of the *Library of Southern Literature*, cites it as an example of Southern war-poetry; and Carl Holliday prefaces the above stanza with the sentence, "And still another Virginian, whose name is unknown, wrote 'The Soldier Boy'." The author, however, was not a Virginian, nor is he unknown: "The Soldier Boy" was written by William Maginn, the Irish poet, who died in 1842—nineteen years before 'H. M. L.' republished the lines—and it is to be found in Stedman's *Victorian Anthology*, in Burton E. Stevenson's *Home Book of Verse*, and in other standard collections, under Maginn's own name.

Little could be done in the South in literary work during the later 'sixties and early 'seventies, the years that close this period. Under the terrible stress of mailed Reconstruction, the South was for a time virtually paralyzed, and conditions were changed everywhere in the section. The institution of slavery had been wiped out, a substitute had to be found for it, and adjustment made for the change; the while new problems were created by the bugaboo of negro equality, thrust on her late adversary by the victorious North. The country had been laid waste; Virginia

especially had been fought over and devastated, houses burned, crops and supplies either used up or destroyed, and the people impoverished beyond belief. Many of the most gifted of the South's voices had been stilled in battle, and the population, under the prevailing military law, still suffered from moral as well as physical shock. Only a people, than whom the world has never known more courageous, could have managed to bear up, to build, and eventually to prosper under the blight of such circumstances.



## CHAPTER VII.

### THE NATIONAL PERIOD.

Only when the last Federal troops were withdrawn from 'Military District Number 1', which comprised Virginia, did local government revert to local control. From this time we may reckon the growth of the spirit of national unity in Virginia—a thing impossible during the occupation of United States troops—and although the process was a slow and tedious one, and the effects of Reconstruction were felt for a dozen or more years after this, henceforth there was never the twinkling of a doubt turned toward Virginia's allegiance to the now rapidly developing Nation. Not that there was any aspersion that might with justice be cast on her prior conduct: there was no State that had as great an incentive to uphold the original nature of the Union as Virginia—nor as much to lose should the issue come to armed settlement—but from the time of the consolidation of the Colonies against England's encroachment upon their liberties, and their resultant independence, the South had consistently maintained the sovereign nature of the State and had held allegiance to that unit to be the first obligation of its citizens. When the issue had been settled by war, and the Federal Constitution altered to comply with the new conditions, the latter were accepted by Virginia with a grace that was by no means entirely the after-

math of conquest: the cause of the Confederacy had been projected and had been overwhelmed, so the people turned willingly to peace after the dreary desolation and horror of war, accepted the terms of capitulation, and set themselves to the task of binding the State-units into a democracy that should as nearly as possible represent individual as well as mass rights. Since the close of the Reconstruction era, two concrete cases illustrate how thoroughly the separate states have blended into a solidified nation—the War with Spain in 1898 and the European World War, into which America was drawn nineteen years later,—and in her answer to both demands Virginia has acquitted herself in a fashion that has not lessened her former glory but rather has tended to augment it.

During the years of carpet-bag rule, of the Freedman's Bureau and the Union League, enforced at the bayonet's point, progress was almost entirely stopped in the South. The single energy that manifested itself was the struggle of the population for actual existence. More truly than we realize at first glance was a 'New South' being born; the marvel is that so many institutions, customs, and manners of the Old South did survive and have been preserved to the present, for it long time seemed as if every vestige of the old Cavalier and Huguenot civilization would be obliterated and a totally foreign system introduced. But the indomitable spirit of the South, "the spirit that wouldn't die," asserted itself; the great healer, Time, has dulled the edge of the humiliation to which the South was subjected during Reconstruction, a wider patriotism and reciprocal understanding and common interests have brought the two sections into closer accord, while the things for which the South

stood in 1861—happily summarized by Mr. Thomas Nelson Page as “devotion to duty, the sense of honor, and a passion for free government”—have been in essence transmitted through the succeeding years.

The period which covers the past forty-five years has seen an amount of literature produced in ‘The Antient Dominion’ that compares favorably with that which had gone before during the first two and a half centuries and more of Virginia’s existence. History, biography, essay, science, theology, fiction, and verse, all have come from Virginian pens within the last half-century in such wise as may cause the native Virginian to feel a just pride in the accomplishment of his fellow citizens, and to realize that he need not demur at comparison of their work with that produced within the same period by the writers of any other single state.

In dealing with the Virginians who have written fugitive poems during the National period, the writer has seen fit to change from a chronological to an alphabetical arrangement of authors and poems. The necessity for this is obvious; the majority of authors cited are still living, and much of their work is as yet before them; the great number of verse-writers dealt with in this chapter makes it imperative, on account of space limits, that discussion be more curtailed than is done in the chapters preceding. Accordingly, inasmuch as this work purports to be in the nature of an anthology of fugitive verses by Virginian writers, only enough of the facts (where accessible) of the authors’ lives are given to enable the reader to identify them; the verses will speak for themselves, creditably or not, as the reader may judge; most of the men and women treated have gained distinction in some larger

field, and mention of their profession or accomplishment will in many instances be all that is essential in the following brief biographical summaries.

AVARY, MRS. MYRTA LOCKETT. Born at Halifax, Va. Writer for periodicals and journals. Author of *A Virginia Girl in the Civil War* and *Dixie After the War*. Now lives at Atlanta, Georgia. For an example of her poetry, see the selection, "The Last Slumber," in Clarke's *Songs of the South*.

BAINES, MISS ALYS B. Now living at Charles Town, West Virginia. Two of her verses are "Hail! Westmoreland" and "A Message from Westmoreland," both included in Wright's *Westmoreland County, Virginia*.

BAKER, C. CONWAY. Montross, Westmoreland County, Va. Attorney. Has written quite a number of lyrics, many of which have been published in the *Richmond Times-Dispatch*, while others have never been published. Representative examples are "Two Dances," "Lee in Bronze," "Britain's Pledge," "Lufberry," and "The Tryst," the last three being on themes occasioned by the late World War.

BARDIN, DR. JAMES COOK. Born Augusta, Georgia, 1887. Educated Newberry College, S. C., and University of Virginia; graduated in medicine at latter institution; practiced only a short while; has taught Romanic Languages at University of Virginia since 1910, and is now associate professor. Has edited Spanish text-books, written short stories, essays, articles on international relations, etc., and largely contributed verse to leading periodicals. Lives at University, Virginia.

BARNUM, MRS. FRANCES COURTENAY BAYLOR. (1848-1920.) Born of Virginian parentage, in Fayetteville, Arkansas. Lived practically all of her life, after maturity, in Virginia, especially at Lexington and Winchester. Articles in *Lippincott's*, *Atlantic Monthly*, and *Princeton Review*. Among her novels are *On Both Sides*, *Juan and Juanita*, *Claudia Hyde*, *The Ladder of Fortune*, *Nina Barrow*, and *Fetherlings of Ferneyhaugh*. Two of her poems that have been widely republished are "Kind Words to Virginia" and "The Last Confederate."

BARRINGER, PAUL BRANDON. Born Concord, North Carolina, 1857. Graduated in medicine University of Virginia, studied at New York and abroad, practiced at Davidson, N. C. Became Professor of Physiology and Materia Medica at University of Virginia in 1888, serving as Chairman of the Faculty from 1896 to 1903. President of Virginia Polytechnic Institute, 1907-1913. President Medical Society of Virginia. Author of *The American Negro, His Past and Future* and numerous articles. Among his published verses is "The War-Time Dixie" (1917). Now living at Charlottesville, Virginia.

BARTLEY, JAMES AVIS. Born Louisa County, Va., 1830. Graduated Emory and Henry College; attended University of Virginia one year; taught in various institutions. Published several volumes and pamphlets of verses: *Lays of Ancient Virginia and Other Poems, Poems, New Poems*. Some few of his pieces possess merit, but most of his work does not rise above mediocrity. Spent the latter years of his life in Charlottesville and in Orange County.

BIRD, MRS. MARY PAGE. Born Cobham, Albemarle County, Va., 1866. Married G. Bonham Bird, and since her marriage has lived most in North Carolina and in England. Author of the novel, *Wedded to a Genius*, published in London, 1894, by Richard Bentley and Son, under the pen-name 'Neil Christison'. Later wrote *Sir Wilfred*, published serially in *Things and Thoughts*, a magazine then existing in Virginia. Has written a number of stories and sketches, and a large amount of high grade poetry, including some excellent sonnets. Now lives at Teignmouth, England.

BOSHER, MRS. KATE LANGLEY. Born Norfolk, Va., 1865. Author of a number of novels, including *Mary Cary, Miss Gibbie Gault*, and *The Man in Lonely Land*; has contributed to various magazines. Lives at Richmond, Va.

BRENT, FRANK P. Northumberland County, Virginia. Educator. Has made several translations from Greek and Latin poetry, but has published little. One of the most distinguished classical scholars in the state. Former Secretary of the State Board of Education.

BRUCE, PHILIP ALEXANDER. Born 'Staunton Hill', Charlotte County, Va., 1856. Author. Graduate University of Virginia and of Harvard Law School. For many years

Corresponding Secretary Virginia Historical Society. Has written *The Plantation Negro as a Freeman*, *Economic History of Virginia in the 17th Century*, *Short History of the United States*, *Rise of the New South*, *Social Life in Virginia in Seventeenth Century*, *Life of General Robert E. Lee*, *Institutional History of Virginia in the Seventeenth Century*, and the five-volume *Centennial History of the University of Virginia*; besides many articles, essays, and reviews; a volume of verse (pamphlet), *Pocahontas and Other Sonnets*; and a few scattered lyrics, "Bells of Ash-tead," "Ballad of the London Wind." etc.

BRUCE, W(ILLIAM) CABELL. Born 'Staunton Hill,' Charlotte County, Va., 1860. Lawyer and author. Member of Maryland Senate, 1894, 1896; director and general counsel Maryland Life Insurance Company; head of Baltimore Law Department, 1903-1908; general counsel Public Service Commission of Maryland, 1910-1918. Author of *Benjamin Franklin, Self-Revealed*; *Below the James*, and *John Randolph of Roanoke*. Has written a few verses: "1861-1865;" "Invocation to Baltimore Reform Democrats" (1887); a selection in the University of Virginia Magazine while a student there in 1879-80; a drinking-song; and some lines about 'Staunton Hill'—the last of which have never been published. Lives at Ruxton, Maryland, and practices law in Baltimore. Elected U. S. Senator from Maryland, November 1922.

CARRINGTON, IZA (Mrs. Edward Carrington Cabell). Born Halifax County, Va. Lived in Baltimore for a while and contributed to the *Sun* under name 'Carizabel'; later lived at Hartford, Connecticut, was literary editor of the *Hartford Courant*, and secretary to Charles Dudley Warner. Wrote verses under the pseudonym of 'F. O. H.'

CAMERON, WILLIAM EVELYN. Born Petersburg, Va., 1842. Fought through the War between the States; returned to Petersburg, and entered newspaper work: edited successively the *Petersburg Index*, the *Norfolk Virginian*, the *Richmond Enquirer*, and the *Richmond Whig*. In 1881 he was elected Governor of Virginia, on the Readjuster ticket. Practiced law after expiration of his term of office; returned to *Norfolk Virginian* in 1908, and edited it until his retirement two or three years ago. Author of *History of World's Fair* (1892), *The Columbian Exposition*, biographical

sketches of Lee, Tyler, Wise, et als. Was a forceful speaker and a lawyer of recognized ability. Wrote a few exquisite poems, one of the best of which is "In the Twilight." Now living at Louisa, Va.

CHAMBERLAYNE, LEWIS PARKE. (1879-1917.) Born Richmond, Va. College professor. Educated Universities of Virginia, Berlin, and Halle. Taught classics and German at various schools and colleges; after 1910 was Professor of Ancient Languages at University of South Carolina, besides teaching in summer sessions at Chautauqua Institution and Peabody College. Contributed to *Sewanee Review*. Wrote some verses for the periodicals, one of the most noteworthy of which is "Leaves from the Anthology," published in *Century*, January, 1916.

COLEMAN, CHARLES WASHINGTON. Born Richmond, Va., 1862. Studied law at University of Virginia, and while there contributed some very high grade verse to the *University Magazine* and other periodicals. His poems are of unusual merit, on the whole; many of them are to be found in the files of *Harper's Magazine*, *The Century*, and the *Atlantic Monthly*, between the years 1885 and 1898, by which time most of his poetry had been written; others were printed in the *Independent*, *Harper's Bazaar*, etc. He also has written several prose articles of note, including "The Recent Movement in Southern Literature," published in *Harper's Magazine*, May, 1887. Has for some years been employed at the Library of Congress, and lives at Washington, D. C.

DARGAN, E. PRESTON. Born Orange County, Va., 1879. Educated in South Carolina, Kentucky, Virginia; Ph.D. Johns Hopkins University. Teacher and lecturer at University of California, University of Chicago, and Johns Hopkins University. Now Professor of French Literature at the University of Chicago. Author of *The Aesthetic Doctrine of Montesquieu; Hylas, and Other Poems*; articles in reviews and weeklies; and joint author of a *History of French Literature* recently published. Typical examples of his uncollected verse may be found in *Poetry: A Magazine* (Chicago), for 1915.

DAVIS, NOAH KNOWLES (1830-1910). Born Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Professor of Moral Philosophy at the University of Virginia from 1873 to 1906, and Emeritus Pro-



fessor until his death. Author of several poems and of a number of books. Among the latter are: *The Theory of Thought, Elements of Deductive Logic, Elements of Psychology, Elements of Inductive Logic, Elements of Ethics, Synopsis of Events in the Life of Jesus of Nazareth, Juda's Jewels, A Study in the Hebrew Lyrics, and The Story of the Nazarene.*

DAY, LUCY (Mrs. Thomas Staples Martin). Was the wife of the late Senator Thomas S. Martin, of Virginia. Wrote a number of fugitive pieces, of which probably the best-known is "The Land of the Poet's Soul."

DUKE, RICHARD THOMAS WALKER, JR. Born Charlottesville, Va., 1853. Lawyer; Judge Corporation Court of Charlottesville, 1888-1901; Commonwealth Attorney Albemarle County since 1901. Orator, scholar; author of a very considerable number of poems of an extremely high order, many of which have found favor with the anthologists. Has published poems and articles in *Century, Lippincott's, Harper's*, etc. His poetry has never been collected into volume form. Lives in Charlottesville, Va.

EASTER, MARGUERITE ELIZABETH MILLER. (1839-1894.) Born Leesburg, Va. Married James W. Easter, of Baltimore, Md. Published *Clytie, and Other Poems*, but left many unpublished pieces. A number of her verses are printed for the first time in the *Library of Southern Literature*.

ELAM, COLONEL WILLIAM C. Born in North Carolina. Lived for many years in Richmond, and edited the *Richmond Whig*, during the Readjuster period. Served for a while as Secretary of the Commonwealth of Virginia. Wrote a few verses, most of which were published in his paper; one of the most graceful of these was "The Widow."

FAIRFAX, ELEANOR GRIFFITH (Mrs. William H. Fairfax). Hague, Westmoreland County, Virginia. Has written a few verses; a specimen, "Lines on Jefferson Davis," may be found in Wright's *Westmoreland County, Virginia*.

GILDERSLEEVE, BASIL LANNEAU. Born Charleston, S. C., 1831. Philologist. Educated at Princeton and at the Universities of Berlin, Bonn, and Gottingen. Professor of Greek at University of Virginia from 1856 to 1876, and of Latin, 1861-66. Professor of Greek, Johns Hopkins Uni-



versity, 1876-1915. Founder and editor *American Journal of Philology*. Author *Latin Grammar*, *Latin Series*, *Essays and Studies*, *Greek Syntax*, *Hellas and Hesperia*, *Creed of the Old South*; editor *Persius*, *Justin Martyr*, *Odes of Pindar*; and in late years has been a rather prolific writer of unpublished sonnets. Lives at present in Baltimore.

GLASGOW, MISS ELLEN ANDERSON GHOLSON. Born at Richmond, Va., 1874. Novelist: among her novels are *The Descendant*, *Phases of an Inferior Planet*, *The Voice of the People*, *The Battle-ground*, *The Deliverance*, *The Miller of Old Church*, *Virginia*, *Life and Gabriella*, and *The Builders*. She has published one volume of poetry, *The Freeman and Other Poems* (1902), and has since written a large number of excellent poems for the magazines. Her home is in Richmond.

GORDON, JAMES LINDSAY. (1860-1904.) Lawyer. Educated at William and Mary College and the University of Virginia. Practised law at Charlottesville for twelve years, serving three years in the State Senate. Moved to New York City in 1893, and continued his practice there until his death; was Assistant District Attorney of the City of New York, and when he died was Assistant Corporation Counsel of New York City. He was distinguished for his ability and eloquence as a speaker; published a single volume of lyrics, *Ballads of the Sunlit Years*, and left other verses of equal merit, many of which have never been published.

GRAHAM, EDWARD McDOWELL. Lexington, Va. "A young man of brilliant promise," a graduate of the University of Virginia, who died before he had had time to make his name remembered. Wrote a number of verses which were published in the periodicals.

GRIGSBY, HUGH BLAIR. (1806-1881.) Born Norfolk, Va. An orator and historian of more than local prominence; President of the Virginia Historical Society; Chancellor of the College of William and Mary (George Washington and President John Tyler were the only other Americans to hold that office). Author of a number of poetic compositions, including an ode to Horace Binney, and a sixteen page work, "Lines to my Daughter on her Fourteenth Birthday," while other pieces were left in manuscript, unprinted.

GWATHMEY, (MRS.) MARGARET CABELL. Born Richmond, Va., daughter of Maj. E. B. Smith; educated in private schools there. Has published poems in *Life*, *The Lyric*, and in various journals, besides writing dramatic pieces and *Voices*, a lyric masque in two acts. Lives at Norfolk, Va.

HALL, DR. JOHN LESSLIE. Born Richmond, Va., 1856. Educated Randolph-Macon College and Johns Hopkins University. He is a distinguished scholar of Old English and Anglo-Saxon; has written *Translation of Beowulf*, *Judith*, *Phoenix and Other Anglo-Saxon Poems*, *Old English Idyls*, *Half-Hours in Southern History*; a number of literary reviews; and occasional poems, several of which have appeared in the Phi Beta Kappa *Key*. Since 1888 he has been teaching at William and Mary College, and is at present Professor of English Language and Literature there, and Dean of the Faculty.

'HARLAND, MARION' (Mary Virginia Hawes). Born Amelia County, Va., 1831. Novelist. Wrote a great many novels, among them *Miriam*, *Judith*, *Eve's Daughters*, *The Empty Heart*, *Jessamine*, etc.; books on household economics; and was editorially connected with different journals and periodicals. Married Rev. Edward Payson Terhune, and became a resident of New Jersey. Her son, Albert Payson Terhune, is among the better known contemporary authors. Died, 1923.

HUGHES, ROBERT MORTON. Born Abingdon, Va., 1855. Educated at William and Mary College and the University of Virginia; began the practice of law at Norfolk in 1877. President of Virginia State Bar Association, 1895. Rector of the College of William and Mary. Author of a work on *Admiralty* and of a *Biography of General Joseph E. Johnston*. Has written some verse, including a "William and Mary College Song," but has published little of it on account of its personal nature. Resides at Norfolk.

HUNTER, THOMAS LOMAX. King George, Virginia. Educated at William and Mary College; has been for some time Representative of Stafford and King George Counties in the Virginia House of Delegates. Author of *Forbidden Fruit and Other Ballads*. Has contributed very largely to the magazines during the past twenty years, but has

produced little verse of late—classing himself as a “re-formed rhymester.” He has probably published more in the Ballade measure than any other living American poet, this being one of his favorite forms. Much of his verse has appeared in the *Richmond Times-Dispatch* under the pseudonym “The Rappahannock Rhapsodist”. His home is at King George, Va.

JOHNSON, JOSEPHINE. Born Norfolk, Va. Educated in private schools there and in summer schools of the University of Virginia and Harvard. For five years held the position of laboratory assistant in chemistry at the State Normal School in Farmville. Member of the “Poet’s Club,” of Norfolk, which publishes *The Lyric*; and has printed a number of very excellent verses in that publication.

LASSITER, FRANCIS RIVES. (1866-1909.) Born Petersburg, Va. Graduated from the University of Virginia; practised law in Petersburg; several times city attorney; United States Attorney for Eastern District of Virginia, 1893-1896; member 56th, 57th, 60th, and 61st Congresses. Wrote a large number of lyrics, some of them being verse of considerable merit, which remain uncollected.

LILE, RICHARD. Of Danville, Va. “A gentleman of genius, a fine scholar, and a lawyer of distinction,” wrote at least one lyric that has been rather often republished: this is “The Funeral of Hope” of which a newspaper notice, shortly after Lile’s death, comments that “the lines speak of the sad experience and fate of the author.”

MAGRUDER, JULIA. (1854-1907.) Born Charlottesville, Va. Novelist and short story writer. Author *Across the Chasm*, *The Princess Sonia*, *Miss Ayr of Virginia*, *Struan*, *A Manifest Destiny*, etc. Wrote a number of sonnets and other lyrics, but did not publish them widely.

MCCABE, ROBERT A. Brother of James D. McCabe, Jr., (see page 105), and was born in Virginia prior to the War between the States. Has written a number of lyrics, several of which reflect his love for the Old Dominion. Among these is his “Reply” to a Northern parody on Wilbur’s “In Virginia” (see page 132) which in attributing many undesirable qualities to the State came to a climax in the last stanza:

"Nowhere can toil so well suffice  
As in Virginia;  
Nowhere ancestors cut such ice  
As in Virginia;  
And I believe that lazy land  
Of fleas and niggers, heat and sand,  
Is simply fashioned to be d...d  
In old Virginia."

McCabe replies with a vengeance:

Another poet takes his flight  
O'er old Virginia;  
And racks his fertile brain to write  
About Virginia;  
The Chap that wrote that crazy 'pome'  
I'll bet was ne'er ten miles from home,  
And wouldn't know which way to come  
To old Virginia.

He'll likely find a warmer place  
Than old Virginia;  
Where he shall end life's fitful race,  
Far from Virginia;  
He never saw her creeks or rills,  
Her valleys fair — her grand old hills,  
Nor felt a throb of pride that thrills  
Hearts in Virginia.

\* \* \*

Go learn to write some common sense  
About Virginia;  
To knowledge you make mere pretense  
About Virginia;  
And when your time has come to go,  
If you are there — you will die slow,  
They'll keep you as a 'holy show'  
Down in Virginia.

McCLELLAND, M. G. (1853-1895.) Born at Norwood, Nelson County, Va. Novelist. Among her works are *White Heron*, *Oblivion*, *Eleanor Gwynn*, *Jean Monteith*, and a half-dozen others. Published articles or verses in *Louisville Courier-Journal*, *Lippincott's*, *Scribner's*, *New Orleans*

*Times-Democrat*, New York *Independent*, etc. Wrote many dialect poems, as well as sonnets and other lyrics: "Old Ike's Memories," "Uncle Ike's C'ris'mus Greeting an' Far'well," "The Old House," and "My Love" are names of representative verses.

MCCORMICK, VIRGINIA TAYLOR (Mrs. J. Jett McCormick). Born Berryville, Va., 1873. Has contributed poems and essays to various magazines. Author of a volume of poems, *Star-Dust and Gardens*, recently published; and of numerous other lyrics which remain uncollected. Representative examples of the latter are "The Old Woman and the Daffodils," "The Basket Maker," "To One Away"; of her sonnets, "Happy Days" and "Beauty Does Not Die," both of which were published in *The Lyric* (Norfolk) of which she is now editor. Lives at Norfolk, Virginia.

MOORE, CHARLES FORREST. Born Dunmore, Pocahontas County, West Virginia, 1863. Lawyer. Educated Vanderbilt and Virginia Universities. Practiced law at Huntersville and Clifton Forge; moved to New York, 1902. He was for a time Judge of the County Court of Allegheny and Craig Counties, Va. Gained considerable reputation as a political orator and after-dinner speaker.

In 1890-91, the widespread wave of speculation that swept over Virginia and other Southern states resulted in a number of local 'booms' that caused many individual losses, even though the localities as a whole often prospered permanently. Moore was one of the victims. In the following amusing lines, printed in the *Staunton Daily News* (and republished in J. Lewis Peyton's story of boom times, *Tom Swindel*, 1893), he bewailed his misfortune:

### THE LATE BOOM.

(Adapted to the tune of Ta-ra-ra, &c.)

Just about three years ago  
I bought a lot and bought it low;  
The man that sold it told me so,  
And he's the one that ought to know.  
Fifteen hundred was the price,  
He didn't have to ask me twice;  
I paid it half in one big slice,  
And felt as rich as Calvin Brice.

And for the rest I gave my note,  
And as my name I glibly wrote,  
I had no thought—no more'n goat,—  
How big the load I'd have to tote.  
Now I'm working like a slave,  
Trying hard enough to save,  
To pay the blasted note I gave,  
Before I lay me in the grave.

The lot's so steep, 'twon't hold a fence,  
The stones upon it are immense,  
The bushes are so tall and dense  
It wouldn't bring me fifty cents.  
And now I sit in silent gloom,  
Thinking of my awful doom.  
I want to lie down in my tomb  
Before we have another boom!

MORAN, MISS VIRGINIA E. Born Staunton, Va. Has spent practically all of her life in Virginia, with the exception of a few years in the Middle West. Has contributed verses to *The Presbyterian of the South*, *Christian Observer*, *Looking Southward* (Louisville—now extinct), and other local and sectional periodicals. Is at present employed as Registrar of the University of Virginia.

MORELAND, JOHN RICHARD. Born Norfolk, Va. 1879. Has contributed largely to the magazines, his poems having appeared in *Munsey*, *McCall*, *Reedy's Mirror*, *The Classic*, *The Midland*, *The Nomad*, *The Fugitive*, *Contemporary Verse*, *The Editor*, *The Quiver* (London), *Presbyterian of the South*, and numerous others; has collected a number of his poems into a volume, *Red Poppies in the Wheat*. For several years editor of *The Lyric*, a magazine of poetry now being published at Norfolk. Lives in California.

MORTON, HOWARD ('Horace Mordaunt'). Lived in Richmond. Was a man of evident poetic promise, but seemed to lack practicality, and failed to make the most of his powers. Contributed to the *University of Virginia Magazine* during the early 'seventies, and has one poem, "My Little Classic Divinity, in the volume, *Arcade Echoes*, compiled from the files of that publication.

NELSON, JAMES POYNTZ. Richmond, Va. Valuation Engineer of Chesapeake and Ohio Railway Company. Has published a volume *Balla, and Other Stories*. In verse has written a number of translations—from Anacreon, from the Italian, from the German of Uhland, etc.—love songs, sonnets, a few children's poems and nonsense-rhymes, and occasional poems, many of which have never been published.

PAGE, ROSEWELL. Born Hanover County, 1858. Educated University of Virginia; practiced law in Danville; in 1888 moved to Richmond, and continued his practice there. Represented Hanover in the Virginia House of Delegates in 1908 and 1910. Has written a number of stories, economic and historical essays, and some verse. Author of *Thomas Nelson Page*, ■ biography. For several years he has been Second Auditor of the State of Virginia. Lives at Beaver Dam, Virginia.

PAGE, THOMAS NELSON. (1853-1922.) Born Hanover County, Va. Author. Practiced law, Richmond, 1875-1893. Wrote novels, short stories, essays, historical works, and poems. A few of his many works are the novels, *Red Rock*, *The Burial of the Guns*, *On Newfound River*, *Gordon Keith*, the collection of stories, *In Ole Virginia*, *The Old South*, *The Negro—The Southerner's Problem*, *The Old Dominion*; and two volumes of poems, *Befo' de War* (with A. C. Gordon) and *The Coast of Bohemia*. Many of his poems are not included in his collected writings: of these are two long pieces, "The Vision of Raleigh," delivered at the Jamestown Exposition in 1907, and the story in blank verse, "At Pilot's Judgment Seat,"—in addition to many shorter verses. Perhaps it is not too much to say of Mr. Page that no man has in recent years labored more consciously or to better effect to bring about a clearer and saner understanding between North and South, and to heal over the breaches left by war and reconstruction. From 1913 to 1919 he was American Ambassador to Italy.

PATTON, JOHN S. Born Summerdean, Augusta County, Va., 1857. Educated University of Virginia. Edited, with James Blakey, the *Jeffersonian Republican*, Charlottesville; was associated with the *Charlottesville Progress*; held various municipal offices; came to the University of Virginia as

Secretary of the Faculty in 1899; since 1904 has been Librarian there. Author *Jefferson's University*, *The Book of the Poe Centenary* (with C. W. Kent); *Jefferson, Cabell, and the University of Virginia*; editor *Poems of John R. Thompson*; and has contributed to various magazines and journals. Has written a fairly large quantity of poetry, but has published only a few of his verses.

PRICE, THOMAS RANDOLPH. (1839-1903.) Born Richmond, Va. Educated University of Virginia and abroad; fought through War of 1861; opened a classical school in Richmond; taught several years at Randolph-Macon College; succeeded Gildersleeve as Professor of Greek at University of Virginia, and six years later was elected to a professorial position at Columbia University, where he remained until his death. Price was a great teacher, but wrote very little: *Teaching of the Mother Tongue*, *Shakespeare's Verse Construction*, a few other critiques, essays, and monographs round out the list, to which should be added at least one poem worthy of preservation—"The Breakers Broken."

PRYOR, SARA AGNES RICE. Born Halifax County, 1830. Married General Roger A. Pryor. Wrote several books, *The Mother of Washington*, *My Day*, *Reminiscences of Peace and War*; and a few poems, "A Modern Courtship" and "My Day" being among them.

RIVES, AMELIE (Princess Troubetzkoy). Born Richmond, Va., 1863. Novelist. Among her novels are *The Quick or the Dead*, *A Brother to Dragons*, *Virginia of Virginia*, *Tanis*, *Barbara Dering*, *Shadows of Flames*, *The Ghost Garden*, and a half-score others. One of her greatest works is the poetic drama, *Herod and Mariamne*; she has also tried the drama proper, her *Fear Market* and *Allegiance* both having been produced in the New York theatres. Princess Troubetzkoy has written many beautiful lyrics, but her first collection of them (composed of poems written within the past few years, and of which only a small number had been published previously) was issued from the press in 1920; "Selene," a long poem, was published in 1905. Her poems are often included in the anthologies; many of them appeared in *Harper's* twenty or thirty years ago, and her sonnet-cycle, "Grief and Faith," with other lyrics—"My Laddie," "A Mood," "Surrender," "Love's Seasons," "A



Dream," etc.,—indicates a very high achievement in this field of literature as well.

RIVES, MISS ROSALIE. Born "Sherwood," Albemarle County, Va. Wrote stories and articles; contributed for a while to the *Detroit Press*. Spent latter years of her life in Charlottesville, Va. Wrote a few verses and made some translations from the German.

ROSS, DR. GEORGE. Born Virginia, 1839. Graduated at V. M. I., 1859; graduated medicine University of Virginia, 1861. After serving faithfully through the War between the States as a surgeon in the Confederate Army, practiced his profession in Richmond for many years. One of the founders of the University College of Medicine at Richmond; Professor of Obstetrics there; President of the International Association of Railway Surgeons. Has written quite a number of verses, lately (1910) collected into a volume called *Gathered Leaves*. His home is in Richmond.

SCOTT, W. W. Born Orange County, Va., 1845. Educated at Virginia Military Institute and University of Virginia; practiced law in Lexington; edited papers at Charlottesville and Gordonsville; continued his law practice at Orange. Appointed State Librarian of Virginia in 1901; resigned, 1903, and has since served as Librarian of the Supreme Court of Appeals at Richmond. Has written several books, the most noteworthy of which is his excellent *History of Orange County*. Author of pamphlet volume of verses, "Some Fugitive Rhymes, by an old Confederate Soldier." Lives at Richmond, Va.

SEAWELL, (Maria Henry) ELLEN. Born Gloucester, Va., daughter of M. Boswell Seawell. Served as secretary to the postmaster of Norfolk; later was made special clerk, which position she still holds. Served in U. S. Army Postal Service in France, 1917. Has written a considerable amount of verse, and has contributed poems to *Lippincott*, *Current Literature*, and various other periodicals and journals. Resides at Norfolk, Va.

SLEDD, BENJAMIN. Born Bedford County, Va., 1864. Graduated Washington and Lee University; later studied at Johns Hopkins University. Taught Modern Languages at Wake Forest College for a period, but was in 1888 transferred to the Chair of English in that institution, which

position he now holds. Dr. Sledd has published two volumes of poems, *From Cliff and Scaur* and *The Watchers of the Hearth*, besides editing text-books and contributing to periodicals.

SMITH, DUNCAN. Born University, Va., 1877. Educated University of Virginia, after having attended Randolph-Macon College for a year or two; studied art New York and Rome. Painter. Has written several verses, "In Honorem," a tribute to Poe; "The Country Doctor"; and some lines on General Lee being the best. Now lives at New York City.

SMITH, (Reverend) JAMES POWER. Born New Athens, Ohio, 1837. Graduated from Jefferson College, Pa., 1856, and from Union Theological Seminary, Va., 1861. Served in Confederate Army, and was aide-de-camp on staff of General Stonewall Jackson, later serving in same capacity under Ewell. Pastor at Roanoke and Fredericksburg; editor *Central Presbyterian*, Richmond, 1893-1911. Author of *Brightside Idyls*, *Stonewall Jackson at Chancellorsville*, *General Lee at Gettysburg*, and *Both a King and a Father*. Edited *Southern Historical Papers*, Richmond, Va. Died, 1923.

SMITH, MRS. MARY STUART. Born University of Virginia, 1834; daughter of Gessner Harrison. Married Francis H. Smith, professor of natural philosophy. Began writing after close of War between the States; published a cookery book, *The Art Of Housekeeping*; and 2 other volumes, *The Heirs of the Kingdom* and *Lang Syne, or the Wards of Mt. Vernon*; and articles in *Southern Review*, *Southern Methodist Review*, *New England Magazine*, etc. Translated many stories and poems, besides writing enough original poems and stories to fill a fair sized volume of each, but they have never been published in book form. Edited *Virginia to Georgia*.

TRENT, WILLIAM PETERFIELD. Born Richmond, Va., 1862. Educated University of Virginia and Johns Hopkins University. Professor of English at University of the South, 1888-1900. Since 1900, Professor of English Literature at Columbia University. Has done a tremendous amount of editing and of creative literary work (see *Who's Who in America*, Vol. XI, for list of publications). Published a volume of verses in 1899, and then did not write any more

verse for a number of years; since 1915 he has written a considerable quantity of short lyrics, many of which are quite exquisite, but has published very few of them.

TUCKER, BEVERLEY DANDRIDGE. Born Richmond, Va., 1846. Educated abroad; graduated Alexandria Theological Seminary, 1873. Served in Virginia Artillery of the Confederate Army. Rector Richmond County, 1873-1882; of St. Paul's Church, Norfolk, 1882-1906; Bishop Coadjutor of Southern Virginia since 1906. Has written a volume of verse, *My Three Loves*, and a pamphlet of "Confederate Memorial Verses," some essays, and various occasional pieces not included in the above volumes. His son, Bland Tucker, has also written poetry. Lives at Norfolk, Va.

TUNSTALL, MISS NANNIE W. Daughter of Whitmell Tunstall, of Lynchburg, Va. Well-educated and widely-travelled; spent most of her life in Richmond. Author of novelette, *Number 40*, and of numerous short stories.

TUNSTALL, VIRGINIA LYNE (Mrs. Robert B. Tunstall). Born Henderson, Kentucky, 1892. Has contributed to *The Lyric*, and various Norfolk journals. Lives at Norfolk, Virginia.

TURNER, NANCY BYRD. Born in Virginia. Author; poet. Has ~~never~~ printed a volume of her poems, but has contributed verse of the highest merit to many different periodicals—*Everybody's*, *Lippincott's*, *Atlantic*, *Century*, *Current Literature*, *Living Age*, *Poetry*, *St. Nicholas*, *Youth's Companion*,—and to various journals, especially the *Boston Transcript*. Many of her poems must rank with the best produced within the country during the past ten or fifteen years, although the fact that they remain uncollected prevents her from being as widely recognized as a poet as is her due. For some years she has been living at Boston, Mass.

TYLER, LYON GARDINER. Born "Sherwood Forest," Charles City County, Va., 1853. Educated University of Virginia. Practiced law at Richmond; member Virginia House of Delegates, 1887. From 1888 to 1919 he was President of the College of William and Mary, resigned 1919, and was made President Emeritus; State Board of Education, 1903-1907; State Library Board since 1915; Vice-President Virginia Historical Society. Author *Letters and Times of the Ty-*

lers, *England in America*, *Parties and Patronage in the U. S. Williamsburg*, *the Old Colonial Capitol*, *The Cradle of the Republic*; editor and proprietor *William and Mary College Quarterly Historical Magazine*, founded 1892 (now *Tyler's Quarterly Historical and Genealogical Magazine*); editor *Narratives of Early Virginia*, *Men of Mark in Virginia*, *Biographical Dictionary of Virginia*. At present he divides his time between Richmond and his Charles City home.

VALENTINE, BENJAMIN BATCHELDER. (1862-1919.) Richmond, Virginia. Did some little work in poetic composition, as well as along other literary lines. There was published in 1921 a volume of his dialect poems, *Ole Marster and Other Verses*, which rank with the best verse in the negro vernacular. Probably the best known of his poems is "In Old Virginia," first printed in 1893. This piece has frequently led people to attribute to Valentine the authorship of the popular verses, "In Virginia," written ten years later by Harry Curran Wilbur, of Bloomsburg Pennsylvania. Wilbur's verses follow:

The roses nowhere bloom so white  
As in Virginia,  
The sunshine nowhere shines so bright  
As in Virginia.  
The birds sing nowhere quite so sweet,  
And nowhere hearts so lightly beat,  
For heaven and earth both seem to meet  
Down in Virginia.

The days are never quite so long  
As in Virginia,  
Nor quite so filled with happy song  
As in Virginia;  
And when my time has come to die  
Just take me back and let me lie  
Close where the James goes rolling by—  
Down in Virginia.

There nowhere is a land so fair  
As in Virginia,  
So full of joy, so free of care  
As in Virginia;

And I believe that Happy Land  
The Lord prepared for mortal man  
Is built exactly on the plan  
Of Old Virginia.

(Compare the parodies on these lines, page 124). Wilbur married a Virginia girl, but, remarkable to say, at the time he wrote the above was living at Wheeling, West Virginia, and had never been in Virginia proper!

VALENTINE, MISS SARAH BENETTA, (1833-1889.) Daughter of Mann S. Valentine, of "High Hill," King William County, Va., and sister to Edward V. Valentine, the eminent sculptor. Wrote a large amount of prose and verse for journals and periodicals; perhaps her best known poem is "Marse Robert is Asleep,"—based on an incident of the War between the States, where General Lee, resting during a march, fell asleep by the side of the road, and some fifteen thousand of his soldiers passed by so noiselessly as not to disturb his rest.

WILLIAMS, SELINA TARPLEY. ('Tarpley Starr'.) Born Clarke County, Va. Published a small volume of poetry entitled *Lost and Won*, but most of her work has never been collected. Some of her pieces were republished in England and on the Continent; others were spoken of approvingly by Longfellow and Whittier. "The Swift Ships," "Some Morning Roses," "Foley's Hero-Statue," "The Folded Flag," are examples of her better work.

✓ WILSON, JAMES SOUTHALL. Born Bacon's Castle, Virginia, 1880. Educator. Received his education at William and Mary College, University of Virginia, and Princeton. From 1909 to 1919 Professor of History and Associate Professor of English at William and Mary College; since 1919 Poe Professor of English at University of Virginia. Author *Alexander Wilson, Poet-Naturalist*; *Pausanias: a Dramatic Poem* (with Charles W. Kennedy), magazine articles and occasional poems; editor (with J. C. Metcalf) *The Enchanted Years*. Lives at University, Va.

WOODS, KATHERINE PEARSON. Born Wheeling, W. Va., 1852. Is best known as a contributor to the magazines and as a novelist. Among her published works are *The Mark of the Beast*; *Metzerott, Shoemaker*; *A Web of Gold*, *The*

*Son of Ingar, The True Story of Captain John Smith, etc.* Has written several poems, "Friar Godfrey's Confession," "A Twilight Fantasia," "One Poet to Another," "The Cleansing of Guinevere," "A Song of Dawn and Springtime," and others. Died, 1923.

The foregoing list constitutes practically all of the important names of Virginians who have written verse since the close of the Reconstruction period, part or all of whose work remains in fugitive state. To be sure, there are other writers as well who have produced poetry more or less deserving of praise; the poems of these, when known, are more often known through their having appeared in volume form than from their existence as fugitives. Still, there are some twenty-five or thirty other writers whose verse has been considered in writing this work, and who should be named, if no more: in most instances a single sentence will sufficiently show that, while they may have left fugitive pieces as well, their best work is included in their volumes, or else that they are not of sufficient importance to warrant a more thorough treatment. The work of some few writers mentioned in the following paragraph would have been included in this volume, had it been available, but one circumstance or another prevented this, and as their poetry could not be cited, merely the mention of their having written it will have to suffice.

Marcus Blakey Allmond, of Stanardsville, Va., wrote two volumes of verse, *Agricola* and *Estelle*, as well as a number of fugitive pieces. James Branch Cabell, of Dumbarton, the novelist, has published one volume of poems, *The Hidden Way*, and has a number of excellent verses in his other books. John Armstrong Chaloner, of Cobham, has written a very con-

siderable number of vigorous sonnets, some of which appeared in the volume *Scorpio*. Henry Mazyck Clarkson, long time a resident of Manassas, published *Poems of Love and War.*, and some other forceful lyrics. Christopher P. Cranch, of Alexandria, spent much of his life in the North: although seldom mentioned in works on Southern literature he wrote some very fine poetry, and published four or five volumes of it. Kate Tucker Goode ('Bert Inglis', 'Kitty Clover'), of Mecklenburg County, Va., published a volume, *The First Fruits, and Other Poems*, but it does not contain all of her work. Edward S. Gregory, of Lynchburg, Va., published two volumes of poems; George Woodville Latham, of the same city, wrote lyrics, but never collected them into a volume. Cary Jacob, of Richmond, has a volume, *Driftwood and Foam*, and another in contemplation. Daniel B. Lucas is among the better known poets of the last fifty years in Virginia: he published two or three volumes of poems (his best known lyric is "The Land Where We Were Dreaming"), and left others, mostly occasional pieces, in fugitive state. Mrs. Aline Kilmer, of Norfolk, and her mother, Mrs. Ada Foster Murray Alden, have both written some very excellent verse, which, however, is not available in this collection; the same is true of Georgianna King. Mrs. Alfred A. McKay, of Luray, wrote several lyrics; while a certain Maury published some verses in the *University of Virginia Magazine* during the 'seventies that had elements of promise and ability. Elvira Sydnor Miller Slaughter, now of Louisville, Ky., published a volume, *Songs of the Heart*, and has produced other verses since its publication. B. C. Moomaw, of Ben, Va., has written a large amount of verse; he delivered an

"Ode at the Jamestown Tercentenary, 1906." Dr. F. V. N. Painter, of Salem, published a volume of poems, besides several prose works. Mrs. Anna L. Randolph Price published two volumes, *Singing Will* and *The Mother's Catechism*, and wrote occasionally for periodicals. Judge Edward Robertson, of Roanoke, wrote some verse of sectional or local interest, and several love poems. Mrs. Sigourney, daughter of William Cabell Rives, of "Castle Hill", wrote some poems that are reputed to be quite excellent, but which are now not available. Robert Armistead Stewart, of Richmond, has written *The Knights of the Golden Horseshoe and Other Lays*; the complete works of John Bannister ("Father") Tabb have just been published by Miss Jennie M. Tabb, of Farmville; while Dr. John Walter Wayland, now of Harrisonburg, has written several prose works and some verse—his most popular piece being probably the song, "Old Virginia."



## CHAPTER VIII.

### POEMS.

#### THE SEA MARK.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

Aloof, aloof, and come no near,  
The dangers do appear  
Which, if my ruin had not been,  
You had not seen:  
I only lie upon this shelf  
    To be a mark to all  
    Which on the same may fall,  
That none may perish but myself.

If in or outward you be bound  
Do not forget to sound;  
Neglect of that was caused of this  
To steer amiss.  
The seas were calm, the wind was fair,  
    That made me so secure,  
    That now I must endure  
All weathers, be they foul or fair.

The winter's cold, the summer's heat  
Alternatively beat  
Upon my bruised sides, that rue,  
Because too true,  
That no relief can ever come:  
    But why should I despair  
    Being promised so fair,  
That there shall be a day of Doom.

## NEWES FROM VIRGINIA.

RICHARD RICH.

It is no idle fabulous tale, nor is it fayned newes:  
For Truth herself is heere arriv'd, because you  
should not muse.

With her both Gates and Newport come, to tell Report  
doth lye,

Which did divulge unto the world that they at sea  
did dye.

Tis true that eleaven months and more, these gallant  
worthy wights

Were in the shippe Sea-venture nam'd depriv'd Vir-  
ginia's sight.

And bravely did they glide the maine, till Neptune  
gan to frowne,

As if a courser prowdly backt would throwe his ryder  
downe.

The seas did rage, the windes did blowe, distressèd  
were they then

Their ship did leake, her tacklings breake, in danger  
were her men.

But heaven was pylotte in that storme, and to an  
iland nere,

Bermoothawes call'd, conducted them, which did abate  
their feare.

But yet these worthies forcèd were, opprest with  
weather againe,

To runne their ship betweene two rockes, where she  
doth still remaine.

And then on shore the iland came, inhabited by  
hogges,  
Some foule and tortoySES there were, they only had  
one dogge.

To kill these swyne, to yield them foode that little  
had to eate,  
Their store was spent, and all things scant, alas! they  
wanted meate.  
A thousand hogges that dogge did kill, their hunger  
to sustaine,  
And with such foode did in that ile two and forty  
weekes remaine.

And there two gallant pynases did build of seader-  
tree;  
The brave Deliverance one was call'd, of seaventy  
tonne was shee.  
The other Patience had to name, her burthen thirty  
tonne;  
Two only of their men which there pale death did  
overcome.

And for the losse of these two soules, which were ac-  
counted deere,  
A sonne and daughter then were borne, and were  
baptizèd there.  
The two and forty weekes being past, they hoyst sayle  
and away;  
Their ships with hogges well freighted were, their  
hearts with mickle joy.

And so unto Virginia came, where these brave soldiers finde  
The English-men opprest with griefe and discontent  
in minde.  
They seem'd distracted and forlorne, for those two  
worthyes losse,  
Yet at their home returne they joyd, among'st them  
some were crosse.

And in the midst of discontent came noble Delaware;  
He heard the griefes on either part, and sett them  
free from care.  
He comforts them and cheres their hearts, that they  
abound with joy;  
He feedes them full and feedes their soules with God's  
word every day.

A discret counsell he creates of men of worthy fame,  
That noble Gates leiftenant was the admirall had to  
name.  
The worthy Sir George Somers knight, and others of  
commaund;  
Maister George Pearcy, which is brother unto North-  
umberland.

Sir Fardinando Wayneman knight, and others of good  
fame,  
That noble lord his company, which to Virginia came,  
And landed there; his number was one hundred  
seaventy; then  
Ad to the rest, and they make full foure hundred  
able men.

Where they unto their labour fall, as men that meane  
to thrive;  
Let's pray that heaven may blesse them all, and keep  
them long alive.  
Those men that vagrants liv'd with us, have there  
deservèd well;  
Their governour writes in their praise, as divers  
letters tel.

And to th' adventurers thus he writes be not dismayed  
at all,  
For scandall cannot doe us wrong, God will not let  
us fall.  
Let England knowe our willingnesse, for that our  
worke is goode;  
Wee hope to plant a nation, where none before hath  
stood.

To glorifie the lord tis done, and to no other end;  
He that would crosse so good a worke, to God can be  
no friend.  
There is no feare of hunger here for corne much store  
here growes,  
Much fish the gallant rivers yield, tis truth without  
suppose.

Great store of fowle, of venison, of grapes and mul-  
berries,  
Of chestnuts, walnuts, and such like, of fruits and  
strawberries,  
There is indeed no want at all, but some, condiciond  
ill,  
That wish the worke should not goe on, with words  
doe seeme to kill.

And for an instance of their store, the noble Delaware  
Hath for the present hither sent, to testifie his care  
In managings so good a worke, to gallant ships, by  
name

The Blessing and the Hercules, well fraught, and in  
the same

Two ships, are these commodities, furies, sturgeon,  
caviare,

Blacke walnut-tree, and some deale boards, with such  
they laden are;

Some pearle, some wainscot and clapboards, with some  
sassafras wood,

And iron promist, for tis true their mynes are very  
good.

Then, maugre scandall, false report, or any opposition,  
Th' adventurers doe thus devulge to men of good con-  
dition,

That he that wants shall have reliefe, be he of honest  
minde,

Apparel, coyne, or any thing, to such they will be  
kinde.

To such as to Virginia do purpose to repaire;  
And when that they shall hither come, each man shall  
have his share.

Day wages for the laborer, and for his more content,  
A house and garden plot shall have; besides, tis  
further ment

That every man shall have a part, and not thereof  
denaid,

Of generall profit, as if that he twelve pounds ten  
shillings paid;

And he that in Virginia shall copper coyne receive,  
For hyer or commodities, and will the country leave

Upon delivery of such coyne unto the Governour,  
Shall by exchange at his returne be by their treasurer  
Paid him in London at first sight, no man shall cause  
to grieve,  
For tis their generall will and wish that every man  
should live.

The number of adventurers, that are for this planta-  
tion,  
Are full eight hundred worthy men, some noble, all  
of fashion.  
Good, discreete, their worke is good, and as they have  
begun,  
May Heaven assist them in their worke, and thus our  
newes is done.

## TO POCAHONTAS.

JOHN ROLFE.\*

Why, sweet Nymph, that heart-fetch'd sigh,  
Which thy heaving bosom rends?  
Whence that pensive, down-cast eye,  
Whose magic glance soft transport sends?

Sure thy roving thoughts recal,  
A faithless Lover to thy mind;  
Whose heart thy charms did once enthrall,  
But now inconstant as the wind.

Ah! disclaim his fickle love,  
Take some more deserving swain;  
The tale he whisper'd in the grove,  
Heed not when he tells again.

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\* See page 27.



## SECOND PART OF NEWES FROM VIRGINIA.

ANONYMOUS.

The Indians flie and we I hope  
shall nere more want indure  
For those that put their trust in God  
shall of his Grace be sure  
Now Deere and Swine and Turkeys  
will dayly so increase  
That faire Virginia will I hope  
prove plentifull by peace.

Of late from England safe ariv'd  
a thousand people came  
Which terrifies the Indians  
to heare this trump of fame  
Armes from the Tower sent by our good King  
and twenty ships there lieng  
Makes all our friends in heart rejoyce  
while foes with grieve are dying.

The Iron workes and silk workes both  
and vines shall be replanted  
Great store shall be of every thing  
that we so long have wanted  
Indico seed and sugar canes  
and figtrees prosper well  
With every thing particuler  
that beares true tast or smell.

Ship Carpenters are come great store  
to doe our Countrey good  
For which no Countrey can compare  
to equall us for wood

A blockhouse on the river side  
is making very strong  
That we shall never neede to feare  
our foraine foes ere long.

Foure thousand gallant English hearts  
Virginia overspreds  
The worst of which I thinke will not  
for washing give there heads  
Both Armes and Ammunition store  
and cattaille we have plenty  
With foule and fish and many things  
that are in England dainty.

The Collony compelled is  
to speak in Pountes praise  
Vice Admirall from England here  
whose worth his fame shall raise  
But last of all that Lady faire  
that woman worth renowne  
That left her Countrey and her friends  
to grace brave James his Towne.

The wife unto our Governour  
did safely here arive  
With many gallants following her  
whom God preserve alive  
What man would stay when Ladies gay  
both lives and fortunes leaves  
To taste what we have truly fowne  
truth never man deceaves.

Thus wishing God will turne the mindes  
of many for to come

And not to live like dormise still  
continually keeping home  
Who ever sees Virginia  
this shall he surely find  
What fit for men and more and than  
a Country man most kind.

## BACON'S EPITAPH.

ANONYMOUS.

Death, why so cruel? What! no other way  
To manifest thy spleen, but thus to slay  
Our hopes of safety, liberty, our all,  
Which, through thy tyranny, with him must fall  
To its late chaos? Had thy rigid force  
Been dealt in retail, and not thus in gross,  
Grief had been silent. Now, we must complain,  
Since thou in him hast more than thousands slain;  
Whose lives and safeties did so much depend  
On him their life, with him their lives must end.  
If't be a sin to think Death bribed can be,  
We must be guilty; say't was bribery  
Guided the fatal shaft. Virginia's foes  
To whom for secret crimes just vengeance owes  
Deserved plagues, dreading their just desert,  
Corrupted Death by Paracelsian art  
Him to destroy; whose well-tried courage such,  
Their heartless hearts, nor arms, nor strength could  
touch.

Who now must heal those wounds, or stop that blood  
The heathen made, and drew into a flood?  
Who is't must plead our cause? Nor trump, nor drum,  
Nor deputations; these, alas, are dumb,  
And cannot speak. Our arms—though ne'er so strong—  
Will want the aid of his commanding tongue,  
Which conquered more than Caesar: he o'erthrew  
Only the outward frame; this could subdue  
The rugged works of nature. Souls replete  
With dull chill cold, he'd animate with heat  
Drawn forth of reason's lymbic. In a word  
Mars and Minerva both in him concurred

For arts, for arms, whose pen and sword alike,  
As Cato's did, may admiration strike  
Into his foes; while they confess withal,  
It was their guilt styled him a criminal.  
Only this difference doth from truth proceed,  
They in the guilt, he in the name must bleed;  
While none shall dare his obsequies to sing  
In deserved measures, until Time shall bring  
Truth crowned with freedom, and from danger free;  
To sound his praises to posterity.

Here let him rest; while we this truth report,  
He's gone from hence unto a higher court,  
To plead his cause, where he by this doth know  
Whether to Caesar he was friend or foe.

## UPON THE DEATH OF G. B.

ANONYMOUS.

Whether to Caesar he was friend or foe?  
Pox take such ignorance, do you not know?  
Can he be friend to Caesar, that shall bring  
The arms of hell to fight against the king?  
(Treason, Rebellion), then what reason have  
We for to wait upon him to his grave,  
There to express our passions? Wilt not be  
Worse than his crimes, to sing his elegy  
In well-tuned numbers, where each Ella bears  
(To his flagitious name) a flood of tears?  
A name that hath more souls with sorrow fed,  
Than wretched Niobe single tears e'er shed;  
A name that filled all hearts, all ears, with pain,  
Until blest fate proclaimed Death had him slain.  
Then how can it be counted for a sin  
Though Death (nay though myself) had bribed been,  
To guide that fatal shaft? We honor all  
Who lend a hand unto a traitor's fall.  
What though the well-paid Rochit soundly ply  
And box the pulpit into flattery;  
Urging his rhetoric and strained eloquence,  
To adorn unconfined filth and excrements;  
Though the defunct (like ours) ne'er tried  
A well intended deed until he died?  
'T will be nor sin nor shame for us to say  
A two-fold passion checker-works this day  
Of joy and sorrow; yet the last doth move  
On feet impotent, wanting strength to prove  
(Nor can the art of logic yield relief)  
How joy should be surmounted by our grief.

Yet that we grieve it cannot be denied,  
But 't is because he was, not 'cause he died.  
So wept the poor, distressed Ilium dames  
Hearing those named, their city put in flames,  
And country ruin'd. If we thus lament,  
It is against our present joys' consent.  
For if the rule in physics true doth prove,  
Remove the cause, the effect will after move,  
We have outliv'd our sorrows; since we see  
The causes shifting of our misery.  
Nor is't a single cause, that's slipped away,  
That made us warble out, a well-a-day.  
The brains to plot, the hands to execute  
Projected ills, Death jointly did non-suit  
At his black bar. And what no bail could save  
He hath committed prisoner to the grave;  
From whence there's no reprieve. Death, keep him  
close,  
*We have too many devils still go loose.*

## A BALLAD

Addressed to the Revd Members of the Convocation  
Held at Man's Ordinary, at  
WILLIAMSBURG & VIRGINIA  
To Defend Govr Nicholson & Form an Accusation Against  
COMMISSARY BLAIR.

ANONYMOUS.

Bless us what dismal times are these,  
What stars are in conjunction,  
When Priests turn Sycophants to please,  
And Hair brained Passion to appease,  
Dare Prostitute their Function.

Sure all the Furies must combine,  
To sway the Convocation,  
When 17 Clergymen should join,  
Without one word of Proof to Sign,  
So false an accusation.

Or rather some for interest,  
And hopes of next preferment,  
By false pretences finely dress'd,  
Slyly imposed upon the rest,  
To sign on their averment.

First Whatley heads the Revd tribe,  
Among the Chiefest Actors,  
A Tool no pencil can describe,  
Who sells his conscience for a bribe,  
And slights his benefactors.



Sober & Meek under disgrace,  
As better Fate deserving,  
Now he's advanc'd he soaks his face,  
And spurns at those that wrought his peace,  
And kept the rogue from starving.

Portlock the Cotqueen of the Age,  
Deserves the Second Station,  
A Doubty Clerk and Revd Sage,  
Who turns his Pulpit to a Stage,  
And banters reformation.

Rude to his wife, false to his friend,  
A Clown in Conversation,  
Who rather, than he'd be confined,  
To either to be just or kind,  
Would sign his own damnation.

Corah comes next, that Sturdy Swain,  
A bawling Pulpit hector,  
A Preacher of Hugh Peters, vain,  
That Sacred writ can twist and strain,  
To flatter his Protector.

A sot abandoned to his Paunch,  
Prophane without temptation,  
Who, flames of jealousy to quench  
Creeps in a Corner with his wench,  
And makes retaliation.

Then in comes Ware with fudling school,  
Well warm'd and fit for action,  
A mongrell, partly color'd, tool,  
Equally mix'd of Knave & fool,  
By Nature prone to Faction.

Faint hearted Smith like Æsop's bat,  
Both Birds & Beasts reject him,  
With his blue vest & Cock'd up hat,  
He signed and threatened God knows what,  
But now pleads *non est factum*.

These few accomplished Sparks we're told,  
Were chief at that convention,  
Whose innocence was basely sold,  
And Guilt & Infamy grown bold,  
Laid Ground work for Contention.

The Tavern was the place they chose,  
To hold their consultation,  
Where each one drank a lusty dose,  
His Stupid Coxcombe to dispose,  
To form the accusation.

Good Store of Bristol Beer and Stout,  
By dozens was expended,  
The Glass went merrily about,  
Some Sung & others swore and fought,  
And so the farce was ended.

Blest state to which the orders sunk,  
A happy reformation,  
Now without fear they may be drunk,  
And fight & swear & keep a Punk,  
And laugh at deprivation.

## LINES.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Oh Ye Gods why should my Poor Resistless Heart  
Stand to oppose thy might and Power  
At Last surrender to cupids feather'd Dart  
and now lays Bleeding every Hour  
For her that's Pityless of my grief and Woes  
And will not on me Pity take  
He sleep amongst my most inveterate Foes  
And with gladness never wish to wake  
In deluding sleepings let my Eylids close  
That in an enraptured Dream I may  
In a soft lulling sleep and gentle repose  
Possess those joys enjoyed by Day.

## TRUE HAPPINESS.

ANONYMOUS.\*

These are the things which once possessed  
Will make a life that's truly blessed:  
A good estate on healthy soil,  
Not got by vice, nor yet by toil;  
Round a warm fire a pleasant joke,  
With chimney ever free from smoke;  
A strength entire, a sparkling bowl,  
A quiet wife, a quiet soul,  
A mind as well as body whole;  
Prudent simplicity, constant friends,  
A diet which no art commends;  
A merry night without much drinking,  
A happy thought without much thinking;  
Each night by quiet sleep made short;  
A will to be but what thou art;  
Possessed of these all else defy,  
And neither wish nor fear to die.

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\* See page 43.

## ANACREONTIC.\*

### A GENTLEMAN OF VIRGINIA.

Old Poets sing the Dame, to Stone  
Converted by *Jove's* radiant Son:  
How *Progne* builds her clayey cell  
In Chimnies, where she once did dwell.  
For me, (did Fate permit to use,  
Whatever Forms our Fancies chuse)  
I'd be my lovely *Sylvia's* Glass,  
Still to reflect her beauteous Face;  
I'd be the pure and limpid Wave,  
In which my Fair delights to lave;  
I'd be her Garment, still to hide  
Her snowy Limbs, with decent Pride;  
I'd be the Girdle, to embrace  
The gradual Taper of her Wast;  
I'd be her Tippet, still to press  
The snowy Velvet of her Breast;  
But if the rigid Fates denied  
Such Ornaments of Grace and Pride,  
I'd be her very Shoe, that she  
With scornful Tread might trample me.

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\* From the volume, *Poems on Several Occasions*, by a Gentleman of Virginia. Williamsburg, 1736. Reprint, 1920. Cf. pages 44, 45.

## THE PAPER MILL.

INSCRIBED TO MR. PARKS.

Tho' sage Philosophers have said,  
    *Of nothing, can be nothing made:*  
Yet much thy Mill, O Parks, brings forth  
From what we reckon *nothing worth*.  
Hail kind *Machine!*—The Muse shall praise  
Thy Labours, that receive her Lays.  
Soon as the *Learn'd* denounce the War  
From prating Box, or wrangling Bar,  
Straight, Pen and Paper range the Fight;  
They meet, they close, in Black and White.  
The Substances of what we think,  
Tho' born in *Thought*, must live in *Ink*.  
Whilst willing *Mem'ry* lends her Aid,  
She finds herself by *Time* betray'd.  
Nor can thy Name, Dear *Molly*, live  
Without those Helps the Mill must give;  
The Sheet now hastens to declare,  
How lovely Thou, and—my Despair.

Unwitting Youths, whose Eyes or Breast,  
Involve in Sighs, and spoil of Rest;  
Unskill'd to say their piteous Case,  
But miss the Girl for want of *Brass*,  
May paint their Anguish on the Sheet;  
For Paper cannot blush, I weet.  
And *Phillis* (for Bissextile Year  
Does only once in Four appear,  
When Maids, in dread to lie alone  
Have Leave to bid the men *come on*),  
Each Day may write to lure the Youth  
She longs to wed, or fool, or—both.

Ye *Brave*, whose Deeds shall vie with Time,  
Whilst Mill can turn, or Poet rhyme,

Your Tatters hoard for future Quires;  
So Need demands, so *Parks* desires.  
(And long that gen'rous Patriot live  
Who for soft Rags, hard Cash will give!)  
The Shirt, Cravat, the Cap, again  
Shall meet your Hands, with *Mails* from *Spain*;  
The *Surplice*, which, when whole or new,  
With Pride the Sexton's Wife could view,  
Tho' worn by Time and gone to rack,  
It quits its Rev'rend Master's Back;  
The same again the Priest may see  
Bound up in Sacred Liturgy.

Ye *Fair*, renown'd in *Cupid's* Field,  
Who fain would tell what Hearts you've killed;  
Each Shift decay'd, lay by with Care;  
Or Apron rubb'd to bits at—Pray'r,  
One Shift ten Sonnets may contain,  
To gild your Charms, and make you vain;  
One Cap, a *Billet-doux* may shape,  
As full of Whim, as when a Cap,  
And modest 'Kerchiefs Sacred held  
May sing the Breasts they once *conceal'd*.

Nice *Delia's* Smock, which, neat and whole,  
No Man durst finger for his Soul;  
Turned to *Gazette*, now all the Town,  
May take it up, or smooth it down.  
Whilst *Delia* may with it dispence,  
And no Affront to Innocence.

The Bards, besure, their Aids will lend;  
The Printer is the Poet's Friend;  
Both cram the News, and stuff the Mills,  
For Bards have Rags, and—little else.

Your humble Servant,

*J. Dumbleton.*

## AN ODE.

BY N. S.

### I.

Exalted Muse in Mystic Lays  
Of Ancient Masons, sing the Praise,  
Where social Love and Concord, Joined  
To all the Virtues of the Mind,  
Unite in mutual Secrecy  
To Shew the power of Masonry.

### II.

When fruitful Nature did produce  
All Creatures fit for human use,  
Then Man, the noblest Fabrick, raised  
The work the Almighty Builder pleased,  
Five Orders in his Form agree,  
To shew the Power of Masonry.

### III.

When Thoughts profound, of Wisdom's Light,  
Did our Great Ancestors excite  
The glorious Temple first to frame,  
To celebrate Jehovah's name,  
Then Heaven-inspired they did agree.  
To join in Confraternity.

### IV.

The ancient Secret silent rests  
In the recesses of our Breasts.  
Not worlds of Time will ever shew  
What None but Heav'n and Masons Know.  
Then Brothers let our Harmony  
Display the Sweets of Masonry.



## BOTETOURT ODE.

(RECITATIVE)

Virginia, see, thy Governor appears!  
The *peaceful olive* in his brow he wears!  
Sound the shrill trumpets, beat the rattling drums;  
From *Great Britannia's* isle his Lordship comes.  
Bid Echo from the waving *woods* arise,  
And joyful acclamations reach the skies;  
Let the loud *organs* join their tuneful roar,  
And bellowing *cannons* rend the pebbled shore:  
Bid smooth *James River* catch the cheerful sound,  
And roll it to *Virginia's* utmost bound;  
While *Rappahannock* and *York's* gliding stream,  
Swift shall convey the sweetly pleasing theme  
To distant *plains*, where pond'rous *mountains* rise,  
Whose cloud-capp'd verges meet the bending skies.

The Lordly prize the *Atlantic* waves resign,  
And now, *Virginia*, now the blessing's thine:  
*His* listening ears will to your *trust* attend,  
And be your Guardian, Governor, and Friend.

(AIR)

He comes: his Excellency comes,  
To cheer *Virginian* plains!  
Fill your brisk bowls, ye loyal sons,  
And sing your loftiest strains.  
Be this your glory, this your boast,  
Lord Botetourt's the favorite toast;  
Triumphant wreaths entwine;  
Fill full your bumpers swiftly round,  
And make your spacious rooms rebound  
With music, joy, and wine.

(RECITATIVE)

Search every garden, strip the shrubby bowers,  
And strew *his* path with sweet autumnal flowers!  
Ye *virgins*, haste, prepare the fragrant rose,  
And with triumphant laurels crown *his* brows.

(DUET)

*Enter Virgins with flowers, laurels, &c.*

See, we've stript each flowery bed;  
Here's laurels for his lordly head;  
And while *Virginia* is *his* care,  
May *he* protect the virtuous *fair*.

(AIR)

Long may he live in *health* and *peace*,  
And ev'ry hour *his joys* increase.  
To this let ev'ry swain and lass  
Take the sparkling, flowing glass;  
Then join the sprightly dance, and sing,  
*Health* to our Governor, and God *save the King*.

(VIRGINS)

*Health* to our Governor.

(BASS SOLO)

*Health* to our Governor.

(CHORUS)

*Health* to our Governor, and God *save the King*!

## A LESSON.

ANONYMOUS.

In Buckingham a sprightly boy,  
His father's hope, his mother's joy,  
    A painted snake espy'd:  
He seized the brute, with features blithe,  
O'erjoy'd to see him twine and writhe;  
    He smil'd, was stung, and dy'd.  
We oft mistake the path to bliss,  
    The flowery way pursue,  
Attain some dreadful precipice,  
    And fall adown it too.

## THE BATTLE OF POINT PLEASANT.

ANONYMOUS.

Let us mind the tenth day of October,  
Seventy-four, which caused woe,  
The Indian savages they did cover  
The pleasant banks of the Ohio.

The battle beginning in the morning,  
Throughout the day it lashed sore,  
Till the evening shades were returning down  
Upon the banks of the Ohio.

Judgment precedes to execution,  
Let fame throughout all dangers go,  
Our heroes fought with resolution  
Upon the banks of the Ohio.

Seven score lay dead and wounded  
Of champions that did face the foe,  
By which the heathen were confounded,  
Upon the banks of the Ohio.

Col. Lewis and some noble captains,  
Did down to death like Uriah go,  
Alas! their heads wound up in napkins,  
Upon the banks of the Ohio.

Kings lamented their mighty fallen  
Upon the mountains of Gilboa,  
And now we mourn for brave Hugh Allen,  
Far from the banks of the Ohio.

O bless the mighty King of Heaven  
For all his wondrous works below,  
Who hath to us the victory given,  
Upon the banks of the Ohio.

## MOORE'S LAMENTATION.

ANONYMOUS.

Assist me with words, Melpomene, assist me with skill  
to impart  
The dolorous sorrow and pain that dwelt upon every  
heart,  
When Moore and his infantile throng the savages  
cruel did slay.  
His wife they led captive along; with murmuring  
voice she did say,  
"Farewell! ye soft bowers so green, I'll traverse these  
valleys no more,  
Beside yon murmuring stream lies bleeding the man I  
adore,  
And with him my sweet innocent babes, these barbarous  
Indians have slain,  
Were I but in one of their graves, then I would be  
free from my pain."  
Once more on them she cast her eyes and bade them  
forever farewell,  
Deep sobs from her bosom did rise, while she thus in  
anguish did wail.  
The heathen her sorrows to crown, led her without  
further delay,  
A victim to their Shawnee towns, and now comes her  
tragical day.  
A council upon her was held, and she was condemned  
for to die;  
On a rock they a fire did build, while she did their  
torments espy;  
With splints of light wood they prepared to pierce  
in her body all round,  
Her flesh for to mangle and tear. With sorrow she  
fell to the ground,

But her senses returning again, the mercy of God did  
implore,  
"Thou Saviour that for me wast slain and bathed in  
a bloody gore,  
Have mercy now on me in death, and Heaven will  
sing forth thy praise  
Soon as I have yielded my breath in a raging fiery  
blaze."  
Then to her destruction proceeds each cruel blood-  
thirsty hell-hound;  
With lightwood they cause her to bleed, streaming  
from every wound.  
The smoke from her body doth rise; she begs for  
their pity in vain;  
These savages hear her cries, and with dancing laugh  
at her pain.  
Three days in this manner she lay, tormented and  
bleeding the while,  
But God his mercy displayed, and on her with pity  
did smile,  
Growing angry at their cruel rage her soul would no  
longer confine,  
Her torments he soon assuaged, and in praise she her  
breath did resign.  
Let each noble, valorous youth, pity her deplorable  
end,  
Awhile from your true loves part; join me each  
brother and friend,  
For I have been where cannons roared and bullets did  
rapidly fly,  
And yet I would venture once more, the Shawnees to  
conquer or die.

## A LADY'S ADIEU TO HER TEA TABLE.

ANONYMOUS.

Farewell the Tea Board, with its gaudy Equipage,  
Of Cups and Saucers, Cream Bucket, Sugar Tongs,  
The pretty Tea Chest also lately stor'd  
With Hyson, Congo, and Best Double Fine.  
Full many a joyous Moment have I sat by ye  
Hearing the Girls' Tattle, the Old Maids talk Scandal,  
And the spruce Coxcomb laugh at—may be—Nothing.  
No more shall I dish out the once lov'd Liquor,  
Though now detestable [it is to me],  
Because I'm taught (and I believe it true)  
Its use will *fasten slavish Chains upon my Country*,  
And Liberty's the Goddess I would choose  
To reign triumphant in America.

## VIRGINIA BANISHING TEA.

BY A YOUNG WOMAN OF VIRGINIA.

Begone, pernicious, baneful tea,  
With all Pandora's ills possessed,  
Hyson, no more beguiled by thee  
My noble sons shall be oppressed.

To Britain fly, where gold enslaves,  
And venal men their birth-right sell;  
Tell *North* and his bribed clan of knaves,  
Their bloody acts were made in hell.

In Henry's reign those acts began,  
Which sacred rules of justice broke;  
*North* now pursues the hellish plan,  
To fix on us his slavish yoke.

But we oppose, and will be free,  
This great good cause we will defend;  
Nor bribe, nor Gage, nor North's decree,  
Shall make us "at his feet to bend."

From Anglia's ancient sons we came;  
Those heroes who for freedom fought;  
In freedom's cause we'll match their fame,  
By their example greatly taught.

Our king we love, but North we hate,  
Nor will to him submission own;  
If death's our doom, we'll brave our fate,  
But pay allegiance to the throne.

Then rouse, my sons! from slavery free  
Your suffering homes; from God's high wrath;  
Gird on your steel; give *liberty*  
To all who follow in our path.



## VIRGINIA HEARTS OF OAK.

J. W. HEWLINGS.

Come rouse up my lads, and join in this great cause,  
In defence of your liberty, your property, and laws!  
'Tis to honor we call you, stand up for your right,  
And ne'er let our foes say we are put to the flight.

For so just is our cause, and so valiant our men,  
We always are ready, steady boys, steady;  
We'll fight for our freedom again and again.

The Scotch politicians have laid a deep scheme,  
By invading America to bring Charlie in;  
And if the Scotch mist's not removed from the Throne,  
The Crown's not worth wearing, the Kingdom's un-  
done.

The Placemen and Commoners have taken a bribe  
To betray their own country, and the empire beside,  
And though the Colonies stand condemned by some,  
There are no rebels here, but are traitors at home.

The arbitrary Minister he acts as he please,  
He wounds our constitution, and he breaks through  
our laws;  
His troops they are landed, his ships they are moor'd,  
But boys all stand together, they will fall by the  
sword.

The great magna charta is wounded severe;  
By accounts from the Doctors, 'tis almost past cure.  
Let's defend it with the sword, or die with the braves,  
For we had better die in freedom than live and be  
slaves.

They tax us contrary to reason and right,  
Expecting that we are not able to fight;  
But to draw their troops home I do think would  
be best,  
For Providence always defends the opprest.

The valiant Bostonians have entered the field,  
And declare they will fall there before they will yield:  
A noble example! In them we'll confide,  
We'll march to their town and stand or fall by their  
side.

An Union through the colonies will ever remain,  
And ministerial taxation will be but in vain;  
For we are all resolved to die or be free;  
So they may repeal the acts, for repeal'd they must be.

For so just is our cause, and so valiant our men,  
We are always ready, steady boys, steady;  
We'll fight for our freedom again and again.

## SOLILOQUY OF KING RICHARD II, DURING HIS CAPTIVITY.

ANONYMOUS.

Where are you fled, ye worthless, venal throng,  
Whose fulsome flatteries sooth'd my vain desires?  
Who, with lascivious dance and wanton song,  
Within my bosom fann'd unhallow'd fires?  
For you my faithful subjects long sustain'd  
The cruel rigour of despotic sway:  
Of your oppressions, though they oft complain'd,  
Yet still you led me more and more astray!  
When to my throne their injuries they preferr'd,  
By you advis'd their suff'rings to deride,  
With supercilious ear their plaints I heard,  
Or with repulsive scorn their suit deny'd!  
To infamy consign'd, my hated name  
With sanguine deeds shall blot th' historic page;  
My dire mishap shall be the poet's theme,  
To warn the tyrant of some future age.

## THE BATTLE OF TRENTON.

GENERAL GEORGE WEEDON.

On Christmas-day in seventy-six,  
Our ragged troops, with bayonets fixed,  
For Trenton marched away.  
The Delaware see! the boats below!  
The light obscured by hail and snow!  
But no signs of dismay.

Our object was the Hessian band,  
That dared invade fair freedom's land,  
And quarter in that place.  
Great Washington he led us on,  
Whose streaming flag, in storm or sun,  
Had never known disgrace.

In silent march we passed the night,  
Each soldier panting for the fight,  
Though quite benumbed with frost.  
Greene on the left at six began,  
The right was led by Sullivan  
Who ne'er a moment lost.

Their pickets stormed, the alarm was spread,  
That rebels risen from the dead  
Were marching into town.  
Some scampered here, some scampered there,  
And some for action did prepare;  
But soon their arms laid down.

Twelve hundred servile miscreants,  
With all their colors, guns, and tents,  
Were trophies of the day.  
The frolic o'er, the bright canteen,  
In center, front, and rear was seen  
Driving fatigue away.

Now, brothers of the patriot bands,  
Let's sing deliverance from the hands  
Of arbitrary sway.  
And as our life is but a span,  
Let's touch the tankard while we can,  
In memory of that day.

## THE BELLES OF WILLIAMSBURG.

JAMES McCLURG AND ST. GEORGE TUCKER.

Wilt thou, advent'rous pen, describe  
The gay, delightful, silken tribe,  
That maddens all our city;  
Nor dread, lest while you foolish claim  
A near approach to beauty's flame,  
Icarus' fate may hit ye.

With singed pinions tumbling down,  
The scorn and laughter of the town,  
Thou'lt rue thy daring flight;  
While every miss with cool contempt,  
Affronted by the bold attempt,  
Will, tittering, view thy plight.

Ye girls, to you devoted ever,  
The object still of our endeavour  
Is somehow to amuse you;  
And if instead of higher praise,  
You only laugh at these rude lays,  
We'll willingly excuse you.

Advance then each illustrious maid,  
In order bright, to our parade,  
With beauty's ensigns gay;  
And first, two nymphs who rural plains  
Forsook, disdaining rustic swains,  
And here exert their sway.

Myrtilla's beauties who can paint?  
The well turned form, the glowing teint,  
May deck a common creature;

But who can make th' expressive soul  
With lively sense inform the whole,  
And light up every feature?

At church Myrtilla lowly kneels,  
No passion but devotion feels,  
No smiles her looks environ;  
But let her thoughts to pleasure fly,  
The basilisk is in her eye  
And on her tongue the Syren.

More vivid beauty...fresher bloom,  
With teints from nature's richest loom  
In Sylvia's features glow;  
Would she Myrtilla's arts apply,  
And catch the magic of her eye,  
She'd rule the world below.

See Laura, sprightly nymph, advance,  
Through all the mazes of the dance,  
With light fantastic toe;  
See laughter sparkle in her eyes—  
At her approach new joys arise,  
New fires within us glow.

Such sweetness in her look is seen,  
Such brilliant elegance of mien,  
So jauntie and so airy;  
Her image in our fancy reigns,  
All night she gallops through our veins,  
Like little Mab the fairy.

Aspasia next, with kindred soul,  
Disdains the passions that control  
Each gentle pleasing art;

Her sportive wit, her frolic lays,  
And graceful form attract our praise,  
And steal away the heart.

We see in gentle Delia's face,  
Expressed by every melting grace,  
The sweet complacent mind;  
While hovering round her, soft desires,  
And hope gay smiling fan their fires,  
Each shepherd thinks her kind.

The god of love mistook the maid,  
For his own Psyche, and 'tis said  
He still remains her slave;  
And when the boy directs her eyes  
To pierce where every passion lies,  
Not age itself can save.

With pensive look and head reclined,  
Sweet emblems of the purest mind,  
Lo there Cordelia sits;  
On Dion's image dwells the fair—  
Dion the thunderbolt of war,  
The prince of modern wits.

Not far removed from her side,  
Statira sits in beauty's pride,  
And rolls about her eyes;  
Thrice happy for the unwary heart,  
That affectation blunts the dart  
That from her quiver flies.



Whence does that beam of beauty dawn?  
What lustre overspreads the lawn?

What suns those rays dispense?  
From Artemisia's brow they came,  
From Artemisia's eyes the flame  
That dazzles every sense.

At length, fatigued with beauty's blaze,  
The feeble muse no more essays  
Her picture to complete;  
The promised charm of younger girls,  
When nature the gay scene unfurls,  
Some happier bard shall treat.

## RESIGNATION.

ST. GEORGE TUCKER.

Days of my youth,  
Ye have glided away;  
Hairs of my youth,  
Ye are frosted and gray;  
Eyes of my youth,  
Your keen sight is no more;  
Cheeks of my youth,  
Ye are furrowed all o'er;  
Strength of my youth,  
All your vigor is gone;  
Thoughts of my youth,  
Your gay visions are flown.

Days of my youth,  
I wish not your recall;  
Hairs of my youth,  
I'm content ye should fall;  
Eyes of my youth,  
You much evil have seen;  
Cheeks of my youth,  
Bathed in tears have you been;  
Thoughts of my youth,  
You have led me astray;  
Strength of my youth,  
Why lament your decay?

Days of my age,  
Ye will shortly be past;  
Pains of my age,  
Yet awhile can ye last;  
Joys of my age,  
In true wisdom delight;

Eyes of my age,  
Be religion your light;  
Thoughts of my age,  
Dread ye not the cold sod;  
Hopes of my age,  
Be ye fixed on your God.

## FOURTH OF JULY VERSES, 1807.

ST. GEORGE TUCKER.

Tyrant! again we hear thy hostile voice,  
Again, upon our coasts, thy cannon's roar,  
Again, for peace, thou leavest us no choice,  
Again we hurl defiance from our shore.

Hast thou forgot the day when Warren bled,  
Whilst hecatombs around were sacrificed?  
Hast thou forgot thy legions captive led,  
Thy navies blasted by a foe despised?

Or think'st thou, we've forgot our brothers slain,  
Our aged fathers weltering in their gore?  
Our widowed mothers on their knees, in vain,  
Their violated daughters' fate deplore?

Our friends, in prison-ships and dungeons chained,  
To summer's suns and winter's frost exposed;  
Insulted, starved, amidst disease detained,  
Till death the fatal scene of horrors closed!

Our towns in ashes laid, our fields on fire,  
Our wives and children flying from the foe!  
Ourselves in battle ready to expire,  
Yet struggling still to strike another blow!

Know then, this day recalls to us the whole:  
And hear our solemn and determined voice;  
In vain, proud tyrant, shall thy thunders roll,  
Since, once more, death or victory's our choice.

# THE HUMBLE PETITION OF A COUNTRY POET.

ANONYMOUS.

Now liberty is all the plan,  
The chief pursuit of every man,  
Whose heart is right, and fills the mouth  
Of patriots all, from north to south;  
May a poor bard, from bushes sprung,  
Who has but yet to rustics sung,  
Address your honorable House,  
And not your angry passions rouse?

Hark! for a while your business stop;  
One word into your ears I'll drop:  
No longer spend your needless pains,  
To mend and polish o'er our chains;  
But break them off before you rise,  
Nor disappoint our watchful eyes.

What say great Washington and Lee?  
"Our country is, and must be free."  
What says great Henry, Pendleton,  
And Liberty's minutest son?  
'Tis all one voice. . . they all agree,  
"God made us, and we must be free."  
Freedom we crave with every breath,  
An equal freedom, or a death.

The heavenly blessing freely give,  
Or make an act we shall not live.  
Tax all things; water, air, and light,  
If need there be; yea, tax the *night*,  
But let our brave heroic minds  
Move freely as celestial winds.

Make voice and folly feel your rod,  
But leave our consciences to God:  
Let each man free to choose his form  
Of piety, nor at him storm.

And he who minds the civil law,  
And keeps it whole without a flaw,  
Let him, just as he pleases, pray,  
And seek for heav'n in his own way;  
And if he miss, we all must own,  
No man is wrong'd but he alone.

## TRANSLATION.

GENERAL LEWIS LITTLEPAGE.

Fuscus, the man whose quiet heart  
No conscious crimes molest,  
Needs not the Moor's envenomed dart  
To guard his guiltless breast.

Safe may he range Getulia's sands,  
Virtue and truth his guides;  
Or where the desert Carma stands,  
Or fam'd Hydaspes glides.

Late as I ranged the Sabine grove,  
Beyond my usual bounds;  
Whilst void of care I sung my love,  
In soft melodious sounds,

Sudden I met (without defence)  
A wolf in fierceness bred;  
But, awed by peaceful innocence,  
The savage monster fled.

Not thirsty Lybia's scorching fields,  
Where tawny lions feed,  
Nor warlike Daunia's dreary wilds  
So dire a monster breed.

Remove me far from cheerful day  
To night and endless shades,  
Where not a bright celestial ray  
The awful gloom pervades,

Or place me near the solar blaze,  
Beneath the burning zone,  
Where no refreshing breeze allays  
The influence of the sun,

Still shall the memory of my love,  
Her soft enchanting smile,  
Her tuneful voice my cares remove,  
And all my woes beguile.



## MARY'S DREAM.

JOHN LOWE.

The moon had climbed the highest hill  
Which rises o'er the source of Dee,  
And from the eastern summit shed  
Her silver light on tower and tree,  
When Mary laid her down to sleep,  
Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea,  
When, soft and slow, a voice was heard,  
Saying, "Mary, weep no more for me!"

She from her pillow gently raised  
Her head, to ask who there might be,  
And saw young Sandy shivering stand,  
With visage pale, and hollow e'e.  
"O Mary dear, cold is my clay;  
It lies beneath a stormy sea.  
Far, far from thee I sleep in death;  
So, Mary, weep no more for me!

"Three stormy nights and stormy days  
We tossed upon the raging main;  
And long we strove our bark to save,  
But all our striving was in vain.  
Even then, when horror chilled my blood,  
My heart was filled with love for thee:  
The storm is past, and I at rest;  
So, Mary, weep no more for me!

“O maiden dear, thyself prepare;  
We soon shall meet upon that shore,  
Where love is free from doubt and care,  
And thou and I shall part no more!”  
Loud crowed the cock, the shadow fled,  
No more of Sandy could she see;  
But soft the passing spirit said,  
“Sweet Mary, weep no more for me!”

## ELEGY

*On the Death of Michael Young.*

SAMUEL HARDY.

The curtain's drawn—the awful scene is past—  
My once respected friend has breathed his last.  
Exhausted nature sinks into repose,  
A long, long sleep his feeble eyelids close.  
Terrific death with all its dire parade,  
A conquest of his mortal part has made.  
Cold are those hands that tuned the pleasing lyre,  
That rais'd the hero's ardor, and the patriot's fire,  
That made old age awhile forget its years,  
And eased the restless mind from anxious cares;  
That soothed, enraptured, or distressed the mind,  
Brightened the genius, and the soul refined;  
Harmonious numbers never more to sound.  
Alas! he's gone; he moulders in the ground.  
Pale is the cheek that wore the blooming youth,  
Silent the tongue that spoke the voice of truth.  
Dried are those tears that ne'er refused to flow  
In tender sympathy for another's woe—  
Breathless the breast that glowed with filial love  
For earthly parents and his God above.  
Nor need we end the patriot here:  
He was the tender brother, and the friend sincere.  
From virtuous precepts to virtuous arts inclined,  
His thoughts exalted, and serene his mind.  
But death tyrannic aimed the fatal dart—  
It flew unerring, and it reached the heart.  
He fell beneath the cruel tyrant's power,  
Nipped in his bloom, like some fair vernal flower.

But why lament? Why draw the far-fetched sigh?  
We all are mortal, and we all must die.  
His mortal part has felt the tyrant's sway;  
To happier climes his soul has winged its way.  
On seraph wings he took a rapid flight,  
And seraph-like now revels in delight.  
Why then dread death? Why fear to pass o'er  
The gulf that parts us from that happy shore?  
Where death stalks not in horrible array,  
Enrobed in terrors that produce dismay,  
But through verdant fields the kindred spirits glide,  
And flowery landscapes charm on every side,  
Whilst youth immortal blooms on every cheek  
With endless joy, and happiness complete.

ON MY BIRTHDAY, 28th FEB., 1798.

JUDGE JOHN TYLER.

This day my years count fifty-one,  
So swift my chequer'd time flies on;  
Too soon my pleasures have an end,  
Too long my wayward cares depend.  
But time well managed, though severe,  
May prove, in truth, my friend sincere;  
And teach me how my latter days,  
In peace may close as life decays.  
Be then my thoughts, while here below,  
Employed on Heaven, not earthly show;  
So, when prepared, be called on high,  
To that blessed mansion in the sky.  
Then will I cheerfully resign,  
My life, my soul, to things divine;  
And mount with eagle's wings above,  
Once more behold my long lost Love;  
There to remain in spiritual life,  
With her, my dear, departed wife;  
Who crowned my days with so much bliss,  
That angels envied my caress,  
And called her to high Heaven's abode,  
To rank with saints and live with God.

## THE AMERICAN STAR.

JOHN MCCREERY.\*

Come strike the bold anthem, the war-dogs are  
howling,

Already they eagerly snuff up their prey,  
The red clouds of war o'er our forests are scowling,  
Soft peace spreads her wings and flies weeping  
away;

The infants afrighted cling close to their mothers,  
The youth grasp their swords; for the combat  
prepare,

While beauty weeps, fathers and lovers and brothers  
Who rush to display the American star.

Come blow the shrill bugle—the loud drum awaken—

The dread rifle seize—let the cannon deep roar;  
No heart with pale fear, or faint doubtings be shaken,  
No slave's hostile foot leaves a print on our shore;  
Shall mothers, wives, daughters, and sisters left weep-  
ing,

Insulted by ruffians, be dragg'd to despair!  
Oh, no—from her hills the proud eagle comes  
sweeping,

And waves to the brave the American star.

The spirits of Washington, Warren, Montgomery,  
Look down from their clouds, with bright aspects  
serene;

Come soldiers a tear, and a toast to their memory,  
Rejoicing they'll see us as they once have been;

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\* See pp. 76, 77.

To us the high boon by the Gods has been granted,  
To spread the glad tidings of liberty far;  
Let millions invade us, we'll meet them undaunted  
And conquer or die by the American star.

Your hands then, dear comrades, round liberty's altar,  
United, we swear by the souls of the brave!  
Not one from the strong resolution shall falter,  
To live independent, or sink to the grave!  
Then freemen fill up—Lo! the striped banners flying,  
The high birds of liberty scream through the air,  
Beneath her oppression and tyranny dying—  
Success to the beaming American star.

## BURK'S GARDEN GRAVE.

JOHN DAVIS.

("John Daly Burk fell in a duel, at Petersburg, Virginia, and lies buried in the garden of General Jones's villa, about a mile from the town.")

I climbed the high hills of the dark Appomattox,  
The stream poured its waters the wild woods among;  
All was still, save the dash of the surge from the white  
rocks,

Where the sea-fowl indulged in his tremulous song.  
On my right, where the poplars with fair branches  
gleaming,

Half embosom the high-vaulted villa of Jones,  
On the tombstone of Daly the liquid sun streaming  
Marked the spot, where the bard had found rest  
for his bones.

Oh, rare is the spot, hung with clustering roses,  
Where Virginia's sweet minstrel is gone to his rest,  
For the sun's parting ray on his grave oft reposes,  
And the redbreast delights there to build her soft  
nest.

And oft shall the damsels with bosoms high swelling,  
Whose ruby lips sweetly his soft stanzas sing,  
Dejected repair to the bard's narrow dwelling,  
And deck the raised turf with the garlands of spring.



## EVENING AT OCCOQUAN.

*An Ode.*

JOHN DAVIS.

Slow the solemn sun descends,  
Ev'ning's eye comes rolling on;  
Glad the weary stranger bends  
To the Banks of Occoquan!

Now the cricket on the hearth,  
Chirping, tells his merry tale;  
Now the owlet ventures forth  
Moping to the silent gale.

Still the busy mill goes round,  
While the miller plies his care;  
And the rocks send back the sound,  
Wafted by the balmy air.

Lo! the moon with lustre bright,  
In the stream beholds her face;  
Shedding glory o'er the night,  
As she runs her lofty race.

See the bark along the shore,  
Larger to the prospect grow;  
While the sea-boy bending o'er  
Chides the talking waves below.

Now the mocking-songster's strain  
Fills the pauses of her brood;  
And her plaints the ear detain,  
Echoing from the distant wood.

Hanging o'er the mountain's brow,  
Lo! the cattle herbage find;  
While in slumber sweet below,  
Peaceful rests the village hind.

Now the student seeks his cell,  
Nor regrets the day is gone;  
But with silence loves to dwell,  
On the Banks of *Occoquan*.

## LINES

*(from the pen of one of the Poets of Petersburg, Virginia.)*

How sweet on the mountains, when heath bells are  
    glowing,  
    To wander & list to the busy wild bees;  
Or stray thro' the grove, where wild flowers are  
    growing,  
And catch the rich odours that float on the breeze!

Tho' sweet be the breeze from the bosom of roses,  
    Enchanting the hum of wild bees on the hill—  
O Mary, my Mary, far sweeter than those, is,  
    Far purer than dew gems that shine o'er the rill.

Nor the glow of the pink, nor the snow of the lily,  
    Can match her soft cheek—O, the beam of her eyes!  
When she flies on the wings of a Sylph thro' the  
    valley,  
To glad the poor cottage where misery lies.

O Daughter of Beauty, Compassion's fair blossom,  
    Can pity, soft pity alone thy heart move?  
O come and repose thy young cares in my bosom;  
    I'll cherish them there till they bloom into love.

## VERSES IN MEMORY OF RICHARD MEADE.

REV. MR. WILEY.

The heart that beat for public weal,  
Where justice held her steady way,  
Where glow'd the flame of patriot zeal,  
Is now a lump of inert clay.  
But memory often shall rejoice,  
With pensive pleasure, to retrace  
His form, the accents of his voice,  
And every valued mental grace.  
His social gayety, whose flow  
Could pleasure ever new impart;  
His candour, which could never bow  
To veil in dark disguise the heart;  
His goodness, active, ardent, great,  
And prompt the sufferer's wants to aid;  
These, whilst the pulse of life shall beat,  
Will never from remembrance fade.

## LAFAYETTE.

DOLLY MADISON.

Born, nurtured, wedded, prized, within the pale  
Of peers and princes, high in camp—in court—  
He hears, in joyous youth, a wild report,  
Swelling the murmurs of the Western gale,  
Of a young people struggling to be free!  
Straight quitting all, across the wave he flies,  
Aids with his sword, wealth, blood, the high emprise!  
And shares the glories of its victory.  
Then comes for fifty years a high romance  
Of toils, reverses, sufferings, in the cause  
Of man and justice, liberty and France,  
Crowned, at the last, with hope and wide applause.  
Champion of freedom! Well thy race was run!  
All time shall hail thee, *Europe's noblest Son!*

## LINES

*Written on the Walls of Old Blandford Church, Petersburg,  
Virginia.*

ELIZA L. HENING SCHERMERHORN.

Thou art crumbling to the dust, old pile,  
Thou art hastening to thy fall;  
And round thee in thy loneliness  
Clings the ivy to the wall;  
The worshippers are scattered now  
Who knelt before thy shrine,  
And silence reigns where anthems rose  
In days of old lang syne.

And sadly sighs the wandering wind,  
Where oft in years gone by  
Prayer rose from many hearts to Him,  
The highest of the high;  
The tread of many a noiseless foot  
That sought thy aisles is o'er,  
And many a weary heart around  
Is still forevermore.

How doth ambition's hope take wing!  
How droops the spirit now!  
We hear the distant city's din;  
The dead are mute below.  
The sun that shone upon their paths  
Now gilds their lonely graves;  
The zephyr which once fanned their brows  
The grass above them waves.

Oh, could we call the many back  
Who've gathered here in vain,—  
Who've careless roved where we do now,  
Who'll never meet again;  
How would our very hearts be stirred  
To meet the earnest gaze  
Of the lovely and the beautiful,  
The light of other days.

## THE CHURCH'S PETITION.

MRS. WILLIAM CABELL RIVES.

Ye friends and kind neighbours, in pity draw near,  
And attend to my sorrowful tale;  
Should you grant me but misery's portion—a tear,—  
To my grief-burden'd heart will that tribute be dear,  
While I my misfortunes bewail.

Stern winter is o'er, nor his sway will resume,  
Though sullen and scowling he flies;  
Soft May greets us now, with her beauty and bloom,  
And her whispering airs, breathing varied perfume,  
Bear her incense of flowers to the skies.

All nature is lovely and verdant around;  
New charms to creation are given,—  
From the modest wild violet that droops on the ground  
To the oak in the forest with majesty crown'd  
And proudly arising to heaven.

But, alas! not to me does the season return,  
With reviving and soul-breathing powers.  
While all nature around me is smiling, I mourn  
My glory departed, my aspect forlorn,  
Contrasted with freshness and flowers.

Through my windows dismantled and dreary as night  
The wild birds in my court seek their rest!  
The owl and the bat wheel their ominous flight  
O'er my altar once hallow'd by heaven's own light,  
And there is the swallow's rude nest.



Then pity, kind friends, and your timely aid lend,  
Or soon I shall sink to decay;  
'Build up the waste places,' your Zion befriend,  
And gently on you shall my blessing descend.  
Oh, let me not moulder away!

Should this world e'er forsake you, your friends  
become foes,

While a wreck, tempest-test, you are driven,  
Then fly to my arms, on my bosom repose;  
I can dry every tear, I can soften your woes,  
And lead you triumphant to heaven.

## ON AN INDIAN MOUND.

DABNEY CARR TERRELL.

Can'st say what tenant fills yon grave?  
Oppressor stern, or crouching slave?  
Or gallant chieftain, vainly brave,  
Who for the land he could not save  
Was well content to die?  
Or beauteous maiden in her bloom,  
Who rashly sought an early doom,  
Because unable to resume  
Her lover's heart? or, in the tomb  
Do both united lie?

Or it may be some bard divine,  
Whose lofty lay and polished line,  
By age unthreaten'd with decline,  
A thousand years had seen to shine,  
With still increasing ray;  
When from the north the savage horde  
Of hostile tribes, like torrents poured;  
Sweeping the peasant, throne and lord,  
The shiver'd shield and broken sword,  
Like wither'd leaves away.

Or it may be some victor proud  
Came o'er our world like tempest cloud,  
With blaze as bright and noise as loud,  
Trampling on earth the servile crowd,  
Their wonder and their fear.  
Or it may be some patriot chief,  
Camillus-like, that brought relief,  
Whose clos'd career, Alas! too brief,

Awoke a nation's bursting grief  
To millions justly dear;

Or it may be—but whither springs  
Bold Fancy on her airy wings?  
Unmeasured Time deep darkness flings  
O'er what our fond imaginings  
Try vainly to explore.

Yet this past race has left behind  
A lesson dear to Wisdom's mind;  
In that lone mound, summ'd up, we find  
The story of our wretched kind,  
To be—and be no more.

## SPEED ON, MY VESSEL.

*President JOHN TYLER.*

Speed on, my vessel, speed thee fast,  
Swift o'er the briny sea;  
I am going to my home at last,  
Where there's peace and rest for me.

My bark of life, long tempest tossed,  
Seeks now a place of rest,  
Where memory of the past is lost,  
And sunshine fills my breast.

Now, at the harbor's open gate,  
The anxious eyes are strained;  
The "wee ones" all will sit up late,  
And sigh for me detained.

Then on, my vessel, speed thee fast,  
Swift o'er the briny sea;  
Home rises on my sight at last,  
And *there* is rest for me.

## LINES IN A YOUNG LADY'S ALBUM.

BRANSFORD VAWTER.

I'd offer thee this hand of mine,  
If I could love thee less,  
But hearts so warm, so fond as thine,  
Should never know distress.  
My fortune is too hard for thee,  
'Twould chill thy dearest joy;  
I'd rather weep to see thee free,  
Than win thee to destroy.

I leave thee in thy happiness,  
As one too dear to love—  
As one I think of but to bless,  
As wretchedly I rove.  
And Oh! when sorrow's cup I drink,  
All bitter though it be,  
How sweet 'twill be for me to think,  
It holds no drop for thee.

And now my dreams are sadly o'er,  
Fate bids them all depart,  
And I must leave my native shore,  
In brokenness of heart.  
And Oh, dear one! when far from thee,  
I ne'er know joy again,  
I would not that one thought of me  
Should give thy bosom pain.

## LINES

*On the Old Blandford Church.*

REV. PHILIP SLAUGHTER.

Lone relic of the past! with awe profound,  
And unshod feet, I tread thy holy ground.  
I tremble! By the carol of a bird,  
The falling of a leaf, my soul is stirred:  
A dreadful grandeur seems to shroud this place,  
As though I heard God's voice or saw His face!

Church of my sires! shrine of the sainted dead!  
My heart doth bleed to see thee bow thy head!  
One splintered column holding thee in air,  
Like Jacob leaning on his staff in prayer,  
And uttering blessings with his parting breath  
Ere he sank down into the dust of death.

And must thou fall, thou consecrated Fane?  
And shall no voice of prayer be heard again  
Within thy courts, where oft, in by-gone days,  
Our fathers worshipped God in hymns of praise,  
Breathing into the Majesty on High  
The burning words of our old Liturgy?

Standing between the living and the dead,  
Who sleep beneath the sod on which I tread,  
In my fond fancy thou dost seem to be  
The very type of fabled Niobe,  
Who, ancient story tells us, long ago,  
Did weep herself to stone in voiceless woe.

More costly temples may around thee rise,  
To pierce, with taper pinnacles, the skies;  
Gorgeous with glittering dome and sculptured towers,  
As if the stone had bloomed in giant flowers;  
And yet not one of them has charms for me,  
Like thy mossed roof and green embroidery.

## THE LEAL LAND.

REV. JOHN COLLINS McCABE.

The leal land! the leal land! how beautiful it seems,  
When seen by fancy's chastened glance amid our purer  
dreams;

When the follies of this world of ours, its sorrows and  
its cares,

Have stained the mirror of the soul with many bitter  
tears.

'Tis sweet to contemplate that place where sorrow  
comes no more,

And not a cloud of woe can rise our vision to obscure;  
Where angels' everlasting songs break sweetly on the  
ear,

With those all-hallowed symphonies the soul shall  
leap to hear!

The leal land! the leal land! I see its rich green hills,  
Its blue bright waters leaping in a thousand gushing  
rills;

Its tall trees, oh how lovely! as they bend o'er mur-  
muring waves,

Which roll in silvery volumes from sparkling crystal  
caves.

The leal land! the leal land! shall we know each other  
there,

Who have lived in blessed fellowship in this dark  
world of care?

Shall those we fondly prized on earth their friend-  
ships there renew,

Our own sweet ones we loved below, the faithful and  
the true?



How blessed is the cheering thought, as o'er their  
    graves we bend,  
And drop affection's tribute-tear to the memory of  
    each friend,  
Who passed away to that bright world, so calmly 'mid  
    their pain,  
That in that blest and better land our souls shall  
    meet again!

The leal land! the leal land! where "loved and lost"  
    ones rest:  
The seal of silence on my lip, the clod upon my breast,  
The green grass waving o'er my grave, the little stone  
    to tell  
What pilgrim to those far off hills has bid this world  
    farewell.

Then blessed home of wearied ones! amid your peace-  
    ful bowers,  
With those we loved so fondly here in this cold world  
    of ours,  
No mournful memory shall rise, the soul's calm joy  
    to dim,  
Or mar the hallowed harmonies of Heaven's eternal  
    hymn!

## LINES

*(To one who will understand them.)*

JANE TAYLOR LOMAX WORTHINGTON.

I have been reading, tearfully and sadly,  
The lines we read together long ago,  
When our experience glided on so gladly  
We loved to linger o'er poetic woe.

We both are changed: our lives at least are finding  
Their destiny in silence to endure;  
And the strong ties, our best affections binding,  
Are not the dreamlike ones our hearts once wore.

We live no longer in a world elysian,  
With life's deep sorrow still a thing to taste;  
And we have cast aside a cherished vision,  
With hopes once wildly treasured as our best.

But though the bond that once our hearts united  
Is shattered now—a bright and broken chain,—  
Though other love hath lavishly requited  
That early one, so passionate and vain,—

Still as I read the lines we read together,  
Now hallowed by our parting, bitter tears,—  
As mournfully my spirit questions: "Whither  
Are flown the bright illusions of those years?"

I close the book such vain remembrance bringing  
Of all that now 'twere wiser to forget:—  
Say, are thy thoughts, like mine, still idly clinging  
To those old days of rapture and regret?

## MOONLIGHT ON THE GRAVE.

JANE TAYLOE LOMAX WORTHINGTON.

It shineth on the quiet graves  
Where weary ones have gone;  
It watcheth with angelic gaze,  
Where the dead are left alone,  
And not a sound of busy life  
To the still graveyard comes,  
But peacefully the sleepers lie  
Down in their silent homes.

All silently and solemnly  
It throweth shadows round;  
And every gravestone hath a trace,  
In darkness on the ground.  
It looketh on the tiny mound  
Where a little child is laid;  
And it lighteth up the marble pile  
Which human pride hath made.

It falleth with unaltered ray  
On the simple and the stern,  
As it showeth with a solemn light  
The sorrows we must learn.  
It telleth of divided ties  
On which its beam hath shone;  
It whispereth of heavy hearts  
Which brokenly live on.

It gleameth where devoted ones  
Are sleeping side by side;  
It falleth where the maiden rests  
Who in her beauty died.

There is no grave in all the earth  
That moonlight hath not seen;  
It gazeth cold and passionless  
Where agony hath been.

Yet it is well! That changeless ray  
A deeper thought should throw,  
When mortal love pours forth the tide  
Of unavailing woe;  
It teacheth us no shade of grief  
Can touch the starry sky;  
That all our sorrow liveth here,—  
The glory is on high!

## LIFE IN THE AUTUMN WOODS.\*

PHILIP PENDLETON COOKE.

Summer has gone,  
And fruitful Autumn has advanced so far  
That there is warmth, not heat, in the broad sun,  
And you may look, with naked eye, upon  
    The ardors of his car;  
The stealthy frosts, whom his spent looks embolden,  
    Are making the green leaves golden.

What a brave splendor  
Is in the October air! how rich, and clear,  
And bracing, and all-joyous! We must render  
Love to the Spring-time, with its sproutings tender,  
    As to a child quite dear;  
But Autumn is a thing of perfect glory,  
    A manhood not yet hoary.

I love the woods,  
In this good season of the liberal year;  
I love to seek their leafy solitudes,  
And give myself to melancholy moods,  
    With no intruder near,  
And find strange lessons, as I sit and ponder,  
    In every natural wonder.

But not alone,  
As Shakespeare's melancholy courtier loved Ardennes,  
Love I the browning forest; and I own  
I would not oft have mused, as he, but flown  
    To hunt with Amiens—

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\* From the volume, *Froissart Ballads and Other Poems*.

And little thought, as up the bold deer bounded,  
Of the sad creature wounded.

A brave and good,  
But world-worn knight—soul-wearied with his part  
In this vexed life—gave man for solitude,  
And built a lodge, and lived in Wantley wood,  
To hear the belling hart.  
It was a gentle taste, but its sweet sadness  
Yields to the hunter's madness.

What passionate  
And keen delight is in the proud swift chase!  
Go out what time the lark at heaven's red gate  
Soars joyously singing—quite infuriate  
With the high pride of his place;  
What time the unrisen sun arrays the morning  
In its first bright adorning.

Hark! the quick horn—  
As sweet to hear as any clarion—  
Piercing with silver call the ear of morn;  
And mark the steeds, stout Curtal and Tophorne,  
And Greysteil and the Don—  
Each one of them his fiery mood displaying  
With pawing and with neighing.

Urge your swift horse  
After the crying hounds in this fresh hour;  
Vanquish high hills, stem perilous streams perforce,  
On the free plain give free wings to your course,  
And you will know the power  
Of the brave chase,—and how of griefs the sorest  
A cure is in the forest.

Or stalk the deer;  
The same red lip of dawn has kissed the hills,  
The gladdest sounds are crowding on your ear,  
There is a life in all the atmosphere:—

Your very nature fills  
With the fresh hour, as up the hills aspiring  
You climb with limbs untiring.

It is a fair  
And goodly sight to see the antlered stag  
With the long sweep of his swift walk repair  
To join his brothers; or the plethoric bear  
Lying in some high crag,  
With pinky eyes half closed, but broad head shaking,  
As gadflies keep him waking.

And these you see,  
And, seeing them, you travel to their death  
With a slow, stealthy step, from tree to tree,  
Noting the wind, however faint it be.  
The hunter draws a breath  
In times like these, which, he will say, repays him  
For all care that waylays him.

A strong joy fills  
(A joy beyond the tongue's expressive power)  
My heart in Autumn weather—fills and thrills!  
And I would rather stalk the breezy hills  
Descending to my bower  
Nightly, by the sweet spirit of Peace attended,  
Than pine where life is splendid.

## DEATH AND THE CHURCH BELL.\*

WILLIAM S. FORREST.

Death held his cruel, frightful sway,  
In that dread time of woe,  
And fearfully, by night and day,  
He laid his victims low.

The doors were closed, the merchants gone,  
Or, sick, or lying dead,  
While nurse and doctor hurried on  
To the sufferer's dying bed.

And on the streets and river side  
Had ceased the city's din;  
The grave-yard gates were open wide,  
And the dead were crowded in.

And still thy voice, "old belfry bell,"  
Rang out both sad and drear,  
Like the tolling of a funeral knell,  
To the lonely mourner's ear.

For soon the church was vacant, too;  
For the pastor lingering lay,  
And the sexton ceased his work to do—  
The sexton old and gray.

Thy tongue, at last, was still, old bell,  
But the pond'rous chain was wound,  
And the hammer of the old clock fell,  
And still kept up the sound.

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\* See page 90.



In every vacant thoroughfare—  
The river's surface o'er,  
The echoes floated in the air  
And reached the southern shore.

And dolefully and solemnly,  
In measured notes and slow,  
Thy voice still wakes the memory  
To the fearful time of woe.

## TO BESSY BELL.

REV. JAMES A. WADDELL.

("As introductory to the following lines, written in his youth by the Rev. James A. Waddell, D.D., we state for the information of readers not acquainted with the locality, that the Western Lunatic Asylum is at the western base of Bessy Bell, and the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind is on a neighboring knoll, in full view.")

Now Bessy Bell, why should you swell,  
With such a *towering* air?  
Why thus look down on all the town,  
And frown upon the fair?

'Tis true, you're tall, but that's not all—  
You're ugly, big, and bold;  
You're bald and bare, and some e'en dare  
To whisper you are *old*.

Grizzly old maid, you're much decayed  
(My pencil shall not flatter),  
And one may guess, your style of dress  
Can never mend the matter.

Your taste prefers a *cap* and *spurs*  
To all the forms of fashion,  
And you must own a heart of *stone*,  
Insensible of passion.

But, dear Miss Bell, the Muse must tell  
Your virgin boast and pride—  
How minds that roam find health and home,  
And welcome by your side.

*Reason* beguiled, like a lost child,  
By *Fancy's* false pretences,  
Upon your lap just takes a nap,  
And wakes up in her senses.

The *Deaf* and *Blind* have found you kind,  
The *Dumb*, too, speak your praises;  
The *weather-wise* neglect the skies  
To watch your varying phases.

All, all, speak well of you, Miss Bell;  
Nature her favor shows,  
Washing your face with earliest grace  
And spanning thee with *bows*.

Now, Bessy, sure, you'll frown no more,  
Since lovers are not few;  
At least you'll smile at morn a while,  
When *Sol* begins to woo.

And Day grown old, with tints of gold,  
Perhaps may light thy face;  
And silvery Night may crown thy height  
With ornaments of grace.

## TO THE POTOMAC RIVER.

HENRY BEDINGER.

Wee Potomac, 'mid the mountains,  
Prattling, toddling like a child,  
Nourished by the singing fountains,  
Feeding thee with music wild.

Sweet Potomac, adolescent,  
Rushing recklessly along,  
Or, like youth when Love is present,  
Rippling with a dreamy song.

Grand Potomac, monarch River,  
Claiming tribute everywhere,  
From thy vassals who deliver,  
Willingly, each one his share.

Noble River, onward flowing,  
Through rugged pass, or quiet glade,  
Where the grim old forests growing  
Gloom thy waters with their shade.

Softly moving—moving only,  
Where the fertile meadow teems,  
Roaring through the mountains lonely,  
Where the eagle soars and screams.

Gently now, and calm as maiden,  
Undisturbed by Love, may be,  
Now, with wrath and fury laden,  
Whirling madly to the sea.

Now thy full, free volume rolling  
Where the village spire ascends,  
Now, of city bells the tolling  
With thy softer music blends.

In thine anger, calling loudly  
To the rocks thy shores upon,  
But in the silence marching proudly  
By the tomb of Washington.

Noble River! I am praying  
Once again thy banks to see,  
Where from morn till evening straying  
My young footsteps wont to be.

Where, with one, since passed to Heaven,  
I have culled such precious flowers,  
As, alas! are rarely given  
To this weary life of ours.

Ah, when this sad life is ended—  
This dull dream of pain is o'er—  
When my heart with dust is blended  
Let me rest upon thy shore.

## TO MARY.

JOHN ARCHER CLARKE.

Absent from thee, the hours roll by  
Like wearied camels on their march  
Across great deserts, dusty and dry,  
From winds that wither, suns that parch:  
In dreams, 'tis true, we fondly meet;  
Thy gentle hand I sometimes press,  
And what to me is far more sweet,  
I melt in thy soft and pure caress.

But this is dreaming, and I wake  
To see myself deceived—deluded;  
To see these bright imaginings break  
Away, as though they had intruded;  
Like foreign birds I've often seen,  
While wending on their journeys long,  
Who stop awhile on tree and green,  
Then seek their native land of song.

Absent from thee, I would that I  
In thy young presence, by thy side,  
Not knowing grief or pain or sigh,  
Could engage thy heart, thy hope, thy pride.  
With thee forever—my companion thou—  
Thine to love—thy love requite—  
To keep inviolate our mutual vow,  
Would be my fondest, chief delight.

I never loved till when my gaze  
Met thine so tranquil, sweet, and pure;  
Ah, me! I thought to spend my days  
With her were happiness to secure.

Thy face and form! they seemed to me  
Ideal beauty, such as mine eye  
Had ne'er before been taught to see,—  
The reality of art and poetry.

Then we met—thy form and face  
Like Hebe's chiselled, but more fair,  
Became forgot in the purer grace  
Of mind and heart—those virtues rare.  
I felt I loved—my bosom thrilled;  
My thoughts arose to endless joy;  
My reveries now seemed all fulfilled,  
The dreams I've had since when a boy.

Canst thou repel me, then, when I  
Shall ask the favor of thy hand;  
Or let fond *yes* be thy reply  
And make me yours to love—command?  
To live with thee—enjoy through time  
A summer time, rose-clad and bright,  
Like that we read in poet's rhyme,  
An Aidenn world—all, all, delight!

## THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

ST. GEORGE TUCKER.

Oh! say, can you see, through the gloom and the storm,  
More bright for the darkness, that pure constellation?  
Like the symbol of love and redemption its form,  
As it points to the haven of hope for the nation.  
How radiant each star, as the beacon afar,  
Giving promise of peace, or assurance in war;  
'Tis the Cross of the South which shall ever remain  
To light us to freedom and glory again!

How peaceful and blest was America's soil  
Till betrayed by the guile of the Puritan demon,  
Which lurks under Virtue, and springs from its coil,  
To fasten its fangs in the life-blood of freemen.  
Then boldly appeal to each heart that can feel,  
And crush the foul viper 'neath Liberty's heel,  
And the Cross of the South shall in triumph remain  
To light us to freedom and glory again.

'Tis the emblem of peace, 'tis the day star of hope,  
Like the sacred Labarum that guided the Roman;  
From the shore of the Gulf to the Delaware's slope,  
'Tis the trust of the free, and the terror of foemen.  
Fling its folds to the air, while we boldly declare  
The rights we demand or the deeds that we dare;  
While the Cross of the South shall in triumph remain  
To light us to freedom and glory again.



And if peace should be hopeless and justice denied,  
And war's bloody vulture should flap its black pinions,  
Then gladly to arms! while we hurl in our pride,  
Defiance to tyrants and death to their minions!  
With our front in the field, swearing never to yield,  
Or return, like the Spartan, in death on our shield!  
And the Cross of the South shall triumphantly wave  
As the flag of the free or the pall of the brave.

## JACKSON, THE ALEXANDRIA MARTYR.

DR. WILLIAM H. HOLCOMBE.

'Twas not the private insult galled him most,  
But public outrage of his country's flag,  
To which his patriotic heart had pledged  
Its faith as to a bride. The bold, proud chief,  
Th' avenging host, and the swift-coming death  
Appalled him not. Nor life with all its charms,  
Nor home, nor wife, nor children could weigh down  
The fierce, heroic instincts to destroy  
The insolent invader. Ellsworth fell,  
And Jackson perished 'mid the pack of wolves,  
Befriended only by his own great heart,  
And God approving. More than Roman soul!  
O type of our impetuous chivalry!  
May this young nation ever boast her sons  
A vast, and inconceivable multitude,  
Standing, like thee in her extremest van,  
Self-poised and ready, in defence of rights  
Or in revenge of wrongs, to dare and die!

## RALLYING SONG OF THE VIRGINIANS.

SUSAN ARCHER TALLEY.

Now rouse ye, gallant comrades all,  
And ready stand, in war's array,—  
Virginia sounds her battle call,  
And gladly we obey.  
Our hands upon our trusty swords,  
Our hearts with courage beating high,—  
We'll fight as once our fathers fought,  
To conquer or to die!

Adieu, awhile to loving eyes,  
And lips that breathe our names in prayer;  
To them our holiest thoughts be given,  
For them our swords we bare!  
Yet linger not when honor calls,  
Nor breathe one sad, regretful sigh,—  
Defying fate, for love we'll live,  
Or for our country die!

No tyrant hand shall ever dare  
Our sacred Southern homes despoil,  
No tyrant foot shall e'er invade  
Our free Virginia soil.  
Lo! from her lofty mountain peaks,  
To plains that skirt the Southern seas,  
We fling her banner to the winds,  
Her motto on the breeze!

We hear the roll of stormy drums,  
We hear the trumpet's call afar!  
Now forward, gallant comrades all,  
To swell the ranks of war;  
Uplift on high our battle cry,  
Where fiercest rolls the bloody fight;  
*"Virginia! for the Southern cause,  
And God defend the Right!"*

## THE BATTLE EVE.

SUSAN ARCHER TALLEY.

I see the broad, red, setting sun  
Sink slowly down the sky;  
I see, amid the cloud-built tents,  
His blood-red standard fly;  
And meek, meanwhile, the pallid moon  
Looks from her place on high.

Oh, setting sun, awhile delay!  
Linger on sea and shore;  
For a thousand eyes now gaze on thee,  
That shall not see thee more;  
A thousand hearts beat proudly now,  
Whose race, like thine, is o'er!

Oh, ghastly moon! thy pallid ray  
On paler brows shall lie!  
On many a torn and bleeding heart,  
On many a glazing eye;  
And breaking hearts shall live to mourn,  
For whom 'twere bliss to die!

## PATRIOTIC SONG.

DR. JOHN W. PAINE.

Rise, rise, mountain and valley men,  
Bald sire and beardless son, each come in order,  
True loyal patriots, muster and rally, men;  
Drive the invader clear over the border;  
Down from the mountain steep, up from the valley  
deep,  
Come from the city, the town, and the village,  
Let every loyal heart in the strife take a part,  
Rescue our country from rapine and pillage.

Men of the valley, descendants of heroes—  
Heroes whom Washington honored and trusted—  
Heirs of the fame and the hills of your fathers,  
Men who have never been daunted or worsted;  
Long, like all true men, we cherished the Union,  
Long did we strive for our country's salvation;  
Now when our very existence is threatened,  
Rush to the rescue without hesitation.

Say, shall we suffer the ruthless invader  
O'er our fair valley to marshal his legions?  
Loud calls Virginia, let every man aid her—  
Aid her, and thus show his truth and allegiance.  
Hark to the battle-cry, rush on to victory!  
Banished forever be party and faction;  
Let every loyal man rush to be in the van,  
Led by the dauntless, the conqueror, Jackson.

## THE CAVALIER'S GLEE.

CAPTAIN CHARLES M. BLACKFORD.

Spur on! spur on! we love the bounding  
Of barbs that bear us to the fray;  
"The charge" our bugles now are sounding,  
And our bold Stuart leads the way.

The path to honor lies before us,  
Our hated foemen gather fast;  
At home bright eyes are sparkling for us,  
And we'll defend them to the last.

Spur on! spur on! we love the rushing  
Of steeds that spurn the turf they tread;  
We'll through the Northern ranks go crushing,  
With our proud battle-flag o'erhead.

Spur on! spur on! we love the flashing  
Of blades that battle to be free;  
'Tis for our sunny South they're clashing,—  
For household gods and liberty.

The path to honor lies before us,  
Our hated foemen gather fast;  
At home bright eyes are sparkling for us,  
And we'll defend them to the last.

## THE BURIAL OF CAPTAIN O. JENNINGS WISE.

'ACCOMAC'.

Mournfully the bells are tolling,  
And the muffled drums are rolling  
With a sad and dreary echo,  
Through Richmond's crowded street;  
And the dead march slowly pealing,  
On the solemn air now stealing,  
Hushing every lightsome feeling,  
Our saddened senses greet;  
And a look of settled sorrow  
Is on every face we meet.

To his last, long home they're bearing  
One, whose many deeds of daring,  
One, whose noble, high-toned spirit  
Has endeared him to us all;  
Now, his sleep shall know no waking,  
Now, his rest shall have no breaking,  
And no more, amid war's thunders,  
Shall his soldiers hear his call.  
He has laid aside his armor,  
And his banner is his pall!

But his deeds will never slumber,  
For we'll ever proudly number  
Him among the brave who perished  
Struggling for our liberty;  
And Virginia, when she's weeping  
O'er the sons that now are sleeping  
On her bosom, shall forget not  
That he died to set her free;  
And graven on her sacred tablets  
Shall his name forever be.



## THE BROKEN MUG.

JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

My mug is broken, my heart is sad!

What woes can Fate still hold in store?  
The friend I cherished a thousand days  
Is smashed in pieces on the floor!  
Is shattered and to Limbo gone,  
I'll see my mug no more!

Relic it was of joyous hours,  
Whose golden memories still allure—  
When coffee made of rye we drank,  
And gray was all the dress we wore!  
When we were paid some cents a month,  
But never asked for more!

In marches long, by day and night,  
In raids, hot charges, shocks of war,  
Strapped on the saddle at my back,  
This faithful comrade still I bore—  
This old companion, true and tried,  
I'll never carry more!

From the Rapidan to Gettysburg—  
"Hard bread" behind, "sour krout" before—  
This friend went with the cavalry,  
And heard the jarring cannon roar  
In front of Cemetery Hill—  
Good heavens! how they did roar!

Then back again, the foe behind,  
Back to the "Old Virginia shore"—  
Some dead and wounded left—some holes  
In flags, the sullen "graybacks" bore;  
This mug had made the great campaign,  
And we'd have gone once more!

Alas! we never went again;  
The red-cross banner, slow but sure,  
"Fell back"—we bade to sour krout  
(Like the lover of Lenore)  
A long, sad, lingering farewell—  
To taste its joys no more.

But still we fought, and ate hard bread,  
Or starved—good friend, our woes deplore!  
And still this faithful friend remained—  
Riding behind me as before—  
The friend on march, in bivouac,  
When others were no more.

How oft we drove the horsemen blue  
In summer bright or winter froze!  
How oft before the Southern charge  
Through field and wood the "blue-birds" tore!  
I'm "harmonized," but long to hear  
The bugles ring once more.

O, yes! we're all "fraternal" now,  
Purged of our sins, we're clean and pure;  
Congress will "reconstruct" us soon—  
But no gray people on that floor!  
I'm harmonized—"so-called"—but long  
To see those times once more!

Gay days! the sun was brighter then,  
And we were happy, though so poor!  
That past comes back as I behold  
My shattered friend upon the floor—  
My splintered, useless, ruined mug,  
From which I'll drink no more.

How many lips I'll love for aye,  
While heart and memory endure,  
Have touched this broken cup and laughed—  
How they did laugh!—in days of yore!  
Those days we'd call "a beauteous dream"  
If they had been no more!

Dear comrades, dead this many a day,  
I see you weltering in your gore  
After those days, amid the pines,  
On the Rappahannock shore!  
When the joy of life was much to me,  
But your warm hearts were more!

Yours was the grand heroic nerve  
That laughs amid the storm of war—  
Souls that "loved much" your native land,  
Who fought and died therefor!  
You gave your youth, your brains, your arms,  
Your blood—you had no more!

You lived and died true to your flag,  
And now your wounds are healed—but sore  
Are many hearts that think of you,  
Where you have "gone before."  
Peace, comrade! God bound up those forms—  
They are "whole" forevermore!

Those lips this broken vessel touched,  
His, too!—the man we all adore—  
That cavalier of cavaliers,  
Whose voice will ring no more—  
Whose plume will float amid the storm  
Of battle nevermore!

Not on this idle page I write  
That name of names, shrined in the core  
Of every heart! peace! foolish pen,  
Hush! words so cold and poor!  
His sword is rust; his blue eyes dust,  
His bugle sounds no more!

Never was cavalier like ours!  
Not Rupert in the years before!  
And when his stern, hard work was done,  
His griefs, joys, battles o'er,  
His mighty spirit rode the storm,  
And led his men once more!

He lies beneath his native sod,  
Where violets spring, or frost is hoar;  
He recks not—charging squadrons watch  
His raven plume no more!  
That smile we'll see, that voice we'll hear,  
That hand we'll touch no more!

My foolish mirth is quenched in tears:  
Poor fragments strewed upon the floor,  
Ye are the types of nobler things  
That find their use no more—  
Things glorious once, now trodden down—  
That make us smile no more!

Of courage, pride, high hopes, stout hearts—  
Hard, stubborn nerve, devotion pure,  
Beating his wings against the bars  
The prisoned eagle tried to soar!  
Outmatched, o'erwhelmed, we struggled still—  
Bread failed—we fought no more!

Lies in the dust the shattered staff  
That bore aloft on sea and shore,  
That blazing flag, amid the storm!  
And none are now so poor,  
So poor to do it reverence,  
Now when it flames no more!

But it is glorious in the dust,  
Sacred till time shall be no more:  
Spare it, fierce editors! your scorn—  
The dread "Rebellion's" o'er!  
Furl the great flag—hide cross and star,  
Thrust into darkness field and bar,  
But look! across the ages far  
It flames forevermore!

## THE BAND IN THE PINES.

(Heard after Pelham died.)

JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

Oh, band in the pine-wood, cease!  
Cease with your splendid call;  
The living are brave and noble,  
But the dead were bravest of all!

They throng to the martial summons,  
To the loud triumphant strain;  
And the dear bright eyes of long-dead friends  
Come to the heart again.

They come with the ringing bugle,  
And the deep drum's mellow roar;  
Till the soul is faint with longing  
For the hands we clasp no more!

Oh, band in the pine-wood, cease!  
Or the heart will melt in tears,  
For the gallant eyes and the smiling lips  
And the voices of old years!

## THE SOLDIER'S REST.

ROBERT McELDOWNEY

A soldier's rest! 'Tis a fancied thing;  
'Tis a dreamful sleep on a fitful wing;  
A butterfly's touch on a faded flower;  
A moment of sighs in a weary hour;  
A rainbow in the morning sky,  
Which fades to tell of the storm that's nigh.  
A soldier's rest! 'Tis a rest unknown,  
From the torrid clime to the frigid zone.

A soldier's rest! When the strife is done,  
When the battle's lost and the victory's won,  
His face upturned to the starless sky,  
And the light gone out from his staring eye.  
Look on that brow—late worn by care:  
No passion's soul is imaged there;  
For ah! in death there's naught to prove  
Of hope or hate, or fear or love.

A sod no mourner's foot hath prest  
In a silent wood is the soldier's rest;  
A rest through the long and lonely years,  
In a spot unblest by a mother's tears;  
No sculptured stone there marks his bed,  
No sister's rose blooms o'er his head.  
He sleeps alone! alone is blest.  
'Tis Heaven's to mark the soldier's rest.

## LINES.

ROBERT MCELDOWNEY.

For thy love all day I'm sighing  
Like a child;  
For some hidden treasure sighing;  
Far and wild  
Doth my wandering spirit rove.  
But to love  
Only thee  
All my soul in thus agreeing,  
Thou'rt the most delightful being  
That the blessed sense of seeing  
Gives to me.

When the shades of night are round me,  
Dearest love!  
When the spell of sleep hath bound me,  
Like a dove!  
Doth my winged spirit fly  
To the sky,  
Dearest love!  
Where my soul's ideal dwells,  
Where the heavenly music swells,  
And where love's pure fountain wells,  
Far above!

There on angel wings to meet me  
With a kiss!  
Thou dost come and fondly greet me,  
Oh, what bliss  
Doth my raptured spirit feel,  
As I kneel  
At thy feet!



Round me holy lights are gleaming,  
In this blest celestial seeming.  
Thus, if life were spent in dreaming,  
    It were sweet!

## DREAMING IN THE TRENCHES.

WILLIAM GORDON McCABE.

I picture her there in the quaint old room,  
Where the fading fire-light starts and falls,  
Alone in the twilight's tender gloom  
With the shadows that dance on the dim-lit walls.

Alone, while those faces look silently down  
From their antique frames in a grim repose—  
Slight scholarly Ralph in his Oxford gown,  
And stanch Sir Alan, who died for Montrose.

There are gallants gay in crimson and gold,  
There are smiling beauties with powdered hair,  
But she sits there, fairer a thousand-fold,  
Leaning dreamily back in her low arm-chair.

And the roseate shadows of fading light  
Softly clear steal over the sweet young face,  
Where a woman's tenderness blends to-night  
With the guileless pride of a knightly race.

Her small hands lie clasped in a listless way  
On the old *Romance*—which she holds on her knee—  
Of *Tristram*, the bravest of knights in the fray,  
And *Iseult*, who waits by the sounding sea.

And her proud, dark eyes wear a softened look  
As she watches the dying embers fall:  
Perhaps she dreams of the knight in the book,  
Perhaps of the pictures that smile on the wall.

What fancies, I wonder, are thronging her brain,  
For her cheeks flush warm with a crimson glow!  
Perhaps—ah! me, how foolish and vain!  
But I'd give my life to believe it so!

Well, whether I ever march home again  
To offer my love and a stainless name,  
Or whether I die at the head of my men—  
I'll be true to the end all the same.

## JOHN PEGRAM.

WILLIAM GORDON McCABE.

What shall we say now of our gentle knight,  
Or how express the measure of our woe  
For him who rode the foremost in the fight,  
Whose good blade flashed so far amid the foe?

Of all his knightly deeds what need to tell—  
That good blade now lies fast within its sheath—  
What can we do but point to where he fell,  
And, like a soldier, met a soldier's death.

We sorrow not as those who have no hope,  
For he was pure in heart as brave in deed—  
God pardon us, if blind with tears we grope,  
And love be questioned by the hearts that bleed.

And yet—O foolish and of little faith—  
We cannot choose but weep our useless tears—  
We loved him so! we never dreamed that Death  
Would dare to touch him in his brave young years.

Ah! dear bronzed face, so fearless and so bright!  
As kind to friend as thou wast stern to foe—  
No more we'll see thee radiant in the fight,  
The eager eyes—the flush on cheek and brow.

No more we'll greet the lithe, familiar form  
Amid the surging smoke with deaf'ning cheer—  
No more shall soar above the iron storm  
Thy ringing voice in accents sweet and clear.

Aye! he has fought the fight and passed away—  
Our grand young leader smitten in the strife,  
So swift to seize the chances of the fray,  
And careless only of his noble life.

He is not dead but sleepeth! Well we know  
The form that lies to-day beneath the sod  
Shall rise what time the golden bugles blow  
And pour their music through the courts of God.

And there amid our great heroic dead,—  
The war-worn sons of God whose work is done!—  
His face shall shine, as they with stately tread  
In grand review sweep past the jasper throne.

Let not our hearts be troubled! Few and brief  
His days were here, yet rich in love and faith;  
Lord, we believe, help Thou our unbelief,  
And grant Thy servants such a life and death!

## THE MARYLAND LINE.\*

JAMES D. McCABE, JR.

By old Potomac's rushing tide,  
Our bayonets are gleaming;  
And o'er the bounding waters wide  
We gaze, while tears are streaming.  
The distant hills of Maryland  
Rise sadly up before us—  
And tyrant bands have chained our land,  
Our mother proud that bore us.

Our proud old mother's queenly head  
Is bowed in subjugation;  
With her children's blood her soil is red,  
And fiends in exultation  
Taunt her with shame as they bind her chains,  
While her heart is torn with anguish;  
Old mother, on famed Manassas' plains  
Our vengeance did not languish.

We thought of your wrongs as on we rushed,  
'Mid shot and shell appalling;  
We heard your voice as it upward gush'd,  
From the Maryland life-blood falling.  
No pity we knew! Did they mercy show  
When they bound the mother that bore us?  
But we scattered death 'mid the dastard foe  
Till they, shrieking, fled before us.

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\* See page 105.

We mourn for our brothers brave that fell  
On that field so stern and gory;  
But their spirits rose with our triumph yell  
To the heavenly realms of glory.  
And their bodies rest on the hard-won field—  
By their love so true and tender,  
We'll keep the prize they would not yield,  
We'll die, but we'll not surrender.

## THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS.

JOHN O. CROWN.

Oh, warrior children of a war-worn land  
Who carved Confederate fame on heights so grand—  
Who bathed your battle standards in the glory  
That shines adown the aisles of classic story—  
Who reared your valorous deeds in Alps that rise  
O'er sad defeat to shine in Honor's skies;  
Ah, me! that after all the gifts you gave,  
That garland only your lost nation's grave.

Grandly, Oh, Southern nation, dawned the morn,  
When, helmeted with hope and battle-born,  
You girt your land with sabre strokes, the pour  
Of leaden rain, and cannons' thundering roar.  
Your midday splendor, flashing wide and high,  
Led our brave thoughts to soar in faith's sweet sky,  
And all our struggles melted in a dream  
Of victory and peace by freedom's stream.

Alas, then came defeat's sad woful night,  
When all our grand achievements pass'd from sight,  
To reappear a World-Force nevermore  
By hill, and vale, and stream, and wave-washed shore;  
When swords were sheath'd, and war-drums ceased to  
    beat,  
And bannerless you plod with weary feet  
Into the deepening gloom of the unknown,  
Where vanquish'd wander when hope's stars are gone.

Oh, men once marshal'd by the matchless Lee  
Or march'd with "Stonewall's band" to victory—  
Oh, men who follow'd Hampton's waving plume,  
Or saw the gallant Stuart meet his doom—



Oh, men who climb'd the heights all cannon-crown'd  
Though death with fire and thunder rock'd the ground,  
The Warriors of the World rein in their steeds,  
And with admiring gaze salute your deeds.

Fair, sunny land, where strove the hero-hearted,  
Woe toll'd from all our joy-bells when we parted  
With our loved banner on that fatal field  
That saw our martial strength to starving yield;  
While seas are rock'd by storms and mountains stand,  
And thought ascends to realms where words are  
    grand,  
Your fame shall stream across the wide world's  
    pages—  
Ride down in glory through the far-flung ages.

AN EVENING VISIT TO THE LINES AROUND  
PETERSBURG, SEPTEMBER, 1865.

SAMUEL D. DAVIES.

O Silence! Silence! now, when night is near,  
And I am left alone,  
Thou art so strange, so sad, reposing here,  
And all so changed hath grown,  
Where once I knew so much of busy life,  
Through day and night in toil or deadly strife.  
If I *must* weep, oh, tell me is there not  
Some plaintive story breathed into my ear,  
By spirit-whispers from thy voiceless sphere,  
Haunting this sacred spot?  
Unto my soul more sweetly eloquent  
Than words of love on sculptured monument,  
Out speaks yon crumbling parapet where lies  
The broken gun, the idly rusting ball—  
Mementoes of an ill-starred enterprise!  
Rude altar reared for costly sacrifice!  
Vast work of hero-hands, left to thy fall,  
Where are they now, that peerless brotherhood,—  
Who, marshalled here  
That dreadful year,  
In pain and peril still undaunted stood,  
When death rode fiercest on the battle-storm,  
And earth was strewn with many a glorious form?  
And where are they, who when the strife was done,  
With kindly greeting round the camp-fire met,  
And made an hour of mirth from danger won  
Repay the day's stern toil when the slow sun was set?  
Where are they? Let the nameless graves declare,  
In strange, unwonted spots, now frequent seen:  
Alas! who knows *how much* lies buried there:  
What worlds of love, and all that might have been!

The rest are scattered now...I know not where...

And life to each a new employment brings;  
But still *they* seem to gather round me here,  
To whom these places were familiar things:  
Though sundered wide by mountain and by stream,  
Once brothers—still a brotherhood they seem;  
More close united since a common woe  
Hath brought to common thoughts their overthrow.  
Brave hearts and true, in toil and danger tried,

I see them still, as in those glorious years,  
When strong and hopeful, battling side by side,  
All crowned their deeds with praise—and some  
with tears.

'Tis done! the sword is sheathed, the banner furled;  
No sound where late the crashing missile whirled.  
The dead alone are on the battle-plain,  
The living turn them to life's cares again.

O Silence! blessed dreams upon thee wait;  
Here thought and feeling ope their precious store,  
And memory, gathering from the spoils of fate  
Love's scattered treasures, brings them back once  
more.

So would I often dream,  
As up the brightening stream  
Of olden time thought leads me gently on,  
Seeking those better days—not lost, alas! but gone!

## STONEWALL JACKSON'S FALL \*

SALLIE A. BROCK.

Beneath the hope-born "Stars and Bars,"  
That lit the world with glory,  
And gave to History's classic page  
New theme for song and story—  
He towered aloft like comet bright,  
All glowing in mid-heaven,  
Then sank, as might the noonday sun,  
Before had come the even.

Fame bowed to him her crested head,  
And with her laurels bound him;  
While Honor's bright and fadeless wreath  
Of gems immortelle crowned him:  
Victory upon his helmet perched,  
Where'er his glances, beaming,  
Fell o'er the raging storm of strife,  
That flashed with armor's gleaming.

We dared to think, with pagan thought,  
He scarcely could be mortal—  
That death for him would ne'er unclothe  
Its dark and fearful portal;  
But in the zenith's glorious height,  
His star, when brightest shining,  
Went out, in total darkness quenched,  
Without a ray's declining.

We saw him lying cold and still,  
In Death's embrace—so calmly;

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\* See page 108

And on his star-crossed, snowy pall,  
Our briny tears fell warmly:  
Ah! we had prayed 'twould be baptized,  
With his firm hand sustaining,  
He, sponsor in the holy cause  
That Right was brave maintaining;—

For never yet, 'bove battle's blast,  
Had waved this proud labarum;  
Never, this child of Faith and Hope,  
Had thrilled to war's alarum;  
Had ne'er been pierced with shell or ball,  
This emblematic cluster;  
No stain of life blood yet had marred  
Its glistening, snowy lustre.

He looked so like a babe asleep—  
A smile his features lighting,  
Nor recked he that a sullen cloud  
Our Cause was slow benighting;—  
The dreamless sleep that knows no morn,  
Alas! too surely bound him,  
He lay, unconscious of our woe—  
The new-born flag around him!

'Twas meet! for he the Cross had borne  
On many a hard-fought battle—  
And every breath had raised a prayer  
Above War's wildest rattle:  
Unto the Cross, with childlike faith,  
He looked for help—salvation—  
And his mute lips then gave the kiss  
Of holy consecration.

Did ever banner have before  
Such glorious, grand baptism?  
Was ever standard-sheet anoint  
With such immortal chrism?  
'Twas Jackson's blood first stained its folds—  
Oh! gracious exaltation!  
And gave his *pall* unto the world—  
The Banner of his nation.

That pall?—'tis furled, no more to wave  
O'er hearts that "hailed it gladly,"  
O'er hearts that loved it wildly well,  
That loved it—fiercely, madly—  
But all adown the steps of Time,  
Though tattered, grimed, and gory,  
'Twill live in records of the Past,  
An Oriflamme of Glory!

## DESOLATE.

FANNY MURDAUGH DOWNING.

A weight of suffering my spirit seals,  
As I stand of life's sweetest joys bereft;  
No faith, no hoping a solace yields  
To thrilling sorrow, which only feels:  
"To-morrow will prove what to-day reveals.—  
He is taken and I am left,  
And long as the world and this life remain,  
He will never, never come back again!"

I calmly speak and quietly smile,  
As I take up life's burden of bitter grief;  
But memory is gnawing my heart the while,  
With a tooth more keen and a touch more wild  
Than the ravenous beast on the Spartan child;  
A quick, wild anguish beyond relief,  
Which racks me, and whispers amid my pain,  
"He will never, never come back again!"

The years will pass and the seasons flow  
With the changing freight of joy and cares.—  
The spring's sweet promise, the summer's glow,  
Autumn's treasures and winter's snow;  
But never a change nor rest shall I know  
From days of duty and nights of tears,  
From the aching heart and the burning brain—  
"He will never, never come back again!"

## DIXIE.

FANNY MURDAUGH DOWNING.

Created by a nation's glee,  
With jest and song and revelry,  
We sang it in our early pride  
Throughout our Southern borders wide;  
While from ten thousand throats rang out  
A promise in one glorious shout,  
"To live or die for Dixie!"

How well that promise was redeemed  
Is witnessed by each field where gleamed  
Victorious like the crest of Mars,  
The banner of the Cross and Stars;  
The cannon lay our warriors low,  
We fill the ranks, and onward go,  
"To live or die for Dixie!"

To die for Dixie! Oh, how blessed  
Are those who early went to rest,  
Nor knew the future's awful store,  
But deemed the cause they fought for sure  
As heaven itself; and so laid down  
The cross of earth for glory's crown,  
And nobly died for Dixie.

To live for Dixie! Harder part!  
To stay the hand, to still the heart,  
To seal the lips, enshroud the past,  
To have no future—all o'ercast;  
To knit life's broken threads again,  
And keep her mem'ry pure from stain  
This is to live for Dixie!



Belovèd land! belovèd song!  
Your thrilling power shall last as long—  
Enshrined within each Southern soul—  
As Time's eternal ages roll:  
Made holier by the test of years,  
Baptizèd with our country's tears,—  
God and the right for Dixie!

## IMOGEN.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN B. MAGRUDER.

Awake! dearest, wake! 'tis thy lover who calls, Imogen;  
List! dearest, list! the dew gently falls, Imogen;  
Arise to thy lattice, the moon is asleep,  
The bright stars above us their bright vigils keep.

Then fear not, my Imogen,  
Thou'rt dearer than life!  
The heart of the soldier is the home of the wife.  
Imogen,  
The heart of the soldier is the home of the wife.

Thy steed is impatient his mistress to bear, Imogen,  
Home to her lover, on the prairie afar, Imogen,  
Belov'd as a maiden, adored as a wife,  
Thou shalt be forever the star of my life.

Then fear not, my Imogen,  
Thou'rt dearer than life!  
The heart of the soldier is the home of the wife,  
Imogen,  
The heart of the soldier is the home of the wife.

# THE OLD VIRGINIA GENTLEMAN.

DR. GEORGE WILLIAM BAGBY.

## I.

Come listen to another song,  
Should make your heart beat high,  
Bring crimson to your forehead,  
And lustre to your eye.  
It is a tale of olden time,  
Of days long since gone by,  
And of a baron stout and bold  
As e'er wore sword on thigh,  
Like a brave Virginia gentleman  
All of the olden time.

## II.

His castle was his country home  
Hard by the river James,  
Full two hundred servants dwelt around—  
He called them by their names;  
And life to them no hardship was,  
'Twas all things else I ween;  
They were the happiest peasantry  
This world has ever seen,  
Despite the Abolition chevaliers  
All of the northern clime!

## III.

His father drew his trusty sword  
In Freedom's righteous cause,  
Among the gallant gentlemen  
Who made nor stop nor pause

Till they had broken wide apart  
The British bolts and bars,  
And lifted up to Freedom's sky  
The standard of the stars,  
Like true rebellious gentlemen  
All of that manly time.

#### IV.

He never owned a foreign rule,  
A master he would scorn;  
Trained in the Revolution's school,  
To Liberty was born!  
And when they asked him for his oath,  
He touched his war-worn blade,  
And pointed to his lapel gray,  
That bore the blue cockade!  
Like a straight-out States' Rights gentleman,  
All of that trying time.

#### V.

And then the words rang through the land,  
"Coercion is to be!"  
"Coercion of the free?"  
That night the dreadful news was spread  
From mountains to the sea;  
And our old baron rose in might  
Like a lion from his den,  
And rode in haste across the hills  
To join the fighting men,  
Like a staunch Virginia gentleman,  
All of the olden time.

## VI.

He was the first to fire the gun  
When Sumter was assailed,  
He it was who life disdained  
When our great cause had failed,  
And ever in the van of fight  
The foremost still he trod,  
Until on Appomattox' height  
He gave his soul to God,  
Like a good Virginia gentleman,  
All of the olden time.

## VII.

Ah! never shall we know again  
A heart so stout and true;  
The olden times have passed away,  
And weary are the new.  
The fair white rose has faded  
From the garden where it grew,  
And no fond tears save those of heaven  
The glorious bed bedew  
Of the last Virginia gentleman,  
All of the olden time!

## FILL JOANSES. A MONEFUL DITTE.

DR. GEORGE WILLIAM BAGBY.

When I wuz yung and in my priem,  
I had sum meat uppun my boanses;  
I loss it all in sick weeks' time,  
At a place they call Fill Joanses.

Too and 20 year agoe it were—  
I cack'late it by my groanses—  
That I set 4th from Linchbug toun  
On a vizzit to Fill Joanses.

Miss Bobry, she wuz with me, too,  
And Wilyum, bruther of Fill Joanses,  
Miss Jessie, with her eye so blue—  
Wuz all a-stayin at Fill Joanses.

'Twuz in the good old days of ole—  
We was Monnuks on our throanses—  
The crap was wuth its weight in gole,  
At the plais they call Fill Joanses.

Fillup then were but a boy,  
And Sedden toddlin oar the stoanses,  
He help us to compleet our joy  
While a-stayin at Fill Joanses.

Big Mister Willis at the mill,  
*He* had sum meat uppon *his* boanses;  
Frank Gnawl, he clum the red-clay hill,  
And farmer John cum down to Joanses.

Miss Mary Stannud, she was thar—  
How mellojus was her toanses!  
Anuther gearl that had black har,  
And menny mo', wuz at Fill Joanses.

Sech dinin out and dinin in,  
Sech drivin o'er the rocky stoanses!  
My soul! I think it were a sin,  
The way they liv'd aroun Fill Joanses.

Sech lamb and jelly—everything—  
But I were usen to corn poanses;  
Fat mutton wuz the truck—by jing!—  
That laid me out at Fillup Joanses.

For from that day untoo this hour—  
The sartin fack to all well known is—  
My stummuk, she have loss her power,  
And leff it all at Fillup Joanses.

Dyspepsy are a fearful ill;  
'Tis made of grunts and made of groanses;  
No tiem will settle that ar bill  
That I cuntrackted at Fill Joanses.

My days is past in constunt pain,  
My nites in everlastin moanses;  
And oft I cuss, and cuss in vain,  
That fatal summer at Fill Joanses.

But sert'ny I duz luv to eet—  
Man warn't made to live on stoanses;  
And now I know 'twuz hard to beat  
That blessid summer at Fill Joanses.

Ah! tiems is sadly changed since then;  
The Yanks has got us for thar oanses;  
Thar's not a man, not one in ten,  
Livs like they lived at Fillup Joanses.

Bad as I feel, ef I could bring  
Them days agin, I'd heish my groanses;  
I'd fill my stummuk with mint sling,  
And dine wunst mo' at Fillup Joanses.

The good ole man is livin still,  
As young as ever in his boanses;  
Lass tiem I clum the red-clay hill,  
They had good eatin at Fill Joanses.

So mote it be, so mote it be,  
Twell deth shall heish up all our groanses;  
For not twell then will I agree  
To eat no mo' at Fillup Joanses.



## A POT FULL OF GOLD.

C. CONWAY BAKER.

At the foot of the rainbow, I heard as a child, lies  
a wonderful pot full of gold.  
The people who said so sat wisely, and smiled the  
smile of the ones who are old;  
While I, little fellow, believed in that tale and went  
hunting when grasses hung wet,  
And the weeds drooped their heads just after the gale  
and the sun was preparing to set.

Yet I never found it, that pot full of gold which lay  
at the radiant feet  
Of the rainbow, but now though I'm wise, being old,  
the path I remember is sweet,  
For it lies through the lilies that bow their fair heads  
to the soft benediction of rain,  
And fragrant the flowery mead that it threads on its  
way to the Quest That is Vain.

How near was the rainbow when arched on the storm  
it spread its bright colors serene,  
When youth's trusting fancies were vivid and warm  
and the earth was all golden and green.  
But the sun went away and the birds went to rest  
in the twilight which banished the dream,  
And I lost in the gloom of the fast fading west  
all sight of the pot's golden gleam.

Youth is gone and I'm learned in the lessons of life,  
and smile wisely myself with the old  
At childish ambition, illusion and strife and searching  
for mythical gold;

I'm glad ne'er the less that the arch of the bow still  
spans for the children of men  
A sky which is rich with the magical glow that lured  
and enchanted me then.

## IN THE MAGNOLIA GARDENS.

JAMES C. BARDIN.

### I.

All the air grows luminous and the slumbering,  
dreaming midnight  
Stirs and breathes memorial fragrance from the  
scented winds that pass,  
As upon the wind-kissed river steals a pleated band  
of moonlight  
And a trembling lace of shadow forms upon the  
silvered grass.  
In a delicate, dark trace-work, seeming carved of  
ebony  
Spreading oak and somber cypress loom against the  
brightening sky,  
And the moss upon their branches waves, a grey mist  
in the gloom,  
Where a stately, tall magnolia guards an alabaster  
bloom.

As the glow increases 'neath the trees that tower,  
Soon appear the pathways bordered with azalea,  
Where wistaria scatters bloom in purple shower  
Mingled with the petals of japonica;—  
And as lingering shadows to the pale beams yield,  
In a haze of moon-mist the garden is revealed,  
And sight is mazed with color as the flowers are  
swayed  
Amid the leaves like gems on blowing tresses laid.

While thus the woodways brighten  
And dark places lighten,  
Music murmurs here—  
Leaves purr on the trees;

And below, around,  
Rise the voices of the ground,  
Afar, anear—  
Rise to join the slender sound  
Made by the lapping of the river,  
By the clicking reeds ashiver  
And the rustling grass aquiver  
At the touch of the stealthy breeze;—  
And the endless, pulsing beat of a host of gauzy  
wings  
Adds a measure keenly sweet to the melody that  
rings—  
Half-heard melody that rises—melody that swells  
and passes,  
Mingled notes of wind and river, tuneful notes of  
leaves and grasses,  
And the ceaseless, murmurous voices of the least of  
singing things.

## II.

Here, while music lingers,  
And the moonlight's fingers  
Part the leaves to touch the blooms,  
The night begins to weave, amid her glooms,  
A web of dreams; and here  
There come to pace the long parterre,  
Which fronts the lake and wanders where the shade is,  
The invisible forms of those  
Who laid this garden at the river's edge,  
And who, 'mid shrub and hedge  
And jasmine blowing and deep-scented rose,  
Once walked with languid ladies  
Along this flowered way.

So, too, the continuous hum of insects ringing  
Oft comes to be a far more deadly singing  
Than the small tunes that whirring wings essay.  
And the ear perceives the sound of swift lead  
winging—

Menacing, clear—

Like angry bees through battle-stricken air—  
Bees that sucked honey from the heart's red flower  
And stung with death that life, one time so fair,  
So lavish of its love, so gentle of its power,  
That blossomed here.

### III.

Slow clouds drift over the moon,  
And as her light fades out on river and lagoon,  
Above the wingèd singing swells the croon  
Of ancient trees that moan to the veiled sky.

Even the rose nods heavily  
As though she dreamed, and dreaming, felt her sigh,  
Kissed by soft hidden lips beneath the ground—  
And her thick-twined roots about red iron wound  
Vex her with memories of pain, and sound  
Of the thunderous tramp and the ghastly shocks  
of war.

And where the lilies are  
A sweet, sad music, as of rain afar  
Tinkling on water, falls on listening ears  
Like remembered sound of tears  
Poured out in bleaker years.

### IV.

With lengthening of hours, the blossoms close their  
petals  
Gently, like lids on eyes grown dim with care;

And o'er the garden a low, thick mist cloud settles,  
Above which the trees seem floating on the air.  
Slowly the wind which through the leaves crept  
sighing  
Ceases to sound; and every note that thrilled  
From rush-trammeled river and grassy mere is dying—  
Even the myriad beating wings are stilled.

And now the first faint glow of dawn comes rifting  
The clouds in the east; and morning's carmine hue  
Colors the mist upon the river drifting,  
And glints on the grasses strung with gleaming dew.  
Soon all the flowers by the dawn breeze shaken  
Open their blossoms in the flying light,  
And in the shadows the mocking birds awaken  
To weave into music my visions of the night.

## VIRGINIA.

FRANCES COURTENAY BAYLOR (BARNUM).

Virginia! Virginia! No land in all the earth  
Of fairer promise, nobler fruit in all of human  
worth,—

Her sons, the bravest of the brave; her daughters,  
virgin queens,  
Enthroned in pure and royal state in homes, and  
hearts, and “weans.”

Her mountains stand like sentinels around her battle-  
fields,

Where valor’s sacred blood was shed, and still its  
harvest yields;

Example noble, of the souls that Duty, Country, God,  
Set high above all things on earth, like Him that was  
their Lord.

Her rivers run their shining length through meadows  
green and fair,

Like silver loops of ribbon set in some sweet woman’s  
hair;

No flowers, elsewhere, are half so sweet as those  
about her doors;

Each nail strikes on some tender spot that holds her  
dear old floors.

Dear is she to her children’s hearts, and well she  
loves her own;

Flesh of her flesh above all holds, and loves bone of  
her bone;—

In countries strange, on other hearths, an alien  
always stands;

Yet keeps the warmest welcome known for strangers  
from all lands.

Her shield though dinted o'er and o'er shall ne'er  
    know any stain,  
But be the Spartan bier for e'er, of all her noble  
    slain;  
Her sword is Honour's shining blade; her quarrels  
    must be just;  
When altar, country, home are safe, Virginia's sword  
    can rust.

She slowly draws, but hard she strikes, her English  
    blood on fire;  
Bold Cavaliers ride again, the son thrusts for the  
    sire;  
Forever while the sun shall shine, the English blood  
    and name,  
In every clime and every age, spells God, and home  
    and fame.

Beneath Virginia's spear and cry, beneath her scorn  
    and frown,  
All tyranny shall ever die, all evil shall go down;  
Her glory and her strength have been and evermore  
    shall be  
The noble *sons* she breeds and rears; her Washington,  
    her Lee.



## TO HEEL, OLD AGE, COME ALONG!

PAUL BRANDON BARRINGER.

This hardly noticed change of view,  
This mild distrust, of ventures new,  
This growing urge, to hoard the coin,  
These sometimes twinges, 'bout the loin,  
Can this be Age, the foe?

This growing tendency, to sit  
And dream of days when I was fit  
To do—and did—the work of ten,  
These reveries—on “now” and “then,”  
Can this be Age, so soon?

This drawing nearer to the wife,  
This lessening desire for strife,  
This holding fast to “friends of old,”  
And treating strangers “much too cold,”  
Can this be Age, that comes?

I see no sudden change of state,  
No red mark in life's book of fate,  
But many things, each as a feather,  
All show, when balanced up together,  
That this is Age, that's here.

Ah well! If so, with jaw set tight,  
I'll give old Age the damnedest fight  
That mortal man—But! What's the use,  
I've got the weed—and e'en the juice,—  
“I'm heeled, Old Age, come on.”

But mark you, Age, you silent hound,  
That thought, unknown, to run me down,  
Not quite so fast—don't cut across;  
You trail at heel, I'm still the boss;  
“To heel, Old Age, come along.”

## UNITY.

MARY PAGE BIRD.

Without her would the glad sun shine for me,  
And would the bluest sky o'er head be blue,  
And would the fairest flowers that ever grew  
Be sweet of bloom or breathe of purity?  
Would the unbridled winds make melody,  
Would not their fullest echoes ring untrue;  
And emerald meadows lose their dazzling hue;  
Would nature her own self be unity?  
Would life be life without her, would the soul  
Be then immortal, would the fond heart beat  
With fierce ambition to attain the goal,  
Would there be *anything* on earth complete?  
Heaven would be starless, life a stagnant whole  
Without the passing of her slender feet.

1917-1919.

MARY PAGE BIRD.

### I.

The English summer wends its languid way,  
Its fragrant, lagging way along, along.  
I only hear the echo of one song:  
    To say good-bye.  
    It all is wrong  
Without good-bye, good-bye.

### II.

The roses bloom, and fall across the path,  
Not sweet as some, but warm and bright as blood;  
And others, ivory-white, are just in bud:  
    To say good-bye ———  
    The faded clock that stood  
For centuries ticks out good-bye, good-bye.

## THE UNATTAINABLE.

MARY PAGE BIRD.

One night (the heavens shone supremely grand)  
A little child looked up and questioned why  
He might not touch a bit of that bright sky,  
Hold one fair star within his eager hand.  
He could not count them, thicker than the sand.  
Along some endless waste of sea they lie  
And yet so far away, so very high  
Beyond his reach, he could not understand.  
And as I listen to the childish longing  
It finds a ready echo in my heart,  
Dreams, born of wild desire, come madly thronging  
In which I have no fleeting share nor part.  
And like a little child I cannot see  
Why so much brightness shines too high for me.

## TIME.

KATE LANGLEY BOSHER.

After the darkness—day-dawn,  
After the passion—peace.  
After unrest and resistance,  
A day when throbbings cease.  
After the body's bondage,  
After the heart's fierce cry,  
After the torturing longing  
The beating wings close lie.

After the blindness—a vision,  
After the clouds—a star.  
After the doubting and groping,  
The gleam of light afar.  
After confusion—silence,  
After the struggle—release.  
After the way lost in darkness,  
The way found in infinite peace.

Oh Time, with thy mockings and mercies,  
For this we thank thee much,  
The touch of thy quiet calming,  
The calm of thy quiet touch!

## MEMORIAL LINES.

*(To Jennings Wise Garnett)*

PHILIP ALEXANDER BRUCE.

Oh! Earth we come again,  
To lay with trembling hands beneath thy soil  
One who shall bear no more the stress of toil  
Or feel the pangs of pain.

Receive his coffined form;  
Above his grave let rue and pansy grow;  
The soft perfumed South around it blow,  
But not the chilly storm.

In leaden winter wild,  
When clouds shall drop their fleecy burden down,  
In shroud of snow, unstained, enfold the mound  
Where lies asleep thy child.

On life's embattled field  
He stood, in flawless mail, and felt no fear.  
When death drew close he calmly dropped his spear,  
His polished sword and shield.

Like sweet and vivid dreams,  
They haunt our thoughts th' ambrosian nights and far,  
When to the breaking day, with fence and spar,  
We argued lofty themes.

We gave no heed to time,  
Although the morning star had paled its light,  
And steeples knolled from dawn-lit heights the night,  
With faint and fairy chime.

Again we see his face,  
With thought impressed on all its classic lines;  
The burning lamp of genius outward shines  
As through a lucid vase.

He knows in death at last  
What life concealed, the final fate of all,  
Who by the law benign of nature fall  
Into the darkness vast.

Although we hear no sound,  
And see no sign, he lives, he speaks, we know.  
The joyless earth alone has sunk into  
The vasty void, profound.

Come! let us shed our tears  
No more for him. He passed from our dim day,  
To scenes that lie beyond the solar way,  
In far celestial spheres.

## IN SUSSEX, ENGLAND.

PHILIP ALEXANDER BRUCE.

### I.

I hear the ocean voices in the night,  
As round the coast the billows break and fall;  
And at that hollow roar, as from a height,  
My eyes discern within one circuit all  
The Seven Seas; and as their Past unrolls,  
Resounds along the Deep the far-flung call

Of Albion's fleets that lower in battle line.  
Once more those cheery, dauntless sailor souls  
Smite fast and hard the stern and stubborn foe,  
And with his blood the surge incarnadine;  
But to the conquered, pity swiftly show,  
And stay the hand upraised to strike the blow.

## II.

From out those flaming scenes two scenes arise,  
And in their splendor far outshine the rest.  
Blown from Iberian Seas and lustrous skies,  
A cloud of sail looms up athwart the West,  
With shotted guns all manned; and at the sight,  
Out from their lairs, the seadogs leap in quest,  
And drive the foe as foam before the wind.—  
The long years pass, and in his sceptred might,  
Another tyrant burns to wreak his hate.  
O glorious Sun, that set in blood behind  
Trafalgar's waves, could'st thou not too relate  
A tale of ruthless Force o'erwhelmed by Fate?

## III.

Oh strong heroic land, no parvenu  
Art thou, no upstart of the modern hour,  
Whom insolence and senseless pomp imbue,  
The spawn of sudden wealth and new-found power.  
Beneath the blows of Time's vicissitudes,  
What eye, these thousand years, has seen thee cower?  
In all the centuries past, thou wert serene,  
Though fitful Fortune, in her darkest moods,  
Had turned a frowning face. And so to-day,  
While writhing flame and smoke enwrap the scene,  
Without intemperate boast, without dismay,  
Thou block'st the new, the false Napoleon's way.

1861-1865.

WILLIAM CABELL BRUCE.

When my lover says he loves me,  
What forsooth am I to say?  
That his pleading strangely moves me,  
Murmur, struggle as I may?

Or shall I no more endeavor  
From his fond pursuit to fly?  
Tell him I have loved him ever,  
And will love him till I die.

No! I'll tell him of a mistress,  
Fair and noble, proud of mien,  
Even in hours of dread distress,  
Dauntless as her Virgin Queen.

Oh! Let him win with his good sword,  
One sweet look from her bright eye,  
And I will greet him as my lord,  
And will love him till I die.



## IN MEMORY.

(Of Sallie Enders Connor.—1880.)

IZA CARRINGTON CABELL.

The sun is shining brightly,  
Cool, healthful breezes blow.  
The children passing on the street  
Have rosy cheeks and nimble feet,  
And faces all aglow;  
My little maid on yesterday  
Was wild and glad and gay as they.

My little maid on yesterday  
Was dancing round this chair,  
With laughing mouth and glancing eyes,  
That questions asked and gave replies;  
Her burnished, waving hair  
Fell soft about her pretty face—  
A thing of beauty, life, and grace.

What foe has breathed upon the child?  
Who touched the dimpled cheek?  
Who froze the little restless feet  
To marble cold—who changed thee, sweet,  
Into an image, silent, meek?  
A voice breaks on my listening ear—  
“Take heed, ’tis I—thine angel’s near.

“As broken toys discarded are,  
Or garments cast aside,  
One tender look, one whisper low,  
And swift as arrow from the bow  
She spanned the chasm wide.  
No words of thine, no fond caress,  
Can woo her from my loving breast.

“A foolish child on yesterday,  
With laughing, careless ways,  
To-day, a spirit whose clear eyes  
Have viewed all mysteries with wise,  
Unflinching, deathless gaze.  
Ah, selfish heart that dost repine,  
These are my gifts, what now are thine?”

What are our gifts? No angel's voice  
Need tell our love is vain,  
When cold winds blight the early flower,  
Not prayers nor tears have quickening power  
To bid it bloom again.  
This only comforts our despair,  
That futile is our tenderest care.

So when we gaze with aching hearts  
On children bold and gay,  
Thinking of one o'er whose deep sleep  
The far-off stars a vigil keep,  
We will not turn away,  
But thank God that this child, loved, fair,  
Is safe and happy in His care.

We shudder at the thought of Death,  
The spectre grim and cold.  
She saw the angel in his face,  
And smiling flew to his embrace,  
By innocence grown bold;  
So, since 'tis Heaven with the child,  
What can we be but reconciled?

## IN THE TWILIGHT.

WILLIAM EVELYN CAMERON.

As we grow old, our yesterdays  
Seem very dim and distant;  
We grope, as those in darkened ways,  
Through all that is existent;  
Yet far-off days shine bright and clear  
With suns that long have faded,  
And faces dead seem strangely near  
To those that life has shaded.

As we grow old our tears are few  
For friends most lately taken,  
But fall—as falls the summer dew  
From roses lightly shaken—  
When some chance word or idle strain,  
The chords of memory sweeping,  
Unlock the flood-gates of our pain  
For those who taught us weeping.

As we grow old, our smiles are rare  
To those who greet us daily,  
Or, if some living faces wear  
The looks that beamed so gayly  
From eyes long closed, and we should smile  
In answer to their wooing,  
'Tis but the Past that shines the while,  
Our power to smile renewing.

As we grow old, our dreams at night  
Are never of the morrow;  
They come with vanished pleasure bright,  
Or dark with olden sorrow;

And when we wake, the names we say  
Are not of any mortals,  
But of those in some long dead day  
Passed through life's sunset portals.

## LEAVES FROM THE ANTHOLOGY.

LEWIS PARKE CHAMBERLAYNE.

The old book's magic seized me as I read;  
I heard the waves sigh on the Syrian shore,  
And on dark Heliodora's perfumed head  
The myrtles bloomed once more.

As when, in Gadara, young life was sweet  
To her the while she watched the shadows play  
Along the marble floor, and at her feet  
Young Meleager lay.

I heard his voice in soft hexameters,  
Alternate fire and honey, fall and rise;  
In limpid Doric spoke his love, and hers  
Shone in her swimming eyes.

I saw the laughing lilies that he wreathed  
With hyacinth to crown her kneeling there.  
Oh, what intoxicating incense breathed  
Her dusky, flower-wound hair!

"The flowers will fade," he whispered, "sere and  
brown,  
Their petals drooping ere the day be done,  
Yet wilt thou still, thy garland's lovelier crown,  
Shine like the morning sun."

Again I hear the same soft voice outpour  
Its anguish for the light of life now fled,  
And see him heap the bier of Heliodore  
With roses white and red.

Thyrsis I see at ease beneath the pine,  
His dark head pillowed on his arms, asleep,  
And yet the lad's herds stray not, and his kine  
Another lad doth keep.

Sleep, Thyrsis, sleep, within thy shady nook,  
Leaving thy goats to nibble 'mongst the rocks;  
A skillfuller than thou now wields thy crook,  
For Eros guards thy flocks.

I see the young girls, as in garments white  
Along the mountainside in spring they ran  
To greet the wood-nymphs at their morning rite  
Within the cave of Pan.

It lies 'neath Corycus' sun-haunted hill;  
Old Goat-foot loves it; there the wild vine grows  
So thick it hides the entrance and the rill  
That from the grotto flows.

There the midsummer honey-makers hum  
Above the heather and the thyme, knee-deep,  
Even through the noon, when all things else are dumb  
Lest they disturb *his* sleep—

His, the luck-bringing Hermes' goat-shanked child,  
Great Pan, who daily, when his pipes' shrill tune  
No more delights him, seeks a summit wild,  
And there sleeps all the noon.

Then fiercest burns the sun, the patient flocks  
Crouch 'neath the tamarisk; scarce the lizard creeps  
Along the wall. Above, on the sun-baked rocks,  
Outstretched, the Arcadian sleeps.

And while his pipes lie silent by his side,  
Brown summer for a moment holds her breath,  
The breezes droop, the dry-flies hush, the tide  
Scarce laps the cliff beneath.

Often, men say, some shepherd on the hills,  
Hearing a sudden, wild, unearthly cry  
Ring from the mountains, that his heart's blood chills,  
Knows he has come too nigh

The weird, far spot no mortal foot has trod,  
And flees, nor dares once backward turn his eyes:  
Behind him roars the goat-laugh of the god,  
And mocks him as he flies.

## A MOOD.

CHARLES WASHINGTON COLEMAN.

All the world is wrapped in shadow,  
All my thought is steeped in gray;  
Sweet and wanton sadness holds me.  
And enfolds me,  
As the arms of night the day,  
Sweet as pulsing of spent music  
When the hands have ceased to play.

O'er the sense a longing stealeth,  
For what cause it may not know;  
As when evening groweth tender,  
And the splendor  
Of the sunset burneth low,  
O'er the land the white mist silent  
Stealeth through the after-glow;

Sad as slanting sunlight falling  
On the sails of outbound ships;  
Dear as memory that hovers  
Of a lover's  
Kisses on a woman's lips;  
Soft as when a thin cloud-mantle  
Folds the moon in white eclipse.

So the sense is steeped in longing,  
As the world is wrapped in gray;  
'Tis so much akin to sorrow  
As the morrow  
Holdeth thought of yesterday.  
'Tis, perchance, the soul immortal  
Sad because the heart is clay.



## OVER THE SEA LIES SPAIN.

CHARLES WASHINGTON COLEMAN.

Perhaps they may count me a beggar here,  
With never a roof for the wind and the rain;  
But there is the sea and the wave-lashed pier,  
And over the sea lies Spain.

And there am I held by a title high,  
As befitteth the lord of a broad demesne;  
For there is my kingdom and here am I,  
With only the sea between.

And what if the sea be deep, be deep,  
And what if the sea be wide?  
Some day I shall float in my own fair boat  
And sail to the other side.

A certain man in the city I meet,  
As he steps to his coach at the curbstone there,  
From a solemn house in a stately street;  
You would know him rich by his air.

He gives me a finger or two to hold,  
Or only a passing nod may deign;  
He does not know of my title and gold,  
My castle and lands in Spain.

And what care I for his bonds and stocks?  
No solemn house in the city for me!  
His are the ships that lie at the docks;  
But I have a ship at sea.

And what if the land be far, be far,  
And what if the sea be wide?  
Some day I shall sail with a favoring gale  
To a port on the other side.

And now while I lie on the sea-beach here,  
With the fisherman yonder mending his seine,  
I know that only the sea sweeps clear  
'Twixt me and my castle in Spain.

I can see the sun on its airy towers,  
And a white hand beckons from over-sea;  
I can smell the breath of the rosy bowers,  
Where somebody waits for me.

So contented I walk in this world of men,  
To which by an alien name I am known;  
And how it will gape in wonder when  
Don Carlos comes to his own!

Be never the land so far, so far,  
Be never so deep the main,  
There's a ship on the sea that belongs to me.  
And over the sea lies Spain.

## LIFE'S SILENT THIRD.

CHARLES WASHINGTON COLEMAN.

Sometimes, when weary with an overstrain,  
There comes a sickening sense of fleeting breath,  
And all endeavor seemeth worse than vain,  
A sweet, reproachful voice low whispereth:  
    "Why is thy heart unstrung?"  
A third of those spent years that thou dost weep  
Thou hast not lived—they passed thee by in sleep;  
    So thou art young."

And then again, when wantoning and glad,  
The heart holds revel, while its tense strings thrill  
Beneath life's joyous fingers, speaks a sad  
And solemn voice that strikes the music still:  
    "Thy years to thee are told.  
A part thou knowest, but a third of all  
Are locked away in sleep's oblivious thrall;  
    And thou art old."

## A REED CALL.

(Antinous of the Capitol.)

CHARLES WASHINGTON COLEMAN.

Come out to the sea, Antinous—  
Come out; for the curlews call to us,  
And the curling wave runs up the sand  
    With wooing lips to greet the shore;  
The broken wave that loved the land  
    Slips out to sea once more.

Come! for the marsh reeds sigh for us,  
The wet salt wind blows amorous,  
The spray leaps up to touch thy lips,  
    The foam glides up to reach thy feet,  
And the gray gulls cry of the passing ships  
    Where the sky and the water meet.

Come! Wilt thou not give some heed to us,  
To the wind and the sea, Antinous?  
For surely thy curls are close and wet  
    With the sweet wet breath of wind and sea.  
Though thou art a god, canst thou forget  
    The old humanity?

Thou wilt not heed, Antinous;  
Thou wilt not come, though we call thee thus,  
For a young high god with the gods thou art;  
    So I lay in the hollow of thy hand  
A stranded shell, and the full young heart,  
    That is human, will understand.

## THE LAND OF THE POET'S SOUL.

LUCY DAY.

I dwell in the land immortal, in the  
    flowery-hued land of light,  
Where the birds sing on unceasing, and  
    there fall no shades of night;  
Where the harps ring out melodious on  
    the mellow, golden air,  
And the splash of merry waters is  
    resounding everywhere.  
Do you ask where the land immortal, the  
    flowery-hued land is found,  
Where the birds sing on unceasing, and  
    the ceaseless waters resound,  
Where the angel choirs are chanting to  
    the organ's peaceful roll?  
I answer you, oh mortal, the land of  
    the poet's soul.  
'Tis there his lonely spirit can find  
    unknown relief  
From the haunting cares and trials of  
    the world with all its grief.  
There he dwells alone with his Maker—  
    he is lonely here on earth,  
E'en with friends he loves the dearest,  
    or the mother who gave him birth.  
No mortals understand him, as this sin-  
    ful earth is trod,  
So he keeps his secret counsel saving  
    what he tells his God.  
In this fragrant land of flowers, where  
    his spirit loves to dwell,

Perhaps there stands an idol some earthly  
    love loved well,  
Or perhaps an angel vision of some saint  
    he used to know,  
Who has long been gone to Jesus with a soul  
    more pure than snow.  
Don't speak of these poets too harshly,  
    oh earth-born man and child;  
They're the prophets who in ancient days  
    foretold the Saviour mild.  
They sing now of coming ages and their souls  
    lean out afar,  
With eyes which pierce the future like  
    night the evening star.  
They may seem happy to you, but oft their  
    bright smiles hide  
A heart which bleeds as freely as the  
    Saviour's pierced side.  
Now I sing unto you mortals of their  
    fair, immortal land,  
You are happy with your joys of earth,  
    oh child, fair woman, man;  
But they are happy only when they hear  
    the organs roll  
In the land of ceaseless springtime, the  
    land of the poet's soul.

## SAYONARA.

R. T. W. DUKE, JR.

Wistaria's withering bloom—the sun  
Swings to the north—  
And one by one  
The purple petals falling  
Bid you go forth—  
Sayonara.

The latest birds are loudly calling,  
And quick to fly;  
April is done,  
Its tears on grass and flowers  
Are almost dry—  
Sayonara.

Go! And for you life's happiest hours!  
For me the Past  
Hath charms alone.  
Here and for aye Love's powers  
Will hold me fast—  
Sayonara.

## LILIES OF THE VALLEY.

R. T. W. DUKE, JR.

A summer night; a dim lit, shadowy street,  
Crowds on the pavements hurrying to and fro,  
A waft of perfume more than heavenly sweet,  
A voice that whispered, "Whither do you go?"  
And then a rapid drive, and at your feet  
I knelt and worshipped. Was it long ago?  
Or only yesterday, beloved? I but know  
That when or where my raptured senses greet  
The witching fragrance of that tiny flower  
My soul recalls to me life's happiest hour  
When, as in space two rushing planets meet  
And melt together in a burning sun,  
Your life and mine became forever one.

## THE HILLS OF DREAM.

R. T. W. DUKE, JR.

Down from the Hills of Dream I came  
Into the Valley of Discontent,  
And my heart was sore and my breath was spent,  
And sorrow ate at my breast like flame,  
When down from the Hills of Dream I came.

Back to the Hills of Dream I strove,  
To find my way from the dismal vale,  
And my eyes were wet and my cheeks were pale,  
And Hope forsook me, along with Love,  
When back to the Hills of Dream I strove.



For I left you there on the Hills of Dream,  
Oh, fair, sweet Rose of my life's one May!  
And never again will I find my way  
Till I see you stand like the morning's gleam,  
To welcome me back to the Hills of Dream.

### NEARLY EIGHTY.

NOAH K. DAVIS.

A call for me,  
Across the sea:  
Come home! thy work is done;  
The sky is clear,  
But night draws near,  
Embark at set of sun.

Into the night  
With spirit flight,  
Leaving my cares behind.  
Hoping for day  
I'll waft away  
The other shore to find.

It is not far,  
The evening star  
Marks where that land begins,  
Whose every height  
In endless light  
With hallelujah rings.

My home is there,  
His love to share  
Who gave Himself for me.  
I hear the word,  
I come, dear Lord,  
'Tis heaven to be with Thee.

## THE WIDOW.

WILLIAM C. ELAM.

Her smiles are tempered by her sighs,  
Her garb scarce veils her glory;  
The tender glamour of her eyes  
Enshrines her, and her story.

No greenling girl, nor spinster tart,  
She's all things that become her;  
Her youth, her beauty and her heart  
Are in their Indian Summer.

## DIS MANIBUS.

J. M. D.\*

BASIL L. GILDERSLEEVE.

We miss your pen of fire, whose cloven tongue  
Illum'd the good and blasted what was base.  
We miss you, fearless fighter for our race,  
Your arrow words, your bow a will highstrung.  
We miss you, for you tower'd from among  
The herd of writers with that careless grace  
That springs from undisputed strength. Your place  
Is vacant still. Your bow is still uphung.  
'Tis well. This were no time for you. The strings  
Of your proud heart forefelt the blow and broke;  
And when you died, 'twas better thus to die  
Than live to see this swarm of crawling things,  
And burn with words that must remain unspoke  
Where "art is tongue-tied by authority."

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\* John M. Daniel (1825-1865), editor of the *Richmond Examiner*, and Minister to the Court of Victor Emmanuel.

## THE DYING CONFEDERATE.

Mark iv. 39

BASIL L. GILDERSLEEVE.

I am the last of an undaunted group  
That braved the whirr of shot, the scream of shell;  
Who proved the definition: 'War is Hell';  
And now Death holds me in his lasso's loop.

Gad, said old Jacob; See! Here comes a troop.  
Sight of those people makes my bosom swell,  
As I remember how our rebel yell  
Struck terror, as we made our eagle swoop!

Good women say: Bow to God's sovereign will,  
And calm the tempest raging in thy breast;  
And as they bend them o'er my dying bed,  
They whisper in soft accents: Peace, be still.  
It was not thus He laid the storm to rest:  
*Be muzzled and stay muzzled, Jesus said.*

## FRANCE—1916.

ELLEN GLASGOW.

Out of the storm and the dark, over the sea,  
Borne on the winds of the night sounds the trumpet of God:

“Harken, ye nations of earth, to the call of the free!”

Fled is the power of the past and broken the rod.  
Freedom, the soul of the world, is spreading her wings

Up from the flame and the smoke, with victory won.

Over the terrors of slaves and the shadows of kings,  
France, the beloved Republic, is leading us on!

Slain yet immortal she rises; bleeding but strong.

Still in the heart of her lives the invincible  
Dream—

Dreamed on the rack and the cross, dreamed in the  
song—

Ancient, divine, and unquenchable flashes the  
gleam

Straight from the saints of the past to the soldiers  
to be.

Swift through the gates of the future, with  
banners unfurled,

Pure as the sword of the Lord, or the heart of  
the free,

France, the beloved Republic, is leading the  
world!

## A LITTLE LANE.

ELLEN GLASGOW.

A little lane mid shade and sun,  
Dew-drops among the shining grass,  
A song of April just begun  
By mating robins as I pass,  
The scent of hawthorn in the air,  
And then your shadow falling there.

We loved too soon, we met too late;  
We jested when we came to part.  
But sometimes—is it love or hate?—  
Your shadow falls across my heart,  
And to that robin's song again  
My feet run down that little lane.

## REMEMBRANCE.

ELLEN GLASGOW.

Long, long ago upon another star  
I heard your voice and looked into your eyes—  
The worlds are many and the way is dim,  
Perchance I may have missed you in the skies.  
But still the memory beckons from afar,  
And still I search the faces of the earth  
For one I loved upon another star.

My feet have followed the eternal quest,  
The road that leads through tempests and through  
fire.  
Somewhere before my soul had come to birth,  
My eyes have seen the face of my desire.  
Always I weary of the things that are,  
Always my heart is hungry for its dream,  
Dreamed long ago upon another star.

## BETWEEN THE LINES.

JAMES LINDSAY GORDON.

Faintest violet scent—a subtle fashion  
To suggest love's unreturning spring;  
Not a hint of youth's pervading passion,—  
Not a thought of what the years might bring,—  
Nothing but a flower's soul whispering  
Through the studied, careless lines of greeting,  
Vacant of both memory and regret:  
“Many years have passed since that last meeting;  
Very seldom are her clear eyes wet;  
But—love is not quite forgotten yet.”

## ILMA.

JAMES LINDSAY GORDON.

Ilma, how many springs have dawned, how many  
summers died,  
Since first you filled my vision, golden-haired and  
shadowy-eyed?  
With your white hands holding to your lips the roses  
of the spring,  
While your voice sighed through their perfume like a  
flute's soft whispering.

I remember yet the dress you wore, the first low  
words you said,  
And how the sunshine glistened on your bended  
golden head;  
And how your long, dark lashes fell before my eager  
gaze,  
As your presence thrilled my pulses and your beauty  
mocked my praise.

And still the songs I made for you—the foolish,  
tender tunes—  
Come back and sing themselves to me beneath these  
pallid moons,  
As I watch, just as we used to do, the starlit river  
gleam,  
Until the singing lulls me and I meet you in a dream.

Ilma, since that lost summer-time my feet have  
touched a brink,  
Washed by as bitter waters as the spirit's lips can  
drink;  
I have smiled on paths where every step was anguish  
to my feet—  
Draining the dregs of Marah while I laughed and  
called them sweet!

Hidden amid the shadows is the path my soul has  
trod,  
The place of its Gethsemane is known to me—and  
God.  
None else may know how void and vain my life has  
come to be,  
Since love was crowned and crucified and your soul  
wrenched from me.

You, least of all: the memories that most in life  
I prize,  
I know would stir but faintly now the dreamlights  
in your eyes;  
Some vague, pathetic sense of loss might pale the  
clear cheek's flame,  
Or cause the damask lips to droop at hearing of my  
name.



No more! I never blamed you, for God cast you in  
such mold,  
Your spirit holds His sunshine as your tresses hold  
its gold;  
On you love fell as summer dew upon the opening  
rose,  
And on me as a chilling frost—unto what end, who  
knows?

God knows! And so I cannot dream its blight was  
borne in vain—  
Somewhere, a heavenly balm remains for all this  
human pain;  
Somewhere, in a diviner land, where naught of earth  
endures,  
And where a deeper soul shall breathe through that  
bright form of yours.

O Ilma, we shall meet again in its eternal day,  
Where all the clouds are lifted and the mists are  
cleared away;  
And as my soul's faith like a book lies open to your  
ken,  
Ilma, life's best and dearest, you will know and love  
me then!

## MABEL MINE.

EDWARD McDOWELL GRAHAM.

In the soft, dim summer twilight,  
When the air is faintly star bright,  
Mabel comes and bends above me,  
And I ask her if she loves me,  
Mabel mine.

Then she maketh answer meetly,  
Lays her hand in mine so sweetly,  
On my brow her lips she presses,  
Hiding all my face in tresses,  
Mabel mine.

All my soul is filled with gladness,  
I forget my former sadness,  
And my soul no longer weary  
Murmurs not its misereere,  
Mournfully.

Then I place my arm around her,  
Tell her of the time I found her  
Standing ankle deep in flowers,  
Singing bird-like thro' the hours,  
Mabel mine.

But she will not let me tell her  
What on that bright morn befel her,  
Interrupting my caresses  
With a shower of sunny tresses,  
Mabel mine.

Then the darkness mingles slowly  
With the twilight dim and holy,  
And the faint soft stars grow brighter,  
And my weary heart is lighter,  
Mabel mine.

Fondly to my breast I press her,  
Asking God that He would bless her,  
She who all my darkness brightens,  
Sweetly every burden lightens,  
Mabel mine.

While the heart in silence prayeth  
A voice from out the heavens sayeth,  
O'er the darkness light is dawning,  
And the night is merged in morning,  
Mabel mine.

## HYMN.

HUGH BLAIR GRIGSBY.

### I.

Lord of the flaming orbs of space!  
Lord of the Ages that are gone!  
Lord of the teeming years to come—  
Who sittest on Thy Sovereign Throne:

### II.

Look down in Mercy and in Grace  
On a poor creature of a Day,  
Whose mortal course is nearly run,  
Who looks to Thee, his only stay.

### III.

In Thee, in Thee alone, O Lord!  
Thine aged Servant puts his Trust  
Thro' the blest passion of Thy Son,  
Ere his frail frame returns to dust.

### IV.

Uphold him thro' Earth's devious ways—  
Sustain him by Thy gracious Power;  
And may the Glory of Thy Praise  
Break from his lips in Life's last Hour.

### V.

Grant the dear Pledges of Thy Love,  
Thy mercy has vouchafed to him—  
Peace in the shadow of Thine Ark—  
Rest 'neath Thy shelt'ring Cherubim.

VI.

Lord, heed Thy servant's grateful praise  
For all the mercies Thou hast given:—  
For Health and Friends and length of Days—  
Thy bleeding Son—a promised Heaven.

VII.

Oh! may he live in fear of Thee—  
Oh! may he rest upon Thy Love,  
When he shall cross that stormy Sea  
That keeps him from his Home above.

VIII.

Oh! bless those lov'd ones of his Heart,  
While ling'ring on Earth's lonely Shore,  
'Till we shall meet no more to part,  
And chant Thy Praises evermore.

## AUTUMN.

MARGARET CABELL GWATHMEY.

Soft, the lady Autumn comes;  
Upon her golden head, a crown  
Of crimson leaves:  
And in her eyes of burnished brown  
Reflected sheaves  
Of yellow grain.

Proudly, on the sun-baked grass,  
She steps, a rare and radiant queen  
Of dazzling tints;  
Upon her hair, the sunny sheen  
Of noontide glints  
And glows again.

But lo! ev'n while her glory beams,  
Dead leaves are falling at her feet;  
Her splendor dies;  
A chill wind blows away the heat—  
Old winter cries—  
'Tis frost again!

## HENRY.

JOHN LESSLIE HALL.

O women of loved Virginian land,  
O pilgrims come from many a strand,  
With awe at this holy fane to meet,  
We put our shoes from off our feet,  
'Tis holy ground whereon we stand.

Ye wingèd warblers of the air,  
Let be your balmy songs so rare!—  
Let the hum and murmur and rumble and roar  
Of a hungry world at our temple door  
Be hushed and still as the hour of prayer.

But hark! there echo once again  
The tones of those immortal men  
Whose august mouths, in days of yore,  
For freedom panting, forth did pour  
Words that no poet e'er can pen.

Ay me! your poet too would fain  
Be mute and dumb: his paltry strain  
But blurs the melody that here  
Doth ever lull the pilgrim's ear—  
Here, in the muses' loved domain.

Oh, list! whence roll those awful tones  
That jar the forum? Ponderous stones  
Start from their bases, quake, and bound.  
Virginia thunders; her bold tones sound  
Till tyrants swoon, convulsed, in groans.

"Caesar" and "Brutus" shock the air,  
And "Charles" and "Cromwell". "Now beware,  
Thou George of England." Dastard cries  
Of "*Treason, treason*" rend the skies  
From mouths that fear to do or dare.

The word that thrilled from Henry's tongue  
Can ne'er by poet born be sung.  
With lightning wing, the unwearying air  
Far away sped it, flung it where  
The shackles of ages clanked and clung.

"Virginia hath burst the tyrant's chain,"  
Sabago calls to tell Champlain.  
"Brother, I heard Virginia speak,"  
Calls Pamlico to Chesapeake;  
And mightier waters join the strain.

When Henry shouted in freedom's tones,  
Tyrants shivered, and clutched their thrones;  
And cringing henchmen flushed with shame.  
Let myriad breezes waft his name  
O'er many a sea to all the zones.

Famed in song are the men that hurled  
The shot that echoed "around the world,"  
Let poet and paeon ring their praise.  
Bolder he who did here upraise  
The banner of freedom, which none hath furled.

Virginia, immaculate mother of men,  
At this home of the muses bendeth again,  
With daughters bearing the bloom of the May,  
Her meed of love and laurel to pay;  
To her sons of the sword and the tongue and the pen.



Glory to God. On this holy ground  
Where the tones of freedom did first resound,  
Be our souls suffused with a patriot glow,  
Praise God from whom all blessings flow,  
In whom alone is freedom found.

'Twas he our pilgrim fathers set  
Far from the Old World's snarl and fret,  
And, smoothing the waters with mighty hand,  
Blew them to Freedom's Beulah-land:—  
"Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet."

JANUARY 1st, 1915.

ROBERT MORTON HUGHES.

Come, fill your cups, the dying year  
Shall promptly be forgotten;  
With such a brew why need we care  
For falling price of cotton?

Here's to the New Year's natal day!  
What has it in its keeping,  
Naught spared from fratricidal fray  
But widow's eyes for weeping?

Or peace, and Christian love outpoured  
To nurse the maimed and needy,  
And plenty, lavishing her hoard  
In noble succor speedy?

No matter. Friends still gather round;  
Home ties are still unbroken;  
Then may the new-born year abound  
With blessings yet unspoken!

## THE LAND OF HEART'S DESIRE.

THOMAS LOMAX HUNTER.

Beyond the far horizon's rim,  
Beyond the sunset's fire,  
It waits us at the journey's end,  
The land of Heart's Desire.

Toward this land goes hoary age,  
With footsteps weak and slow,  
And manhood with its splendid prime,  
And youth with heart aglow.

Beyond the desert, sea and plain,  
Beyond the crag and fen,  
Its beauties and enchantments lie  
To lure the sons of men.

Through valleys shadowy and deep,  
Through dark morass and mire,  
Hope's torch forever lights the way  
To land of Heart's Desire.

And yesterday with all its pains,  
To-day with all its sorrow,  
Will be but trifles soon forgot  
When we reach there—to-morrow.

To-morrow, if we march ahead,  
And falter not nor tire,  
We reach the land where dreams come true,  
The land of Heart's Desire.

Oh, 'tis but one day's journeying,  
We should not feel dismay  
To know we may not reach the land  
Of Heart's Desire to-day.

## THE LANE.

THOMAS LOMAX HUNTER.

There is a lane I know and love,  
With shapely cedars either side,  
That lift prim, cone-like tops above  
Great tangled hedges, tall and wide,  
Of bramble, grape and sweet woodbine,  
Wild rose and trailing berry vine,  
Within whose depths the plaintive dove  
And brooding sparrows hide.

The roadway is of clean white sand,  
In deepest shadow all the day.  
It lays imperative command  
On travellers that hither stray  
To go with slow and idling feet,  
Safe sheltered from the cruel heat;  
It bears to tempt the loitering hand,  
Shy flowers and berries sweet.

Here have I watched the seasons pass,  
Observed the footprints of the Spring—  
White bloom and pink, and tender grass,  
And stir of every greening thing,  
Have seen the coy arbutus blow  
Before the vanishing of snow,  
And heard the earliest singing class  
Of choristers a-wing.

Oft generous Summer, hand in mine,  
Has led me loitering through the lane,  
And offered wealth of bush and vine  
To please and tempt me back again.

While 'yond the hedge the ripened wheat  
Is shimmering in the noon-day heat,  
Here in cool shade I may recline  
And dream till even's wane.

Here pensive Autumn, sober-eyed,  
But clad in gayest colors, trod  
Where slender Black-Eyed Susan vied  
With gay and graceful goldenrod.  
The lane its tinsel glories wore  
A few glad, golden days before  
The frost its sickle keen applied  
And cast them to the sod.

Bleak winter struck the hedges stark;  
And here through hindering snow I strode,  
At night, when all the world was dark,  
Save for the stars that o'er me glowed,  
Or glimmering lights, through hedge revealed,  
Of farm house in a distant field,  
But glad, within the gloom, to mark  
The dear, familiar road.

And whether earth be green or white,  
Howe'er inconstant seasons rove,  
In heat or cold, at day or night,  
Here do my footsteps gladly move,  
For in its ever changing mood  
Is something pleasant, something good,  
It always has some fresh delight,  
The lane I know and love.

## THE UNWILLING GYPSY.

JOSEPHINE JOHNSON.

The wide green earth is mine in which to wander;  
Each path that beckons I may follow free,  
Sea to grey sea.  
But O, that one walled garden, small and sheltered,  
Belonged to me!

High on the mountain top I watch the sunset,  
Its splendid fires flare upward and burn low.  
Ah, once to know  
Down in the twilight lowlands dim and tender,  
My own hearth-glow!

Night falls. A thousand stars look down upon me.  
But though from inland plain to ocean's foam  
My steps may roam,  
One clear fixed star forever is denied me. . . .  
The light of home!

## THE FUNERAL OF HOPE.

RICHARD LILE.

I have been to the funeral of all my hopes,  
And entombed them one by one;  
    Not a word was said  
    Nor a tear was shed  
When the mournful task was done.

Slowly and sadly I turned me round,  
And sought my silent room;  
    And there alone  
    By the cold hearthstone  
I wooed the midnight gloom.

And as the night wind's deepening shade  
Lowered above my brow,  
    I wept o'er days  
    When manhood's rays  
Were brighter far than now.

The dying embers on the hearth  
Gave out their flickering light,  
    As if to say  
    This is the way  
Thy life shall close in night.

I wept aloud in anguish sore  
O'er the blight of prospects fair;  
    While demons laughed  
    And eager quaffed  
My tears like nectar rare.

Through hell's red halls an echo ran,  
An echo loud and long,  
    As in the bowl  
    I plunged my soul,  
In the might of madness strong.

And there within that sparkling glass  
I knew the cause to lie;  
    This all men own  
    From zone to zone,  
Yet millions drink and die.



## WHEN PICKETT CHARGED AT GETTYSBURG.

ROBERT A. McCABE.

When Pickett charged at Gettysburg,  
Across the sky there shot a flame  
Which graved on history's virgin page  
A hero's spotless, deathless name.  
A grander sight was never seen:  
The Armies looked with bated breath,  
While valiant sire and loyal son  
Rushed to a sure and certain death.

When Pickett charged at Gettysburg,  
"Left oblique"—the order came;  
"Front—forward"—next, and with a cheer,  
His heroes swept through walls of flame.  
No wavering—no halting there,  
Though in the smoke and fires of hell,  
His chosen men—Virginia's pride—  
Like grain before the harvest fell.

When Pickett charged at Gettysburg,  
Virginia's flag his legion led,  
And proudly there "Sic Semper" shone,  
Above the dying and the dead.  
Oh sainted Mother—blighted home—  
Oh orphan child—oh widowed Wife—  
You gave your country all you had—  
Your prayers—your tears—your darling's life.

When Pickett charged at Gettysburg,  
A grand old man in suit of gray,

With heaving breast and anxious eye,  
Watched well the fortunes of the day;  
The height is gained—the battle smoke  
Now clears. 'Tis thought the day is saved,  
For there, though torn by shot and shell,  
The blue flag of Virginia waved.

The living heroes who had reached  
The summit's height—alas, too few  
To hold the ground they dearly bought,  
Gave way—fell back before the Blue.  
In southern homes, at evening hour,  
To listening ears, old Vet'rans tell  
Of Gettysburg, and Pickett's Charge,  
And how the brave and noble fell.

'Twas not in vain your blood was shed,  
No stain is on your banner furl'd;  
Your deeds in song and story told,  
Still claim the plaudits of the world.  
The North and South—the Blue and Gray—  
Beneath one flag forever stand;  
A glorious union of the States,  
A union true, of heart and hand.

## MY LOVE.

M. G. McCLELLAND.

My love's sweet eyes are blue,  
My love's fair eyes are true;

They gaze at me  
So earnestly

That all my soul is stirred.

My love's dear voice is low  
And like soft music's flow

My pulses beat  
With joy complete,

Responsive to her word.

My love's brave heart is strong,  
And swift to answer wrong;

So tender, too,

That grief doth sue

For shelter 'neath its wings.

My love's pure thoughts ascend,  
As blossoms skyward tend;

They are for me,

Unconsciously,

The guides to nobler things.

## UNCLE IKE AN' MOSE.

M. G. McCLELLAND.

So you's gwine to leave us, Mose, I'se mighty glad  
to hear,  
Been a-wishin' dat you'd go away mos' any time dis  
year.

Your daddy say you's gwine kase you doesn't want  
to work—

I wonder dat makes any odds, bekase you always  
shirk.

You's tired stayin' in one place? Well now dat may  
be true—

Ere 'siderin' dat de place has long been mighty sick  
o' you.

'Twill 'sole de fam'ly too, I spect, when odder  
comforts fail,

To think you's safe in Kansas, instid of here in jail.

I spect your daddy's glad you's gwine,—you's such a  
triflin' son—

Las' year you rob his melon patch an' never lef' him  
one.

You stole yo' mammy's chickens too, and sole 'em  
at de sto';

I see'd you! I was dar myself a-settin' 'hind de do',  
Mar's John he ax'd me 'bout de hogs, de mornin'  
befo' las',

If dey had got de cholery—make dem drap off so  
fas'.

De onliest thing dat ail dem hogs, is dat a nasty  
thief

Is stealin' of dem every night. Dat 'ar is my belief.

So go 'long, boy, you ain't no 'count no matter whar  
     you go's  
 'Cept jus' to steal' an' sleep an' eat an' war out all  
     yo' clo's,  
 A-settin' on de fence like crow, or climbin' up de  
     trees,  
 An' nebber do a lick o' work 'cept only when you  
     please.  
 You's only fit to prowls o' nights an' steal ole master's  
     corn  
 An' trade it off for whisky. You's de laziest nigger  
     born.  
 An' you to talk 'bout colonies! Now, widout 'zag-  
     geration,  
 De colony dat's sot on you is got a po' foundation.  
  
 I wonder how you'll git along widout Mar's John's  
     corn-field,  
 Kase niggers dat ain't gwine to work is always boun'  
     to steal.  
 Dese white folks used to niggers takin' of der hogs  
     an' corn,  
 But folks out dar will hang you up as sure as you is  
     born.  
 You ain't gwine steal? You gwine to hab a house an'  
     heap o' lan'  
 An' clo's an' vittles plentiful 'd' out liftin' up yo' han'?  
 De Northern Agent tole you so? Well, now, if dat  
     is true,  
 Den Kansas is de very place for niggers jus' like you!

## THE BASKET MAKER.

VIRGINIA TAYLOR MCCORMICK.

Day after day he sits,  
His back like a low, round hill,  
While with knotted and work-worn hands  
(That have gained each year new skill)  
He plaits the reeds and withes  
Into intricate, beautiful things,  
Whose patterns, like thoughts, go out  
In infinite wanderings. . . . .  
Patterns that bring to the man,  
Crouched under the matted hair,  
(Gone grey with the sorrow of days,  
And leaden nights of despair)  
Dear dreams of a wild-spent youth  
When the fields and the roads called, Come!  
Of a girl, madonna-faced, pale,  
Whose beauty had left him dumb. . . .

For the heritage of his race  
Was silence. . . he found no word. . . .  
Love cowered and shrank away  
Like a wing-clipped, frightened bird.  
Ambitionless, dull, half dead,  
Day in, day out he stayed  
Bent over his wooden bench. . . . .  
Plain, useful baskets were made. . . .  
Then something stirred in his soul  
And wakened the beauty that lay  
Dormant through weary years,  
Too numb to hope or pray. . . . .

So the twisted, yet habile hands  
Forever laid aside  
The patterns old and plain. . . .  
Fine, flexible reeds were dyed  
With exquisite colours, soft  
As lights in the skies of June,  
When the gold of the setting sun  
Gives place to an argent moon;  
With crimson and blue and green,  
With deep, rich purple of Tyre,  
And delicate amber and bronze,  
Like the flame of a driftwood fire.

And ever the strong, gnarled hands  
Weave patterns whose splendour seems  
To crown the bowed grey head  
With a halo of wonderful dreams!  
And always the wearied back  
Leans over light shapes so rare,  
That the spirit of ancient Greece  
Appears incarnate there.  
And deep in the time-seared heart  
Where beauty has bloomed from pain,  
Is the music of rustling wings  
And the freshness of summer rain.

## BECAUSE THERE CAME A CHILD.

VIRGINIA E. MORAN.

Because there came a little child  
    'Mid Syrian hills afar,  
Where shone in fair Judean skies,  
    The wond'rous guiding star,  
All childhood is a sweeter thing,  
    More holy, undefiled,  
And motherhood diviner far,  
    Because there came a child.

Because the Carpenter Divine,  
    In Nazareth, the blest,  
Wrought with His hands through weary days,  
    And knew the toiler's rest,  
All labor is a sweeter thing,  
    And holier far may be,  
Because there trod earth's busy ways  
    The Man of Galilee.

Because the living Christ of God,  
    'Mid radiant Easter bloom,  
Stood victor over death and hell,  
    Beside the riven tomb,  
All living is a sweeter thing,  
    More holy, more divine,  
Because the resurrection lights  
    Thro' all the ages shine.



## SLEEPY HEAD.

JOHN RICHARD MORELAND.

When I was young and sleep was sweet,  
    (O I was such a sleepy head  
    And hated to get out of bed),  
Night seemed a shadow on the moon. ....  
And each new morning sun or rain,  
A sad sweet voice would rise to me  
Up the old stairs in softest strain,  
"It's time to get up, John! O John!"

And I would answer and forget,  
    (For I was such a sleepy head  
    And hated to get out of bed),  
But just when I had dozed again  
And all the house was still as snow,  
Up the long stairs would come to me  
The summons that I dreaded so .....  
"It's time to get up, John! O John!"

Then I would wake and stretch and turn,  
    (O I was such a sleepy head  
    And hated to get out of bed),  
And curl up for one last short nap,  
When Mother's feet a path would trace  
Up the long stairs to my small room,  
She'd lay her hand upon my face,  
And say, "Get up, O John! O John!"

Now I am old and wake at five,  
    (No longer I a sleepy head,  
    With morn I cannot stay in bed),  
Night lingers so I long for dawn .....  
But O to know youth's sleep again,  
Wake with Her hand upon my head,  
Or hear Her voice in softest strain ...  
"It's time to get up, John, O John!"

## SEA LOVE.

JOHN R. MORELAND.

O, I am never lonely if I can smell the sea,  
Or hear the lyric thunder  
Of the surf on rocks or sand,  
Or watch the pale green water as it rises and turns  
under

In a breaking wave white-tipped and beautiful;  
While the wind drives some fleet ship  
Straight against the cobalt sky,  
Till its white sails rise and dip  
Like a gull.

But I am ever lonely in a city's crowded street,  
Where the tide of life is beating  
In the heat or in the cold,  
And the waves are men and women, stern-faced, that  
give no greeting,  
Ever moving like a stream that none can stay;  
While the sky, that covers all  
That great sea that surges on  
Between buildings great and small,  
Is smoke gray.

O, I am never lonely if I am near the sea,  
At morning, or at noontime,  
Or at slipping of the day,  
Or in the heavy darkness that gives way before full  
moontime,  
When waves are still and wings and sails are gone;  
Or in the deep of night,  
When a chill wind shakes the stars  
Till they lose their yellow light  
In the dawn.

## IN MEMORIAM.

HOWARD MORTON.

Like some sweet child grown weary with its play,  
While yet the earth is bright  
With all the fragrant blossoms of the May,  
And all its wealth of light,

In slumber, calm and deep, she closed her eyes  
While heaven was fair above—  
While not a cloud of sorrow flecked the skies  
That arched her world of love.

She who was beautiful with every grace  
That youth and hope impart—  
The radiance of the springtime in her face,  
Its freshness in her heart!

And let no sad, funereal willow weep,  
No cypress cast its gloom,  
Above the bed where she hath sunk to sleep,  
But there let daisies bloom,

And shed their fragrance on the balmy air—  
Sweet types of her young life,  
White-robed in purity, and snowy fair  
As maiden and as wife.

And when the earliest whispers of the spring  
Awake the sleeping flowers,  
The birds in softer cadences will sing,  
Through all the sunny hours,

Above the spot where now she sweetly dreams—  
Life's happy revel o'er—  
A radiant memory, robed in vernal beams,  
And fair forevermore!

## TRANSLATION.

(Beethoven's *In Questa Tomb' Oscuro*).

JAMES POYNTZ NELSON.

In death's profoundest slumber,  
Let me from care be free;  
Through long years without number,  
No more to dream of thee.

False one, with wild hopes burning,  
Led by love's luring gleam,  
I followed thee with yearning—  
But, now, 'tis all a dream.

I know thee false, yet, madly  
I must thy beauty crave;  
So, now, I turn me gladly  
To quiet and the grave.

## SONG.

(Azrael speaks to the Soul).

JAMES POYNTZ NELSON.

Why do you fear me? Look into my eyes,  
See there the Love ineffable that lies  
Too deep for human thought to reach, too great  
For earth-beclouded minds to estimate.

Dread not my touch, for it can soothe all pain;  
In my embrace no Soul shall weep again.  
I have a Name too sweet for Mortal breath:  
The angels speak it, but men call me Death.

## THE OLD BLACKSMITH'S STORY.

ROSEWELL PAGE.

Ole ooman, jes' lef' dat do' ajar  
An' let de soun' come in,  
For I lubs to hyar dat noise up dyar,  
'Cause it carr's me back agin:

It teks me back to dem days long gone  
When I wus in dat shop,  
An' dyar wus work more'n eber you sawn,  
An' always suppin' to chop.

I libed de shop for forty year,  
An' made de anvil ring,  
For dere weren't a piece ob mass'r's gear  
Dat wus eber tied wid string.

For ef anything wus eber broke,  
Or a grubbin' hoe wus dull,  
He'd sen' 't up hyar by some de fokes,  
Mos' jes' as sho' as de wull!

An' den dyar wus all dem mule an' hoss  
Whar I did habe to shoe.  
An' de way dey use' to pitch an' toss!  
Like buss'n' things in two!

Dem times wus days ob plenty, sho',  
Dere wer'n't no hunger den;  
De chillen wus all 'bout de do'—  
Ole ooman, I b'leeve 'twus ten!

But now me an' you's too ole to work,  
De chillen's all away,  
An' we ain't dem dat has good luck  
Aldo' we waits all day.

Up to de time when mass'r died  
We neber wanted bread,  
'Cause he use' t' keep us well supplied  
An' see dat we wus fed.

But now strange fokes is got de ole place  
Dat don' know me an' you,  
An' I jes' b'leeve dey thinks 'tis was'e  
To chop de wood in two.

But sartin I'se hyard ole mass'r read  
Dat eben birds is fed,  
Do' dey don' neber so' no seed  
Nor lay nuffin up ahead.

An' he read too from de same "good book"  
Dat grass an' flowers has close,  
An' all dis trouble needn't be took,  
'Cause do' we's poor, God knows.

An' sho', ef God see de sparrow's fall  
An' teketh count ob dis,  
He sartinly ought to know 'bout w'all  
An' jes' how poor we is.

## THE SHEPHERD OF THE SEAS.

THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

From Raleigh's Devon hills the misty sea  
Slants ever westward till it meets the sky;  
And steadfastly the gliding ships go by,  
And mount and mount up the long azure lea.  
Peaceful as sheep at eve that silently  
Climb the tall downs to quiet pastures high;  
Secure no foes can lurk, no dangers lie  
Where still abides their shepherd's memory.  
Well did men name him "Shepherd of the Seas,"  
Who know so well his shepherd's watch to keep;  
Driving the Spanish wolves with noble rage:  
Forsaking pomp and power and beds of ease,  
To herd his mighty flock through every deep,  
And make of every sea their common pasturage.

## THE STOLEN BOTTLE.

(Translated from Beranger's *La Bouteille Volée*).

JOHN S. PATTON.

To my retreat in silence  
Came Love on yesterday,  
And, finding where I kept it,  
Stole all my wine away.  
Since then my voice is silent,  
So, joyous songs, adieu!  
Love, bring me back my bottle,  
Bring back my ditties, too!

'T was Iris, flirt and coquette,  
Made Love commit the theft.  
No recipe is by me  
To cure a heart bereft.  
I wake and fret at midnight,  
For jealous pangs ensue—  
Love, bring me back my bottle,  
Bring back my ditties, too!

One, loving Epicurus,  
Suggests another strong;  
An old friend of the table  
Holds out his glass with song;  
Another, bending near me,  
Demands his lessons due;  
So, Love, bring back my bottle,  
Bring back my ditties, too!

Whilst Iris kept beside her  
My lost and grieved for wine,  
A happy, thoughtless grisette  
Consoled this heart of mine.



Lison has not her equal  
With boys in *place* or *rue*.  
Love, give me back my bottle,  
Give back my ditties, too!

Ah, now the rogue surrenders—  
(My voice regains its trill)—  
Drunk with the stolen spirit  
(Love drank a paltry gill).  
Maid marvellous is Iris,  
A child of whims, but true—  
For Love's returned my bottle,  
Bottle and ditties, too!

## THE MINSTREL.

JOHN S. PATTON.

The minstrel swept his harp in rev'rent mood.  
Its vibrant strings throbbed with such holy lays  
As tell of God's own gardens where the flowers  
Are those saved by His grace.

The cloistered priest, but risen from his prayers,  
Heard, thrilled and bent in prayerful pose again;  
The pallid nun, shut in her narrow cell,  
Wept at the sacred strain.

The fervent minstrel's solemn music rang  
In stately numbers all unheeded where  
The people trod the maze of Pleasure's dance,  
The figures led by Care.

Another mood the raptured bard transformed,  
And other passions murmured on his string  
In answer to his wanton touch, as soft  
As Sappho's fingering.

He sang of woman fair, of ruby wine,  
Of dances threaded in the leafy groves  
Where Daphnes and their trains held frolic court,  
And Vivians mimicked love.

Thrilled with the music, all the world drew near;  
And every land was full of his renown;  
Then on the singer's head, grown old and gray,  
They pressed the laurel crown.

## THE BREAKERS BROKEN.

THOMAS R. PRICE.

Onward, onward, never nigher!  
Upward, upward, never higher!  
Ah! waves, ah! men, shall brave endeavor  
Fall back in froth and foam forever?

Yet mark those eager crests that hover  
Like birds the moving wave-mass over;  
The waves roll back, but they dash on;  
The dry sand drinks them: one by one  
They perish on the beach forlorn.

As they die, a thought emerges  
Ghost-like from the shattered surges:  
"To strive is still to fail; the strongest  
In striving most but suffer longest."

Far sweeter than mad surface-motion  
The dim green depths of unstirred ocean!  
More happy than the windy crest  
A lowly life where love and rest  
House in the chambers of the breast!

## TO DEATH.

AMELIE RIVES.

How beautiful seemest thou, Death, to me longing  
and hoping,  
Nor harsh, nor severe as of old to the poets appearing.  
But young, ever young, and of loveliest, tenderest  
seeming,  
Thy smile like a lover's.

On the shore of a sea golden-gray with the wings of  
the twilight  
Thou waitest serene, in the wind-sifted silver anear  
thee  
Slow tracing the names of the weary for whom thou  
art waiting;  
How swiftly they vanish!

How swiftly, how sweetly the gentle, cool ripples  
approaching  
The names wash away, as thy kisses will wash from  
the spirit  
The smart and the anguish of memory, tears and vain  
longing,  
Thou Saviour from Sorrow!

## TO WINTER.

AMELIE RIVES.

Winter, thou poet!—I love thee,—  
Have thee by heart and in summer  
Muse on thine icy gold sunsets,  
Dream of thy frost glittered moonlight:  
May with the snow of her blossoms  
Whitens the grass of my orchard,—  
Thou with thy swift falling petals  
All the dark earth dost apparel.  
Spring hath the plaint of the ring dove,  
Summer the fire of the roses,  
Autumn the vine, but thou only,  
Thou only, the stars through the branches!

## ANDENKEN.

(From the German of Matthisen).

ROSALIE RIVES.

I think of thee when the forest trees  
Bend to the whisp'ring evening breeze,  
When the song of the nightingale  
Makes music in the wood and vale.

When thinkest thou of me?

I think of thee by the woodland spring,  
Where the oaks their shadows fling;  
When the day and gloomy night  
Mingle in the sad twilight.

When thinkest thou of me?

I think of thee with smiles and tears,  
With trembling hopes and anxious fears;  
With longings for thy presence near  
Thy voice to bless, thy smile to cheer.

How thinkest thou of me?

O think of me until we meet,  
Beyond the bier and winding sheet;  
Until our hearts in the world above,  
Are one forever in joy and love!

Thus only think I of thee!

## SHADOWS.\*

DR. GEORGE ROSS.

I am standing in the shadows of a never-ending night,  
Shrinking, trembling, praying, lest the blessedness  
of light

Shall forever be denied me; lest the future close  
at hand

Be veiled in midnight darkness; and I piteously stand  
Appealingly asking—"Can this be my Father's  
hand?"

Should bitter plaint find utterance? I've journeyed  
long in life;

Three-score and more years struggled through days  
of peace and strife.

God's canopy has covered me through all the days  
now past;

Shall I rebel when troubles come 'midst pleasures,  
at the last?

Forbid it, Father merciful! Thou solace in all  
sorrow!

Let uncomplaining patience mark my waiting of Thy  
morrow.

---

\* Included in his little volume, *Gathered Leaves*.

## AN OLD LAMENT.

ELLEN SEAWELL.

Alas!

There comes an end of beauty and of singing,  
And all things fair and all things dear must pass;  
Swift as the bird to azure distance winging,  
Sure as night's shadows falling on the grass.

Ah me,

That love grows cold and weariness must follow;  
That friendship fails, chilled by the frosts of pain,  
As summer's ceasing sends the flying swallow  
To the warm South, to find the sun again!

No more

Youth and the rose, and sound of lilting laughter,  
And days of dear delight return; no more  
Through all the years that yet may follow after,  
Opens again to Hope the closèd door.

No prayer,

Nor wildest grief, nor any bitter weeping,  
Through all the centuries that bards have sung,  
Have brought again one moment for our keeping,  
From vanished years, when life and love were young!



## A VIRGINIAN IN SURREY.

DR. BENJAMIN SLEDD.

They come, they come!  
No blare of bugle, beat of drum,  
No flaunting flag, no battle-cry;  
Only the measured tread of many feet  
Startling the drowsy street,  
The wayside silence deep and sweet.  
As past they go  
With sure, unhurrying pace,  
I mark the firm-set Saxon face,  
The calm-clear Saxon eye.  
And then I know  
The secret of their race:  
To wrath and vengeance slow, ah, slow!  
Yet, once aroused—to do or die.

Not at the call of man-made laws  
Grimly they march into death's jaws:  
From far and near, day after day,  
From grimy haunt and lordly home,  
From teeming street and lonely way,  
England's young manhood gathering come  
At duty's proud command.  
Nor go they to withstand  
Long-vaunted harrowing of their land:  
Behold, the inviolable sea,  
Bearing that unmatched fleet  
No foeman dares to meet,  
Clips round their isle his warding arms,  
Safe even from war's alarms.

What then their cause can be?  
The cause of all humanity;  
The cause of those brave Belgian few  
Who struggle oversea,  
Not for vain meed of victory  
But very home and kith and kin;  
And, with the strength their fathers knew,  
Undying honour win.  
And theirs the cause of that fair land  
Once more gripped by the iron hand  
That laid her greatness low.  
Dauntless she grapples with the foe,  
Knowing the end will be  
Not mere defeat or victory:  
But risen anew her olden fame,  
Or from its place blotted her very name.

But they are gone,  
And all is still again.  
Oh, England's youth, march surely on!  
Not yours alone the foe:  
The foe of all who love the right,  
Of all who hate unmanly might.  
With you to battle go  
Good speeds on all the winds that blow  
From mine own land beyond the main.  
Not yours alone the foe:  
Comes ever England's hour of woe,  
Her children hear beyond the main:  
The Mother will not call in vain.

(September, 1914).

## LINES.

(In reply to John Hay's *The Stirrup Cup*).

REV. JAMES POWER SMITH.

The pale horse stands and will not bide,  
The night has come and I must ride;  
But not alone to unknown lands,  
My Friend goes with me holding hands.

I've fought the fight; I've run the race.  
I now shall see Him face to face,  
Who called me to Him long ago  
And bade me trust and follow.

The joys of life have been His gift.  
My friends I'll find when clouds shall lift;  
I leave my home and all its store  
To dwell with Him forevermore.

What does He give? His cup of love;  
Until with Him I rest above!  
I'll mount and ride, no more to roam,  
The pale horse bears me to my home!

## ATLANTA.

MRS. MARY STUART SMITH.

What vision this that strikes upon the eyes  
As draw we near the thronged and bustling mart!  
See gorgeous palaces and turrets rise,  
A Southern scene in which the world takes part.  
Such wealth of grandeur, what a glad surprise;  
Atlanta, thou a very Phoenix art.  
Evokes thy loveliness emotions deep;  
With reverent awe instinctively we bow,  
For, did not here war's cruel besom sweep?  
But best of all, the crown that gilds thy brow  
Skilled industry has wrought. Her magic wand  
Has caused to bloom once more a ravaged land.  
All hail, thou youthful city, brave and strong,  
Prosperity be thine through ages long!

## THEOCRITUS XXIX.

WILLIAM PETERFIELD TRENT.

Light of love, forever flitting,  
One branch for another quitting,  
Lest age grip thee ere thou know it,  
Heed the warning of the poet—  
Youth, his shoulders winged with rapture,  
Is not subject to recapture.

## THE GARDEN OF GOLDEN DREAMS.

WILLIAM PETERFIELD TRENT.

To the Garden of Golden Dreams  
God admits Youth,  
To wander by gentle streams  
With Beauty and Truth,  
To encounter in meadows fair  
The Muses and Love,  
Balmy the pure Spring air,  
Blue sky above.

Oft at that Garden's gate  
Wistful Age stands,  
And rattles the iron grate  
With tremulous hands,  
Then sighing turns him away,  
To finish life,  
Stretched in the Hut of Decay,  
By the Fens of Strife.

## ELEGY.

WILLIAM PETERFIELD TRENT.

Joy and love, where are ye flown?  
Light of life, art hid away?  
When the clouds are all o'erblown,  
When the sun comes back to stay,  
Shall we live our lives once more  
With the zest we knew of yore?

Yes, for youth was born to love,  
And young veins must run with joy;  
Still shall light from heaven above  
Kiss the cheeks of girl and boy;  
But the eyes that pine to-day  
Shall be shut then 'neath the clay.

## CHRISTMAS 1866.

BEVERLEY D. TUCKER.

Shall we welcome "merry" Christmas  
In our sorrow stricken homes?  
Shall our hearts forsake their shadow  
When the merry season comes?  
Shall we yield our dark remembrance  
When we hear the joyous chimes?  
Shall our hearts fly back unfettered  
To the golden, olden times?

Shall we cross the yawning chasm,  
Where the treasured dead are lain?  
Shall our joy be free and boundless,  
And our hearts be light again?  
Shall our lips be glad and smiling,  
And our words be words of love?  
Shall each face be but the mirror  
Of a cloudless sky above?

No! the present is too real,  
And the thoughts that in it lie  
Are like chains of mighty mountains,  
Which are tow'ring to the sky.  
Oh! who can climb those summits,  
And behold the other side,  
Where joy and mirth lie buried  
In a valley side by side.

Tho' the battle may be over,  
Yet its horrors still remain;  
Tho' the cannon's voice be silent,  
Still we hear the clanking chain;

And the graves of sleeping heroes,  
And the exile's lonely hours,  
Warn us that the days of pleasure  
But resemble faded flowers.

But tho' merriment be vanished  
Let us welcome Christmas still;  
Let us help our burdened brothers  
With a braver heart and will;  
Let us speak to one another  
Words of comfort and of cheer,  
Then our joy will be the brighter  
Tho' 'tis mingled with a tear.

'Yond our thoughts, those mighty mountains,  
Which are towering up on high,  
We can see the brilliant star-gates,  
As they glimmer in the sky;  
And when we behold the lustre  
Of each celestial ray,  
Then we know that death and sorrow  
And despair shall pass away.

Then, here's a welcome, merry Christmas!  
Come, and give us thoughts of cheer,  
Thoughts of how the infant Jesus  
Came to share our burdens here:  
And rememb'ring all His sorrows,  
Our own shall seem more light,  
And our mountain thoughts shall vanish  
Like a vision in the night.



## THE CASTLE BY THE SEA.

(Translated from the German of Uhland).

NANNIE W. TUNSTALL.

Hast thou seen that high old castle,  
That castle by the sea?  
Golden and rosy float the clouds  
Over it constantly.

So deep it rests, it seems to bow  
To itself in the crystal tide,  
So high it mounts in the evening clouds,  
A flame its turrets hide.

Ah! well indeed have I seen it,  
That castle by the sea,  
With the moon overhead, and the rising mist  
Enfolding it silently.

Did the wind and the moving waters  
Give out a merry song?  
Did'st thou hear orchestral music  
And singing the halls among?

The winds and the waves lay resting  
In deep tranquillity;  
A plaintive song the halls among  
I listened to tearfully.

Did'st thou see above thee walking  
The king and his fair queen?  
Did'st thou see the red mantle waving,  
And the crown with golden sheen?

Did they not lead with rapture  
A beautiful maiden there,  
As radiant as the sunshine,  
This maiden with golden hair?

I saw the parents walking  
With heads uncrowned and bare,  
And mourning garments clothed them;  
The maiden I saw not there.

## PARTING.

VIRGINIA LYNE TUNSTALL.

I shall remember this  
In the house of old years. . . .  
On my wrinkled hands  
The meagre hopeless tears  
Shall fall when it comes back to me  
On the high tide of memory.

What shall bring it back?  
A flower scented room  
Sharp with the hot sweetness  
Of heavy summer bloom—  
Fragrance of roses and of phlox,  
And the pink blur of hollyhocks.

Sunlight shall bring it back,  
A curtain, breeze-stirred,  
The drowsy summer sounds,  
An idle, jesting word.  
This song shall sing on every wind,  
My breaking heart and you . . . . . so kind.

I shall remember this  
In the house of old years. . . . .

## THE RETURN.

NANCY BYRD TURNER.

After long following of stranger faces  
By untried hills and over fretful foam,  
After long wandering in alien places,  
To-night I sleep at home.

To-night the old house opens tender arms  
To draw me in, aweary, to its breast,  
While, slow, a throng of scarce-remembered charms  
Weaves me a spell of rest.

Ah, nowhere else in all the world can dark  
Come down so velvet-footed through the air,  
And spread its quiet tent, too dim to mark,  
In all the world, nowhere!

With slow, reluctant colors in the west,  
And spires outlined against the light, afar;  
Crown-like upon a lonely cedar's crest,  
The jeweled evening star;

Distant, a truant cow-bell, lost and late,  
With soft reiterated silver word;  
Faint in the nesting-tree beside the gate,  
Croon of a drowsy bird.

I shall lie down in an old, brooding room,  
On restful pillows fashioned for my head,  
And watch with drooping eyes amid the gloom  
Dear shadows by my bed;

And breathe a while the faint, familiar breath  
Of dew-wet garden roses, half-aware  
Of murmuring voices in the hall beneath,  
And soft steps on the stair.

Dear God of sleep, make me forget to-night  
The way I came, the world I learned to roam;  
Let me be dreamless till to-morrow's light  
Wakes me again at home!

## SISTER MARY VERONICA.

NANCY BYRD TURNER.

The soft-shod nuns have laid the last fold straight  
In her last raiment, telling their slow beads  
With measured memories of her faithful deeds,  
And prayers for her soul's sake, importunate;  
And now are gone, gray shadows, to the call  
Of wind-borne vesper bells; while foot and head  
Two pallid tapers tall,  
Gaunt, glimmering, thick stifled with the gloom  
Of wan dusk deepening in the naked room,  
Guard her—a brief day dead.

White and austere and virginal she lies:  
Pale brow, pale fallen lids, hair meetly dressed;  
Straight shoulders, never burdened mother-wise  
Of weary little bodies sleep-possess;  
Meek mouth uncurved of kisses; folded eyes;  
Thin hands light-linked across a shallow breast;  
Beyond desire, past rapture, past surprise,  
Mute, passionless, at rest.

Strange, as I watch, a faint soft flame of youth  
Makes radiance on her, slowly, wondrously,  
And lends her magic dower.  
Not curve of cheek or color of fine rose,  
Nor curl, nor fleeting dimple,—none of those;  
But all the beauty and the tender ruth  
Of April sunlight on an autumn flower  
One brief, miraculous hour.

Lo, what at last are dust and age and death?  
Time cannot touch the innermost spirit . . . See—  
Half smiling, confident of joy to be,  
Sure of her heritage, with light-held breath  
Biding her destiny,  
She waits, a slim girl wistful of the truth,  
Life still a dream—Love still a mystery!

## TO WORDSWORTH.

NANCY BYRD TURNER.

My heart has chosen a poet for every mood—  
Peace and despair and tenderness and mirth,  
And the unrest that has no name on earth;  
But thou art with me in that solitude  
When first the year comes to its Autumn-hood;  
When the old world hangs poised among the  
spheres,  
And a spirit too still for joy, too fair for tears  
Broods gently over wistful field and wood.  
I smile above thy pages in the sun;  
A butterfly is shadowed on the leaf,  
A droning bee-song sounds a viol-string;  
The little flowers have faces, every one,  
And from their eyes my life's profoundest grief  
Looks sweetly out, a harmless, hurtless thing.

## THE DREAM PEDDLER.

NANCY BYRD TURNER.

He cries his wares at dip o' dusk,  
When shadows shoulder slow  
Through meadows full of dewy musk  
And swallows winging low.  
Far-off and faint we mark his feet,  
And hear his lifting cry  
By drowsy lane and wistful street—  
"Ho, dreams! Ho, dreams!" (now loud, now sweet)  
"Ho, dreams! Who'll buy? Who'll buy?"

I pray that in my last twilight,  
The stuff I bought of him  
May keep its lovely lustre bright  
Though all the world grow dim;  
That when my spirit turns to face  
The great Reality,  
Still I may catch, by God's good grace,  
That clear call in Life's market place:  
"Ho, dreams! Ho, dreams! Who'll buy?"

## COMING.

LYON G. TYLER.

Spirit voices tell me, dreaming,  
"Courage, cease repining:  
Soon she will come in glorious seeming,  
Face with starlike radiance beaming,  
Hair down fairest shoulders streaming,  
Eyes with magic shining."

Spirit forms in glorious keeping  
With these voices cheering,  
Haunt me whether wake or sleeping,  
All my soul in gladness steeping,  
Change to smiling all my weeping  
With their looks endearing.

Spirit hands are all around me  
In the morn awaking;  
In a trance-like state they've bound me,  
And with love's sweet garlands crowned me,  
All day long they still surround me,  
Never once forsaking!

Spirit lips are whispering ever  
Words of wondrous power:  
"Soon she will come, to part ah! never,  
Soon no human hand can sever  
Ties that bind two hearts forever  
In love's happy bower."



## IS IT A DREAM?

SARAH B. VALENTINE.

'Tis the dim, cathedral hour of time,  
When gray-robed shadows enter in,  
And organ winds with solemn chime  
Sweet vespers of the evening hymn.  
As in this hour of prayer I kneel,  
Watching the starry tapers' gleam,  
I seem to hear in that organ peal  
*"Is it a dream? Is it a dream?"*

I stand on a peaceful summer day,  
A day when earth is all at rest,—  
Watching the meadows that stretch away,  
Or the changeful light on mountain crest;  
I bend to catch in its musical flow  
The bright sweet thoughts of the singing stream.  
But it only murmurs sadly and low,  
*"Is it a dream? Is it a dream?"*

When my lamp is dim and the fire bright,  
The past comes in with its wealth of old,  
Comes proudly in, this monarch bedight  
With jewels, and purple and gold.  
Oh royal scene! how my pulses throb  
As rich plumes wave, and good swords gleam;  
But at the casement the night winds sob,  
*"Is it a dream? Is it a dream?"*

*"Is it a dream?"* Is the landscape fair,  
Its evening shades, its morn's rich glow,  
Are the hill tops crown'd with golden air,  
Visions of sleep, not things that we know?

Are storied hero, and sage, and knight  
Puppets all of this power supreme?  
But again its whispers my soul affright,  
    *"Is it a dream? Is it a dream?"*

Oh, when from the spell of these evil things  
Shall my heart released be?  
When the spirit of wrong shall fold its wings  
And the land that I love is free!  
Then will her landscapes—the sea and the sky,  
Her legends be all that they seem,  
And the sweet organ winds of evening will sigh,  
    *"It is not a dream! It is not a dream!"*

## IN OLD VIRGINIA.

BENJAMIN B. VALENTINE.

I love the mountains wreathed in mist,  
The twilight skies of amethyst,  
The groves of ancient oaks, sun-kissed,  
In old Virginia.

I love the gorgeous trumpet flowers,  
Wild rose and honeysuckle bowers,  
The woodland incense after showers,  
In old Virginia.

I love the laughter of the rills,  
Cloud shadows stretched athwart the hills,  
The jocund song of him who tills,  
In old Virginia.

I love the martial ranks of corn,  
Their blades agleam with lights of morn,  
The curtains of the night withdrawn,  
In old Virginia.

I love the ocean's deep-toned roar,  
Surf lashed to foam on wind-swept shore,  
The spray-born rainbows arching o'er,  
In old Virginia.

I love the modest maidenhood,  
The deference paid to womanhood,  
The chivalric and gentle blood,  
In old Virginia.

I love the love of native sod,  
The simple faith that trusts in God,  
The heads bowed 'neath the chastening rod,  
In old Virginia.

## THE SWIFT SHIPS.\*

SELINA TARPLEY WILLIAMS.

The days come in, and the days go out,  
Like silent ships on a silent main,  
But the ship that's gone, with its fleet sails on,  
Never comes back to the port again.

They cross each other at dead of night,  
They cross like dreams and make no sign,  
Nor jostle, nor jar as they clear the bar,  
Where the sands of time make the crossing line.

Each night one comes, and one goes out;  
But never we hear the stretch or the strain,  
As they heave the weight of their noiseless freight,  
And as quietly put to sea again.

Some morning we hurry off down to the beach  
To see what last night's visit hath been;  
And there is some waif all precious and safe!  
A treasure just dropt from the ship that's been in.

Some morning we come to the best-loved cove—  
But our flowers and shells lie scattered about,  
And lo! in the sand is the print of a hand,  
And we know that *another ship is gone out.*

Our dearest—our best! these smuggling crafts  
How they bear them off—from you and from me!  
And nothing comes back but the brine of their track,  
And the dull night-roar of the seething sea.

One morning we'll stand all ready and packed  
Awaiting a sail on this same old shore,  
But we know it's the last of the fleet all past,  
*That the ships will come into the port no more.*

---

\* Included in her volume, *Lost and Won.*

## WHOSE HEART-STRINGS ARE A LUTE.

(January 19, 1809—October 7, 1849.)

JAMES SOUTHALL WILSON.

*The angel Israfil  
Sang no more in Heaven:  
Silent he lay in Hell  
'Neath the flash of the forked levin:  
Mute were the strings of his lyre  
By one great discord shattered;  
Seared by the heat of the fire,  
And the tones of their melody scattered.  
Where the fallen angels dwell,  
Burnt by the forked red levin,  
The angel Israfil  
Sang no more of Heaven.*

When the last mad swirl of the wild red flame  
Died from the darkening sky,  
And Hell burnt scarlet with Heaven's shame  
Purged from the realms on high;  
In Heaven, mute was the sweetest lute;  
Silent the holy choir;  
The lyre, the viol, or the lute  
Would never a note suspire:  
For deep in Hell was Israfil,  
And voiceless was his lyre.

The rivers of God, flowing silently on,  
Never a melody sang;  
And the breezes of Heaven that brought in the dawn  
Ghostlike in dumbness upsprang.  
A sadness fell on the seraphim there,  
Watching the great white throne,

And they longed for the passion of praise and prayer  
Israfel's lyre had known;  
But they offered a prayer to the God of the Air,  
Bowed to the great white throne.

"Oh grant us in pity, great Father of Love,  
Israfel pardoned of wrong,  
Whose lyre caught the breezes of Heaven, and wove  
Marvelous mazes of song;  
Till one little rift in his lute crept in,  
Marring his musical wire:  
Shall the whole heart be shattered for one lone sin?  
Grant us again his lyre!"  
And the Lord God heard and gave them his word,  
"Purgéd he *shall* be with fire."

And into the frame of a man there came  
(This was the purging of fire)  
The soul of Israfel out of the flame,  
Israfel, lord of the lyre;  
To fight the battle of evil and good,  
Bound in the body of man;  
For the Lord who had suffered and died on the rood  
Knew what suffering can.  
So out of Hell came Israfel,  
Angel and devil and man.

Then the soul of the music within him awoke;  
Longings moved in his breast;  
And the chains that had bound him in Hell he broke,  
Strong with his soul's unrest;  
And his man's hand smote from his angel lute  
All the anguish of Hell:  
Till the hosts of Heaven and earth grew mute  
Hearing Israfel.  
But the demon within still urged him to sin  
After the manner of Hell.

And some men saw the demon, and cried,  
"Cast this devil hence!"  
And some men, seeing his angel side,  
Pleaded his innocence;  
But the good Lord, hearing the song divine,  
Spake unto his choir,  
"The soul of Israfel is mine;  
Love hath tuned his lyre."  
And the chilly breath of God's messenger, Death,  
Stilled the strings of the lyre.

For the angel and devil had fought a fight  
Close in the breast of man,  
And the angel had won by his music's might  
(This was the good Lord's plan);  
And the soul of him passed like a holy strain  
Tunefully up on high,  
But the human heart of him woke again  
Marvelous melody;  
Ay, the soul of him passed like a living blast  
Musically up to the sky.

*The angel Israfel  
Sings evermore in Heaven,  
Pleading for them in Hell  
Burned by the forkéd levin;  
Pleading for them below,  
Sinful souls and straying,  
Till all the Heaven shall know  
The passion of his playing.  
Where the sinless angels dwell  
Around the great white throne,  
The angel Israfel  
Sings evermore in Heaven.*

## HOLD ME NOT FALSE.

KATHERINE PEARSON WOODS.

“Love is not love,  
Which alters when it alteration finds,  
Or bends with the remover to remove.”

Hold me not false, O friend! The year is young,  
The streams are breaking bounds, the throbbing sap  
Swells in the purpling branches of the trees,  
And furry leaf-buds fringe the softening boughs;  
While, down amid the leaves of lost last year,  
Sweet spring has won a rosy blossoming.

Change is not always death: hold me not false,  
Believe in me a little while, O friend!

Hold me not false! See how the affluent earth  
Opens her bare brown bosom to the plough;  
Seed-death brings harvest-resurrection. Ah!  
Hot-hearted earth, wherefore thy flaming wrath?  
Wherefore the heaving sea, offenceless torn,  
Or fiery vapors blown o'er smiling skies?  
..... Behold! another island!

Earth hath changed;  
Believe in me a little while, O friend!

Believe in me! On all the autumn woods,  
And on the fields by mower's scythe left bare,  
Gleameth a glory monarch never knew.  
The barns are full, and Mother Earth, bereft,  
Gloweth in her festal raiment. Royal robes  
To deck a mourner? But the barns are full!

Change is not always death; hold me not false,  
Believe in me a little while, O friend.



Wilt thou believe at last, when winter spreads  
His ermine mantle o'er the frozen fields;  
When all the birds are dumb, and winds are chill,  
And bare black branches sharply cut grey sky?  
Ah, see! The crimson of the waiting west  
Glows later every evening; spring will come!  
Silence, desertion, death, shall not be truth;  
Believe in me a little while, O friend!



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